

CHATELAIN

NOVEMBER 1937 • TEN CENTS



In This
Issue:

"You're in a Dancing Mood—But Can You Dance?" A Series of Practical Lessons

Pathetically Childish in her Dental Beliefs

—thousands of intelligent adults neglect their gums

Modern dental
knowledge calls for
massage to help keep
your gums in health



**Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"...
Guard against becoming a "Dental
Cripple"... Change to IPANA and
Massage Today**

MERE CHILDREN—many who are not yet up to "long division"—know more about modern dental health hygiene than their own parents. For, thanks to classroom drills in gum massage, they are better informed than thousands of grown-ups—*intelligent adults*—who have yet to learn that the *care of the gums* is just as important as the proper care of the teeth. Gum massage is encouraged by dentists —

taught in many schools—practised widely in Canadian homes *because:*

• Our modern menus are often a menace to our gums. Soft foods—foods that are creamy, well-cooked—deprive them of stimulation, allow them to become tender. Gums grow lazy, weak and flabby. And very often that tinge of "pink" appears—a warning you dare not ignore.

The very first time your tooth brush shows "pink"—*see your dentist*. While it may not mean that there is serious dental trouble in the offing, your dentist is the only one to decide. Often, however, his verdict will be "gums that have suffered from neglect"—"gums that need hard

work, more exercise"—and as many dentists advise—"gums that usually respond quickly to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth—it's the dentist's able assistant in the home. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation in the gum tissues is improved. Gums become firmer, stronger—teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Start the Ipana and massage dental health routine, today—help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile *winning*, attractive!



MADE IN CANADA

IPANA

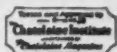
Tooth Paste



Copy, 1937, The Bon Ami Co.

“Look Mom, anybody’d think
this was a new tub...”

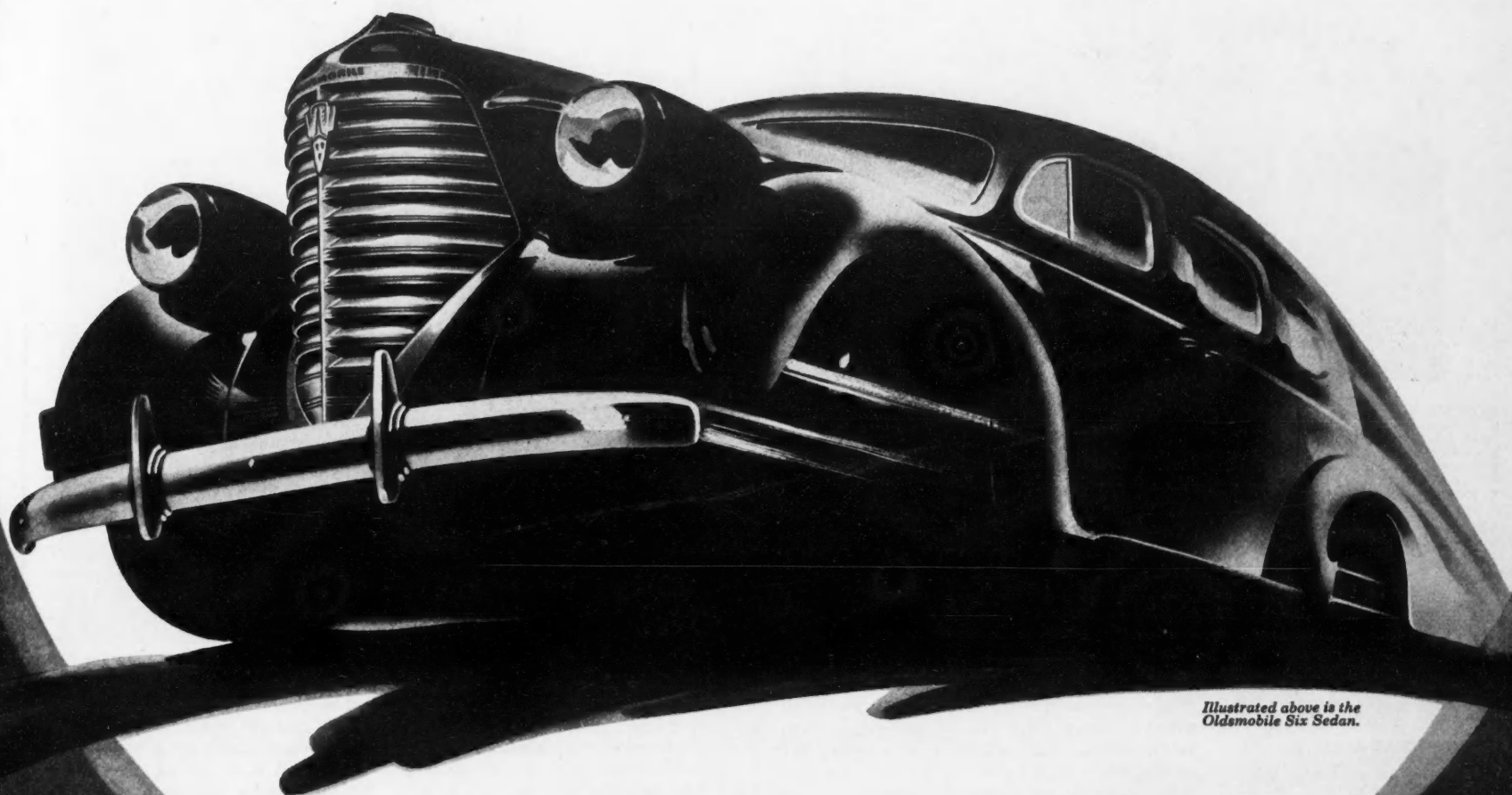
Bon Ami really does keep old tubs looking like new. That’s because it cleans without scratching the surface and leaves a high polish, too. And Bon Ami is so speedy and so easy to use, that even children can get the bathtub spotlessly clean in no time at all. Try it. See for yourself why millions say “Bon Ami is the one cleanser that does all the things I ask.”



“hasn’t scratched yet!”

Bon Ami keeps tubs bright and easy to clean

Again . . .
Oldsmobile Steps Out Ahead



*Illustrated above is the
Oldsmobile Six Sedan.*

**YOUR MONEY
NEVER BOUGHT SO MUCH**

For 1938, Oldsmobile again sets the style for all others to follow . . . and sets the pace in value with the greatest roll call of features ever announced in a popular priced car. Oldsmobile is *ahead in safety* with Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, Safety Glass all around, Super-Hydraulic Brakes and Safety Interiors.

Ahead in comfort with Knee-Action, Dual Ride Stabilizers and roomy, luxurious interiors. *Ahead in performance* with a 95 h.p. engine that delivers abundance of power with amazing economy. See this brilliant new car today. You'll step ahead and be money ahead by owning an Oldsmobile.

● ASK ABOUT LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS ON THE GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

1938 OLDSMOBILE

The Car that has Everything



CHATELAINÉ

a magazine for canadian women

DON'T YOU LIKE our new type? It's more open, larger, and easier to read—all in keeping with *Chatelaine's* knack for keeping in the mood of the times. Women, as you know, are busier than ever. They have less time to read. So we present our features in a still more concise and vigorous way. We make them easier to read.

However busy you are—don't miss Edna Jaques' description of the drought—not in terms of wheat, or statistics, or annual expenditure—but in relation to a woman's life. Mrs. Jaques is a western woman. A popular poetess, she writes of those homey things every woman knows, and has proved to be one of the most successful lecturers in Canada.

Infuriated one day, at a newspaper statement that "the east was tired of hearing about the drought conditions in the west," she grabbed her typewriter. Her article is one you'll finish reading through tears I'll wager. And after this, when you read headlines about the drought—you'll probably see the woman sitting on the doorstep with her apron over her head. Or the little girl, frightened because "water was coming out of the sky."

Another well known Canadian takes you into another mood entirely—that of Armistice Day. Leslie Gordon Barnard likes to write the type of story embodied in "Sound of Trümpets" best of all. I imagine that if editors didn't insistently demand young love and adventure and action—he'd enjoy doing this sort of thing all the time. We haven't found an Armistice Day feature that suited us for many years. You'll understand why we pounced on this one, when you've read it.

"MOST PEOPLE take to the sidelines when the tango numbers are played. And they don't need to," a member of the Volkoff Dancing School in Toronto said to me recently.

It was a surprising idea. And the questioning brought as a result, the dancing feature on pages twelve and thirteen. After you've cleared away the chairs, tuned up the radio, and experimented with the directions you'll realize that, as Miss Kinney says, a lot of smart people are adapting the regular dance steps in a new combination to dance expertly to the tango. And as it's the loveliest music of all—don't miss it any more.

Editorially we had to move mountains to get the style information for you this month on the new cars in time to make the press date. But there they are for you on page sixteen—illustrated by the man who is recognized as being the best in his field on the continent. Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky has made a reputation for himself as an engineering stylist—and you'll see why when you study the beautiful treatment he has given to the details of some of the new cars. Frederick Edwards, known to most of you for his magazine feature articles, has described the new cars as they will interest women. You'll be able to talk intelligently to your husband about them now.

FOR MANY years *Chatelaine* has been advocating the proper training of domestics. We have run many articles discussing both the maids' and the mistresses' points of view. The news that the Federal Government was going to do something definite is of very real importance to women everywhere, and it looks as if distracted home-makers were going to have help at last. On my trips across Canada I have been especially interested in the excellent work which the various Y.W.C.A.'s have started in training girls to be practical maids. We've got a short article on the new plans this month—and more details will be coming later. With the regular training centres established through the country there will be very interesting news coming as to how the maids are being trained. And also, how the mistresses should be trained!

We'll meet again in the Christmas issue, I hope. It's going to be something very special this year—with an exquisite cover by MacIntosh. Dorothy Black who has had many stories in *Chatelaine*, has a most unusual Christmas yarn to tell—that of an English school-teacher who faced bandits across her desk one Christmas morning in China. I don't think you've ever read a story just like it—and if you think that's editorial extravagance, wait till you read the story. You'll see then!

Till the Christmas season, then,

Byrne Hope Sanders.

IN THIS ISSUE

BIG LITTLE GUY . . . Eleanor Arnett Nash has a dramatic picture of what happened to a little guy who was bigger than his girl realized. On page seven.

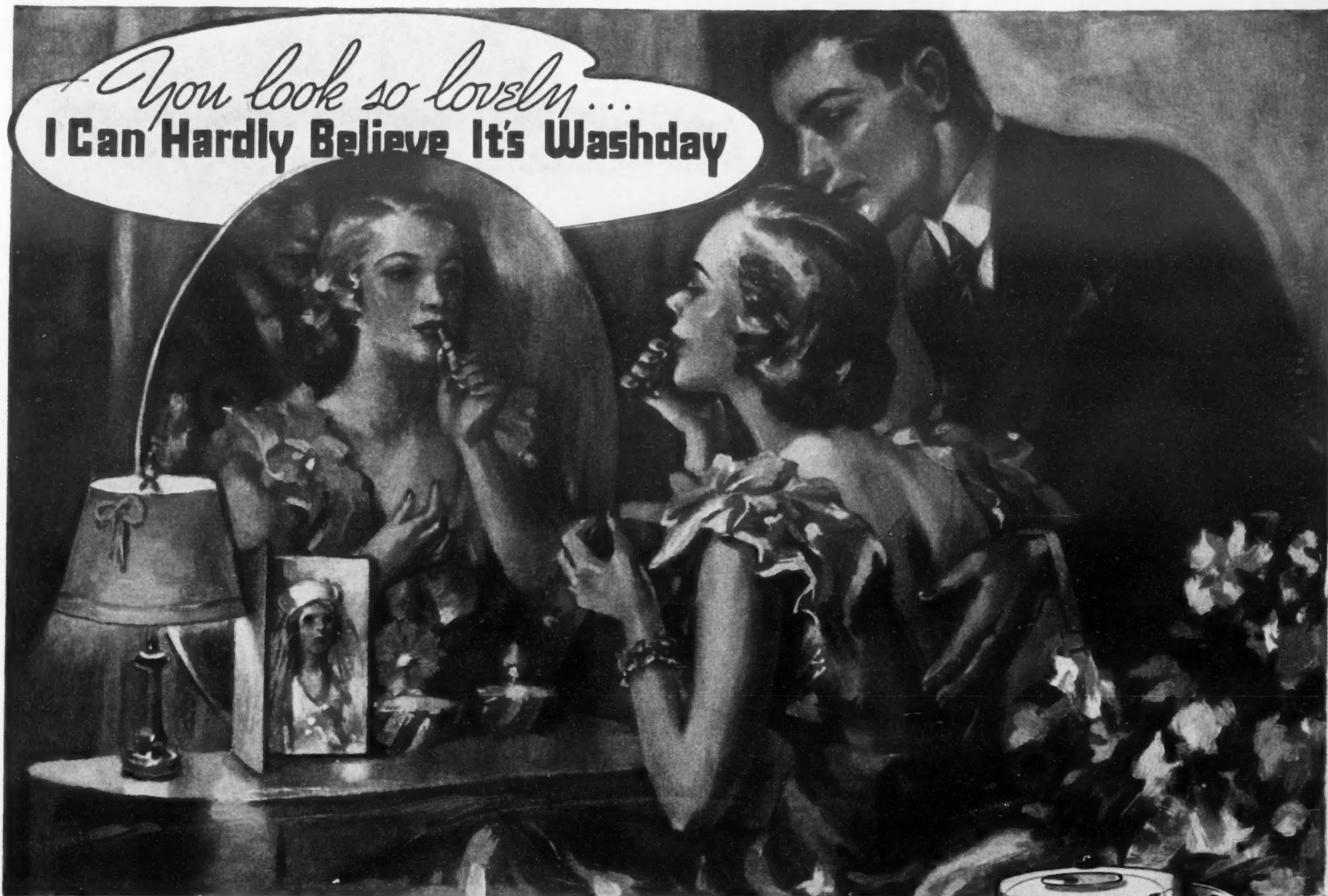
LET SLEEPING LAMBS LIE . . . Olga Moore takes you into her confidence in a purely personal correspondence—that will leave you chuckling. On page ten.

YOU'RE IN A DANCING MOOD . . . but can you dance? A question your best partner should tell you—if your best friend can't. It should be easier after you've studied pages twelve and thirteen.

BEFORE TWENTY-FIVE . . . dress to your eyes—afterwards to your hair, is the newest beauty advice—given on page thirty-three.



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*"You can do the same thing
to your home, Bob—"*



July 20-37



HOW TO TRANSFORM an unsightly old house into a charming new one: Cover shabby walls with J-M Cedar-grain Asbestos Siding Shingles; the roof, with J-M Asbestos Roofing Shingles. Both are fireproof, charming, won't rot or wear out.



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And, in addition, full information on financing home improvements under the terms of the government-sponsored Home Improvement Plan. Mail coupon for your free copy.

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The proper setting of the table will be on the curriculum.

Maids-in-Training

Home Training Centres for Domestic Service are to be established by the Dominion Government

By J. C. JOHNSON

YOUR CHANCES of getting a competent maid will be infinitely better now that the Government has decided to help solve one of the major house-keeping problems of the day—the number of women clamoring for trained domestics, and faced by an army of unemployed, untrained women.

For the Government has decided to open Home Training Centres throughout Canada. In these houses, directed by trained women, thirty or forty girls will be taught the basic rules for correct housekeeping, in a three months course. The girls, who will be trained without expense to themselves, will be carefully selected, with a view to their personality and fitness for domestic work, given a rigorous training in all branches of housekeeping, and graduated with a diploma—given partly at the conclusion of the course, and completely after three months actual service.

These centres, which will be established under the Dominion-Provincial Youth Training Program, will open this autumn, and will be kept as much like private homes as possible. The girls in training must be between eighteen and thirty, and unemployed, although they need not, necessarily, be on relief.

Application forms for admission to these training courses will be available through registration with the Employment Service of Canada and the social agencies in touch with young women, such as the Y.W.C.A., the Jewish Federation of Young Women, Neighborhood Workers Association, Big Sisters, and the Department of Welfare. As the accommodation in the training centres is limited to a small group of girls, naturally all who apply for training cannot be accepted.

Each centre will be under the care of a superintendent, and staff of qualified domestic science teachers. Classes will include those in homecraft, budgets, child training, cooking, sick-room management, diets, foods and the

scientific preparation of meals. Proper service at table, general household duties, needlework, laundry, and first-aid in sick-room service, in case of emergency, will also be taught.

Girls in training will be provided with a uniform, but will supply their own clothes. While in training they will be under careful supervision, and their diploma will be based on qualifications and character.

The completion of this plan for the successful training of young women, and the definite raising of the status of domestic service, follows many years of wide interest in all parts of Canada.

The Y.W.C.A. in all the larger Canadian cities has been primarily interested in the training of girls, and according to a report issued by the National Council of the Y.W.C.A. in February, 1936, training centres for domestic workers have been held in sixteen leading cities of Canada. The courses last from four weeks to six months, and comprise generally proper methods and routine of household work, and the cooking and serving of food. In some cities more comprehensive programs were undertaken, as in London, Ontario, where in two courses taking eleven weeks, the curriculum included cooking, laundry, table-service, general housework, telephone, deportment, personal cleanliness, health habits, recreational interests, children's diets, purchasing, and use of electrical equipment.

Saskatoon added to a similar curriculum sandwich making, weekly schedule of work, care of children, invalid care in the house, and mending, all taught during eight weeks from nine to half-past two each day. Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, have all organized excellent training classes. Winnipeg has a residence training school for domestic service, with girls drawn from the relief lists.

Considerable progress on the problem has been made, too, by the women's advisory committee of the National Employment ♦ Continued on page 45

CHATELAIN

NOVEMBER

a magazine
for canadian
women

Big Little Guy

By ELEANOR NASH McWILLIAM

ON HER twenty-first birthday Anne Melrose, sitting under the pine trees of her island summer home, refused to marry Bobby Frayne.

She said, "You see, it's this way, Bobby. I'm not going to marry you because I'm fed up with looking after myself. Grandfather gave mother so many trustees and guardians and executors that until she died she had to ask them which shoe she should put on first. She wasn't going to have me bothered like that, so under her will trustees and guardians and executors were out. Anne was to stand on her own feet. Well, she's stood on them, and they need a rest. Bobby—" She stopped and began to sift pine needles through the strong fingers of a large, well-formed hand. "Haven't you ever wanted awfully to be something you weren't?"

Bobby's frame was slight, and his height barely equalled hers. He nodded without speaking.

"I've always wanted to be little and looked after." She spoke without looking at him. "Silly, isn't it, when I'm a big strapping creature who's so terribly able to look after herself?"

He said, almost angrily, "You're beautiful!"

"I know. Fine figure of a woman." She jerked her shoulders impatiently. "A pretty sight I'd be, leaning on somebody like—like you."

That tore it. He got up. "How about a boat ride—up the creek and back before dark."

She didn't move. "Not that you aren't swell. You are. I'm terribly fond of you. Sit down. I don't want to go out in a boat."

"Saw two blue herons up the creek last night."

She stared at him sombrely. "Bobby, I've hurt you."

"Who? Me?—They were sitting on the bank, just as still. Then they got up and flew ahead of the boat—"

"Stop it!"

He said, quietly, and gently. "I'm a little guy, and you're a big guy, Anne. It's sort of the wrong way about."

"Bobby, I could kick myself. I only meant—"

"You only meant that you don't love me, darlin', and that's something you can't help. But listen—if there's ever anything that a little guy can do for a big guy—Now, do we heron hunt?"

She didn't speak for a minute, then she said, "You're a pretty sweet person. Help me up. Think I'll swim. Come along, if you like."

His face twisted into the pleasant grin that generally made people grin back. "Not me. Skin's too near my bones for me to like water as cold as it is today. I'll watch, though."

Jitsie Kinsolving, down by the dock, called, "Hi—look at the big ship. Pretty nifty," and Bobby said, "Expecting more company?"

Anne shook her head. "Island's ready to sink already with the people we've got here. Take me only a minute to change. See you at the dock."

Jitsie waved her hand as he strolled toward her. "Hurry, Nautical, and tell Jitsie what it is."

He said absently, "Cabin cruiser. About seventy

Illustrated by Charles Bryson



A fine horse taking a fence, with a well-turned-out, fearless woman in the side-saddle, is probably the most perfect sight vouchsafed to man. Bobby held his breath.



"Her Favourites!"

This Year it's *Buckingham* "Throat-easy"



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dition, he wasn't going to get, however he wanted it. "Glad to have you aboard," Thorne said, and Anne burst out, "Don't you know who he is?"

Bobby nodded. "Saw your last picture. Yachting story, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Like it?"

Anne said quickly, "It was swell," so Bobby didn't have to answer. Which was fortunate as he hadn't liked the picture. He hadn't liked its star either. He'd found him altogether too good-looking, too smooth and, he was honest enough to admit it to himself, too big.

"Aren't you going to thank him for saving our lives?" Anne had quite honestly forgotten that Bobby had tried to save hers, that he hated cold water and that he wasn't a very strong swimmer.

He said, "I guess you came along just in time." Not very gracious words, but they did well enough because they weren't heard anyhow. Anne was saying, "We'll see you tonight, then—at seven," and Thorne was bowing over her hand, not quite touching it with his lips, but almost. "Tonight, at seven, little lady," he murmured.

It was both funny and awful, Bobby thought, to see the fine great creature that Anne was, glow and simper just because the big oaf called her little lady. Could it be possible that she didn't see what he was doing? Couldn't she see what anybody who called her little

would be trying to do—with his tongue in his cheek, laughing to himself?

Evidently she couldn't. The glow was on her face to stay, although the simper gave way to a quiet smile that was still on her lips and in her eyes when she ran up from the dock to the main house to change for dinner.

THORNE MACLEAN, movie star of movie stars, the man who never used a double no matter how dangerous the action, said at dinner that night, "Rot. It wasn't anything. The little man would have had her out in no time if I hadn't happened along." But he said it without conviction, and Anne's quick, "Oh, Thorne, that's ridiculous!" did make it seem ridiculous that Thorne was anything short of a hero.

Bobby thought, watching her, "She's actually falling for a guy like that," and Jitsie dug her elbow into his side, spilling the soup he had been holding in mid air in his spoon for a full minute.

"Isn't he swell?" she wanted to know. "Isn't he just the swellest thing you ever saw?"

Bobby finished working on the damp spot on his coat with his napkin. "Oh yes—swell," he said vaguely, and Jitsie forgot him in her open-mouthed wonder at the story Thorne was telling.

He tried to talk to Lou Perkins on his other side, but she shut him up. "Hush, idiot. I want to hear what he's

saying." So he drank some water, and gulped the rest of his soup, and made some bread pills which Jitsie absently swallowed, and let himself go in miserableness.

Dinner ended finally, but Thorne didn't. Astride the railing of the porch, his really good head thrown back against a pillar, he talked on and on.

Dizzy Arnold snuggled against Bobby's shoulder and whispered, "I could listen forever."

"You may have to," Bobby said rudely, and edged away until she was left leaning against the arm of the swing. Dizzy didn't care. His shoulder had been in the way when she had first leaned back. The arm of the swing was just as comfortable.

It was the incident of Maggie, the Scottie bitch, that made Bobby really understand how badly Anne was hit. Maggie had come sniffing at Thorne's ankles, and he'd kicked her viciously.

Anne picked her up absently, saying, "Be a good doggie, Mags." She'd fired a groom once for less, he remembered. The picture of her standing outside her stables, glorious in her rage, came to him vividly. "What sort of a man are you to hurt an animal?" she had thundered. "I don't want anyone like you around. Get out!"

But she wasn't saying "get out" now. She wasn't saying anything. She was just looking and listening—as if she could never see or hear enough.

Suddenly he felt as if he were going to be physically ill. Disgust affects some people like that. He got up and wandered out to the seat on the pine needles where Anne and he had talked that afternoon. Nobody noticed his going except Maggie. She slid down from Anne's lap and followed him.

THORNE STUCK his head out from under the shower in the guest cabin he had shared with Bobby since he had abandoned his boat to take up what seemed to be permanent abode on the island. It was three days after the rescue, and during that time he had managed to make himself thoroughly at home.

"I say, old boy, you seem to be a decent sort. Friend of the family, and all that. I'd like a word with you about something that's bothering me a bit."

Bobby thought, "So we're English this morning." Aloud, he said, "Shoot." + Continued on page 26



He didn't loosen the crushing grip. She had to listen to him. Hearing what he had to say was the only thing that could save her.

Charles Bayson

*It may be a hard thing to get through a woman's head,
but the measure of a man has nothing to do with his size*

feet over all. Draft might be eight feet. Owner aboard. Jitsie—he plumped down beside her—“did you ever know that a blue heron really is blue?”

“Why shouldn’t it be?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Cherry Streets never have cherry trees on them, and pink coats are red, and you talk to keep from talking—”

“Don’t be dull.” Jitsie couldn’t be bothered with trying to follow the maanderings of men who weren’t hers, and Bobby definitely wasn’t hers. Anne had him tagged. Once, she’d rather enjoyed pulling tags off. That was when she was an infant and tag pulling was a novelty. Not that she’d ever pulled any of Anne’s tags off. Anne used the good old-fashioned sort of glue that never unstuck. Jitsie said aloud, “Glue,” and Bobby nodded meekly.

“Dull glue. That’s me. What the heck’s a boat of that size doing in the lake? Get in its own way here. Sort of—of ostentatious. Wonder what the fellow’s like who owns her?”

“Goody, goody, let’s guess. I say he’s a fine up-standing—”

“Bull-necked, barrel-chested, pig-headed sort of goof. You know, the kind that children cry for, when they’re girl children.”

“He’s not like that at all! He’s handsome, clever—”

“You’re probably right.” He sighed again. “Funny, isn’t it? One day you think you have the world by the tail, then the next day you know it has you by the tail.”

“Race you to the float, Jits.” Anne had come up behind them and was standing on the edge of the dock pulling a blue cap over her crisp black hair.

Jitsie didn’t stir, and Anne asked, “What’s the matter? Is Bobby just too charming to leave?”

Jitsie shook her head. “Not at my best in the water next to you. And, darling child, do I want to be at my best!” She jerked her shoulder toward the yacht. “Take a look see,” she advised.

The yacht had dropped anchor about two hundred yards off shore, and the owner was indeed aboard. He’d come up on deck and was standing in huge silhouette against the sky and water.

Bobby said, “Help,” in a choked voice, and Anne’s long body cut the water in a clean dive. She called out, “Melted ice—and not too melted at that,” and struck out in a fine free crawl.

Shivering as he watched her, Bobby pulled up his coat collar, and silence fell on the dock until Jitsie spoke.

“I’d give my best sweater to swim like that. She doesn’t have to wait for her man. She goes out after him.”

Just then Anne screamed. It was a dreadful sound. It held pain and surprise and terror. Bobby—coat, shoes, sweat shirt, trousers and all—tumbled into the water like a bag of oats. His stroke wasn’t a crawl, trudgen or breast stroke. It was, rather a combination of all three. But it got him along at an amazing rate of speed considering how his clothes weighed him down. He held his head high out of the water, and kept his eyes on the spot where Anne was struggling. Once he said, “Oh, God!” and once he called, “Anne, I’m coming.” Then he saved his breath because he was suddenly very tired, and very cold.

But he plowed on, shortening the distance between them with each heavy stroke, wondering how he was going to bring her in after he had got to her, believing that he had to—

He reached her and they went down together, her arms fastened convulsively around his neck, pulling him under. She said, just before they sank, “Cramps in both legs—awful—”

One thought flashed through his numbed mind as the waters closed over their heads. “A pretty sight I’d look—leaning on you.”

Someone jerked his coat collar and brought them both to the surface. That someone said, “Well tried, little man. I’ll take over now. Just float around and I’ll be back for you pronto.”

He didn’t know quite how long he just floated around before he gave up. He might have floated a little longer if his clothes had been lighter, or if the thought of what had happened when Anne leaned on him hadn’t been so heavy. At any rate, he didn’t remember his rescue, and he didn’t know where he was when he opened his eyes.

SOMETHING which he didn’t like the taste of was being poured down his throat. He coughed and jerked away, as a child would who was being forced to take unpleasant medicine.

A man’s voice said, “He’ll do, now,” and Anne laughed. She was propped up in a nest of pillows on a chair, and when she laughed the big man who was squatting on the deck beside her laughed too. First they looked at Bobby and laughed, then they looked at each other and laughed, right into each other’s eyes, as if they had a joke between them which no one else could understand.

Bobby had never felt so completely left out of anything before, never felt so utterly lonely. Anne had gone away from him, her friend, to this man, this stranger.

She said, mirth still choking her voice, “I’m sorry, Bobby dear, but you do look so entirely funny. You’re so—so moist, and so engulfed in Thorne’s coat.”

He looked down at himself. The shoulders of the coat he was wearing stuck out inches beyond his own. The sleeves covered his hands to the fingertips. He said, “Thorne’s coat?”

“I’m Thorne. Thorne Maclean, to be exact.” The big man got to his feet and he seemed to be waiting for something, a something which Bobby decided, in the flashing moment of recog-



When an old beau allows himself to write sentimental letters on the eve of "her" wedding he may land up anywhere—even as Bill did, in the bridegroom's shoes

By OLGA MOORE

Dear Nell:

There was a thick, nasty little envelope on my desk today, and in it was a singularly unpleasant newspaper clipping, an announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Miss Eleanor Ames.

Nell dear, did you hear a high, jangling, crashing sound, a banging clangor like a Model T falling to pieces? That was my heart.

Oh, I know, Nell, I never said anything. I was the big bashful oaf who walked on your feet at dances and gargled with impotent joy when you gave me a date. I was the good, kind, faithful palsy-walsy who lied to the dean for you, and loaned you clean handkerchiefs and helped you through windows when you'd stayed out too late—usually with other fellows.

But you were always sweet to me, Nell. You took advantage of me damnably, but you were kind. There were times when—well, do you remember the night we stole the Dowager's pies? The Prom had been gay and dizzy and naughty, and we were too keyed-up for bed. And you were hungry. You were always hungry. I can't think why I loved such a ravenous woman. I can see you yet, coppery brown eyes glinting, the strap of your white satin dress slipping from one gorgeous brown shoulder, and a little dab of meringue on your nose. I went home that night and kicked myself to a pulp for not having the nerve to kiss you. And do you remember the harvest dance when Red Hamilton hurt his knee, and I took charge of you? I was never in my life so glad to see a fellow human maimed. Red was a nice chap and a great halfback, but it did me good to see him crippled. He had a possessive way of looking at you. Which you cheerfully encouraged. You were a frightful baggage, Nell. And do you remember the time we got lost in the woods—only I had a sneaking hunch all the time where we were? I hoped you'd cling to me and let me be a hero. Of course, you *didn't* cling. You just looked me in the eye and winked and laughed. You were always gallant in your dear, dizzy way.

Yes, there were times.

But that was all three years ago. A lot has happened since. We've both gone out into the world, met new people, knocked about a bit, and finally got our first jobs.

And now you're getting married! And I haven't wished you happiness yet. I do, my dear. The greatest happiness. I could never wish anything else for you. You will make something brilliant of your marriage, and Red Hamilton and I will become crusty old bachelors, I suppose, warming our hands at the bright flame of your memory, trying to be a little humorous when our friends mention you, and drinking lonely toasts to you on New Year's Eve. (Do you remember the New Year's Eve you fell downstairs?) And if you ever need your faithful Old Dog Tray—just whistle, darling.

And I wish to Pete you'd never met this guy! Who is he, anyway?

Your devoted but desolate,
Bill.

Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Bill:

With tremblings and blushings and flutterings of long eyelashes, (they're longer now) I received your letter. I was *that* delighted. And dumfounded. Whoever sent you that clipping, I wonder? I was trying to think of some subtle way to break the news. I've always wanted to be a witty, brittle bride.

I adore you, Bill, to pieces, and I always have. You were the grandest playmate who ever menaced a nice girl's honor. And I don't remember you as any hulking, lumbering, faithful Old Dog Tray, either. I thought you were a strong, silent man of the forests, bronzed and inscrutable, a cool devil with a past. I remember moments, too, Bill.

You're a darling, Bill, a lamb and a fraud. It is a

little funny you wait until I'm getting married before you uncork all this lifelong devotion to me! I used to work my head off trying to get you inflamed—and you wouldn't even smolder a little. I tried every way I could think of to make you kiss me, and you just looked me sternly in the eye and let me know you were the Man Who Couldn't Be Had. When I clung to your arm and gazed up at you with starry eyes, you told me to look out or I'd fall on my nose. After I'd borrowed Flossie's best mascara, too!

It's like all the people who discovered I used to have beautiful hair—after I'd cut it. They'd never seemed a bit impressed when there was simply scads of it blowing about.

As for this marriage business—I haven't any whimsical excuses. I'm not even selling myself to a gloating brute to pay off the family mortgage. I just fell for the guy—that's all. He's so handsome it hurts. He's frightfully dashing and all that. Used to be an aviator, you know. He has curly brown hair and brown eyes that sort of strike sparks when he looks at you. And he has nervous brown hands. Very beautiful hands. (Though confidentially, Bill, I always rather fancied those big hams you flapped about.) Jim dances like an angel and looks like a pirate and sings barytone and knows all the headwaiters and tells me I'm ravishing. What can I do? He's not rich, but he has a very snazzy job and a snazzy apartment and loads of snazzy relatives. The relatives, I add happily, are not living with us. But they've come through with some mighty magnificent presents. Incidentally, don't send us a silver platter or an electric clock. We've got six of one and a half dozen of the other.

And I think, Bill dear, it's about time I was getting married. I've been fired from five jobs in the last three years. Oh, I know I'm a pretty clever newspaper woman, by and large. And ladies of the press are supposed to knock around a lot. It helps their art or something. But I was forever getting into trouble. It's a knack. And you weren't around, Bill, to fish me out, like you used to do. How many times do you suppose you saved my neck and honor? I was never a fallen woman—thanks to you—but I used to be a badly-skidding one.

Somehow I'm not stirred by the mellow bachelorhood you so darkly threaten. I'm not worried about Red Hamilton, either. He's already got himself a blonde. I ran into them the other night. She was obviously laboring under the impression he was God's Noblest Creature and he was lapping it up. They both looked at me with pity because I hadn't got him.

If your self-imposed celibacy palls upon you sometimes—come see us. It will cheer you up. You can grapple with my bridal biscuits and think what you've been spared.

Are you coming to the wedding, darling? You could give me away so beautifully. What you couldn't think of, I'm sure Red could.

Bill, it's been lovely hearing from you. I don't believe much in your broken heart, but it's sweet of you to say you have one. Your letter made me gently woozy, myself. It brought up so many, many things. We had fun, Bill dear. You always were a lamb!

With love—until after the wedding.—Nell.



Illustrated by
Holmgren

TU WINNIPEG
MANITOBA 5 110 3A
MISS ELEANOR
AMES TORONTO
ONTARIO
BETTER LET
SLEEPING LAMBS
LIE BILL

Winnipeg, Manitoba
Dear Stew:

Have received your slightly mawkish postcards and I'm glad you're having such a swell time. They tell me honeymoons are rather nice any place.

Kiss Mary Ellen for me every once in a while.

Take your time. Everything is pegging along here at the office in the usual dry and dusty order. Tom is working in beautifully. We've got the Metcalf versus Metcalf case in the bag.

Have all the fun you can while you can, Stew. I seem to have slipped some place along the road. I thought work was everything and I've slaved like a horse these last three years. And now—I wonder if it was worth it. I feel dry and tired and old. The romance has gone from everything. There used to be a sort of bloom on the world and now it's been rubbed away. Maybe I'm just stale. Maybe I'm jealous. Of you. And the man who's going to marry Nell Ames. I heard from Nell the other day.

Oh, go the heck ahead and have your honeymoon!
Your partner in law if not in fun,
Bill.

TORONTO ONTARIO 10 6 4A
MR. WILLIAM SLOAN WINNIPEG MANITOBA
DEAR DOG TRAY AM CALLING YOUR BLUFF
STOP THEY DONE WRONG BY OUR NELL STOP
HAVE BEEN LEFT AT ALTAR STOP WHY DONT
YOU DO DECENT THING AND PROPOSE

NELL

en route to Toronto

Dear Stew:

This is a dickens of a time for a young lawyer to take a vacation, I know, but I just got an SOS from Nell Ames.

Like old times, isn't it? I was always rushing to Nell's rescue here and there. But something pretty grim has hit her. She was planning her wedding and suddenly everything blew up. To put matters brutally, the man walked out on her. You can't imagine that happening to Nell, can you? Somehow she was always the one who danced away first.

She wired me about it. In her old gay way, of course. But I know how she felt about the blighter, and I'm charging out, to sort of stick around and buck her up. Of course, I was always a fool about her. It was never a secret to anyone but her. I could never quite bring myself to tell her. What was the use? She regarded me as a mixture of clown and father-confessor. I was always afraid she'd laugh. Or try to be a sister to me. I'd rather remember Nell as a heart-breaker than as a sister.

But when someone sent me the newspaper clipping about her marriage, I wrote to her. Fool thing to do, but it relieved me. I told her—trying, of course to be very debonair and smart—how I'd always felt about her. Just putting it on paper made it seem more real to me. Bridged the three long years I haven't seen her. It somehow gave our slight affair a lost, romantic charm. I suppose I rather + Continued on page 49

Let Sleeping Lambs Lie



I was the kind, faithful palsy-walsy who helped you through windows when you'd stayed out too late —with other fellows.

NORM
ROCKWELL
S

Mood—



3. **WRONG POSITIONS.** Please don't do your relaxing on the ballroom floor. It's distressing to the other dancers and holds up traffic.



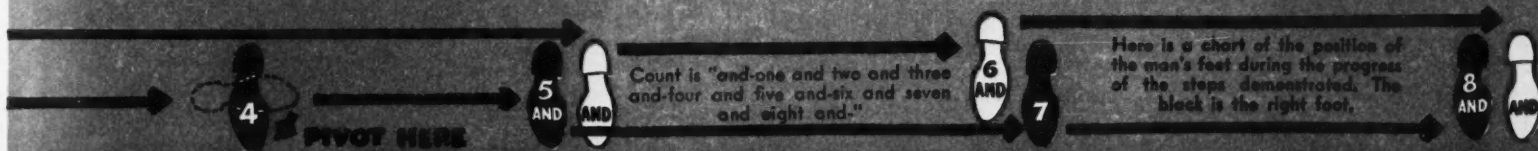
4. Unfortunately, this is not just a funny picture, you've seen the girl with a round-the-neck hold and leaning tendencies, the man set for a pony gallop.

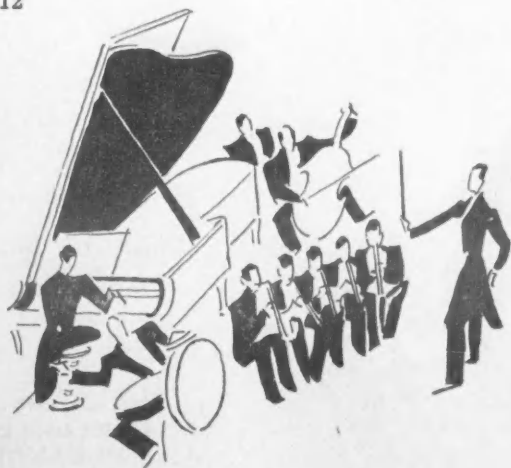
Dance studies and instructions by Miss Marian Kinney, Teacher of Ballroom at the Boris Volkoff School of the Dance, Toronto. She is shown here with Mr. James D. Pape.

C. The third step is shown in Photograph C, below. Do one more waltz step starting with the right foot, make a quarter turn to the right, pivoting on the count of four ("four and five and.")

D. In the fourth photograph, D, step left to the side, with the side of the foot leading, to the count of "six and," cross right foot in front of left foot, as demonstrated, and step on right foot.

E. Another view of the step in fourth photograph is shown in D, with the step completed and the weight on the right. Step left to the side pivoting to make a quarter turn to the left (counting "and") step right foot beside left to face line of direction.





You're in a Dancing

—but can you dance?

Ballroom dancing was designed for personal pleasure, and not as a spectacular display—gymnastic or otherwise. That's why you should choose your dance steps so that the average dancer can do them with you without previous practice. And so that they won't unduly entertain or annoy other people on the floor.

The waltz will give you grace, the fox trot speed and the tango control . . . and they should all give you keen enjoyment and the best of exercise. Get into your dancing mood and togs this winter.



1. RIGHT POSITIONS FOR DANCING: The girl places her left hand between the man's elbow and shoulder. She looks over the man's right shoulder.



2. The man places his right hand firmly in the centre of the girl's back just above the waist. His left arm is brought forward slightly, palm up, shoulders straight.



The Tango

A WORD TO THE MAN

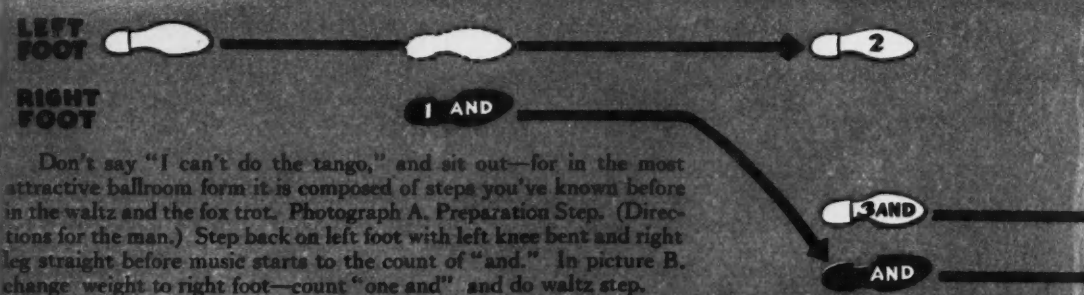
Dancing is one field in which you just can't leave it to the little woman. The man must guide and "indicate." If he doesn't, he's one of those uncertain, wishy-washy dancers who ruin a girl's evening. Guiding is steering your partner in among couples and suiting your steps to the floor space available. "Indicating" is a sign or movement a man gives to his partner to suggest a new step or turn. It must be done (a slight pressure with the right hand is usually sufficient) to give the girl time to follow your lead. That's one reason why you must hold your partner firmly.

To be a good dancer you must have rhythm, a good sense of direction, a realization of which foot is free and a knowledge of what to do with it and in what direction you can do it!

Don't leave your partner standing alone in the middle of the dance floor . . . see that she gets placed before you take your leave. Don't parade in the intermission . . . just stand where you are until the music starts again. Don't wave your arms about to demonstrate something you're saying, and leave your partner unheld, while you're dancing.

Don't pump her arm up and down and don't pull it away up until it nearly breaks before the dance is over.

When a girl says, "Let's just sit this one out—I'm tired," check yourself over and see if you're not doing some of these things.



TRUMPETS

Did they die in vain? Politicians, preachers, writers,—mothers themselves, have asked that question. Here is an unforgettable answer

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

herself. She always had a bright, chattering way of speaking, but when she grew thus reminiscent there was a tinge of something else, perhaps a faint dignity, about it.

"You remember my Sammy?" she asked, then amended quickly, "But I keep forgetting he was away long before you came to us. My, he was

a strapping one, Sammy was. Six-foot-one. He used to pick me up in his arms and hold me there and wouldn't put me down until I'd promised him something he wanted—maybe that I'd go up to a West End theatre with him, or to lunch at one of the really swell places. I used to tell him, 'Now what would I look like with all the fine people there?' and he'd laugh—he had a great roaring happy laugh—and say, 'You'll look all right to me.' He was a great boy for his mother, Sammy was. When he went away marching he broke right out of line and kissed me. I don't know but what he felt it inside himself right then that he'd not see me any more."

Mrs. Pilker's gaze moved to the big window through which sunshine brighter than the mellow London gleam was shining.

"Dave was different," she went on after a moment. "Dave was a quiet lad; always a great one for his books and everything, and when the war came along he never got excited about it like the other boys. I began to feel sort of queer about it, the way he hung off. It got me all churned up like, wanting him to stay behind, wanting him not to go, but not being able to bear it that Dave should show up wrong. Then one night—I remember there was a bright moon and the pear tree we had in the back had burst into bloom and you could smell it proper. Father and I, we were setting out saying how nice it was and not talking at all about the war or anything until we got around to be silent, and then Father said, 'What about Dave?'"

"I knew just what he meant and just how he felt, with both our hearts aching for the lad and both of us pulled two ways.

"I don't know," I said.

"He went on smoking a while; he was a great one, was Father, for smoking things through, and then he said, 'Dave'll do what's right.'"

"Almost at once we heard Dave's step. He walked right past us as if he didn't see us and went into the house. Father and I looked at each other and got up and went in too. Dave hadn't lit any light, so Father put one on and there was the lad flung down full length on the couch. When he saw us he jumped up. He looked as if he'd been crying.

"What is it, Dave?" said Father.

"Dave held out his hand. 'A girl gave me this on the way home,' he told us. It was a white feather. I began to quiver all over, hardly knowing why. Then Dave said, 'I joined up earlier tonight.'"

"My, the way Father's head jerked up. He said, proud-like, 'You told the girl?'"

"No," said Dave, 'I didn't tell her.'"

"Father just nodded. He couldn't speak. I saw how worked up he was. He patted Dave on the shoulder, and then shook hands with him kind of awkward like and went on into the bedroom. But I knew inside myself Dave wasn't through yet, so I stopped with him. He sat down and I ran my hand through his hair—a thing he ordinarily couldn't abide—but he said nothing for a long time. I just waited for him to speak, knowing Dave's ways. Then he said: 'When I signed up, I gave up God.'"

"I felt as if a knife had gone through me, and through him too. 'No, Dave,' I cried, 'No, no.' And after a long while I got him to see God wouldn't hold it against him to do his duty. But Dave was changed after that night."

Mrs. Pilker was silent for some moments. As she had waited for Dave to speak, so I waited for her, but in the end I tried to make it easier.

"He got the D.C.M.," I reminded her.

"Yes. For service in Palestine. He's buried somewhere out there. The King"—she straightened herself a little—"the King himself pinned it on me."

We sat and savored that. I noticed she did not speak of Walter. Wally was her baby; I remembered him as a boy just out of school, eager in those first days when I met him to get into action like his brothers—trying out three times before he got put through, though under age.

Wally was the one who was Reported Missing. I fancy the unknown grave in the Abbey meant a lot to Mrs. Pilker, though she never spoke of going there. I wasn't within gunshot of London when the news of Wally came. Only after the first Armistice had sent the city into delirium and brought the lights in streets and buildings out from under the shadow of death—an Armistice celebration I shall never forget for I was there in the mad swirl of it—did I learn of this final ill-fortune.

But then, and always afterward, the Pilkers had the same thing to say:

"Yes, our three sons. It was a bit hard. But they gave their lives, and we gave them, that men might be free, that democracy might not pass from the earth, that the world might know peace."

They'd got hold of those phrases somewhere and made them their own, repeating them until sometimes the uninitiated would smile. Those of us who knew never smiled at them. Literally, tremendously, they meant just that. Even long after the post-war disillusion set in they were unshaken. I don't know if Mr. Pilker—who suffered an obscure sort of decline before the war was many years sunk in history—counted himself as one more sacrifice to the same Cause, but I am convinced it was the war that undermined him. He never, for all his gallant words, could quite shake off the loss of three boys. The girls meant much to him, but soon they were married, and there were just the two middle-aged parents left to remember that within these walls five children had been born to them and prattled and played and grown in wisdom and stature; that from this familiar place they had annually gathered their one trunk and four bags of luggage and corded their deck chair and canes and parasols together and gone to Margate or to Brighton or to Rhyl, and played in the sea, and lain on the sands, and looked upon the world with bright hopeful eyes.

WE WENT down, Mrs. Pilker and I, after a time, and had tea together in the Palm Room and chaffed each other and she told me funny odds and ends from her travels. Yet clearly, underneath everything she said was some trouble not yet brought to the light of speech. It was something more than the bereavements she had known, something that was eating into her days, so that in the midst of a chuckling reminiscence her bright happy face would lose its glow and there would creep in a shadow that began to haunt me too.

In the end I had it from her.

"Sometimes I think," she said, and paused as if still she fought against the idea, "sometimes I think they died in vain."

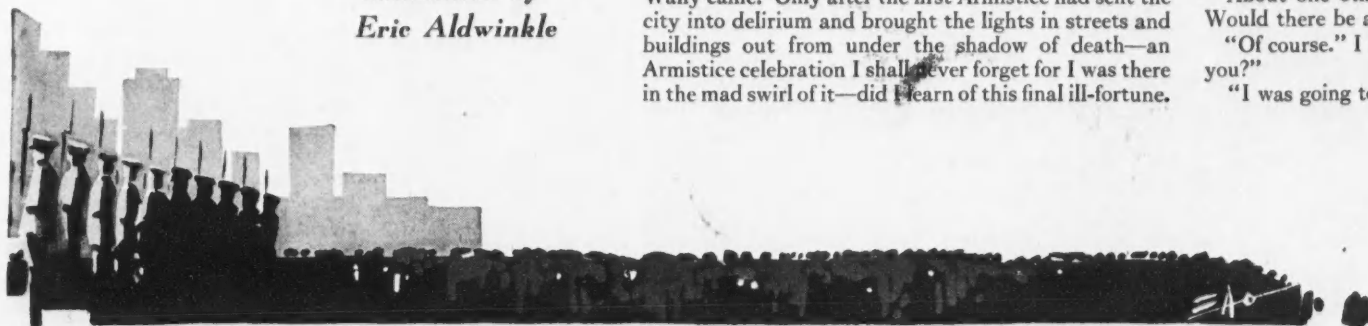
I thought of politicians and preachers, men in the street and writers for the press, men who felt deeply and men who spoke glibly, who had said much the same, but this was the first time I had heard the mother of three sacrificed sons say it. But even as she said it she was troubled by the heresy.

About one other thing she was anxious at parting. Would there be an Armistice celebration here?

"Of course," I reassured her. "Shall I come and take you?"

"I was going to ask that." ♦ Continued on page 53

Illustrated by
Eric Aldwinkle



S O U N D O F

HER BOAT got in two days before the Armistice Day Celebration. She had come, she said, to see for herself what winter was like in North America as against London's pale sunlight and fog and very occasional snow. When she telephoned me from the hotel I thought my ears were deceiving me. Then I remembered that in one of her infrequent but welcome letters she had spoken of a little legacy left her by an uncle, which she had put to purposes of travel. I thought it gallant of her that at her age, and utterly inexperienced—the limits of her journeys hitherto being London's West End, which always bewildered her, and the usual fortnight in summer to Margate or Brighton and once an invasion of Wales as far as Rhyl—she should set out on her own to see a bit of the world.

"Fancy you being on this side of the water!" I greeted her through the medium of the telephone.

"Yes, fancy me being here!"

I could hear her chuckle, and the slight Cockney accent smacked pleasantly of days I had known when London streets were filled with khaki from beyond the seas, and on moonlit nights one cast a speculative eye toward the searchlights quartering the sky.

Calling a taxi, I went to the hotel. She still wore black with touches of mauve, although her husband had been dead several years, but her round red face was a smiling welcome to me. When I caught her hand she said, half hesitantly: "Aren't you going to kiss me?"—and I did, as if she were my mother, as indeed she had been in lonely days in Blighty. Tears sprang into her eyes, and as her fingers held tight to mine the hotel with its lights and artificialities fell away; I was swept back two decades, and youth was mine, and all the sad, grim, happy, tragic paradoxes of the days of war renewed themselves.

Their home was one of a long row of drab brick, but the small front plots were well kept with attempts at flowers and hedges, and the back gardens flowered properly in season. Some soldiers' organization, I think probably the Y.M.C.A., had organized home hospitality for men on leave, and their home was opened to me. I remember wondering what I was getting into when I took the bus that ran east beyond Whitechapel and Mile End and Bow, and found this modest street. But once within the house I knew I was in a home.

"We're simple folk," Mrs. Pilker said a bit anxiously, "but we're very happy to have you, I'm sure."

I recall the high, old-fashioned bed, sweet as a nut with fresh, clean linen, a glossy eiderdown that was much regarded and that had come from Selfridge's at a great bargain, and how deep and restful was the mattress. There were two girls in the family—

then in their teens—one in war work, the younger helping her mother at home. She was a pert, bright-faced youngster who indulged in plenty of badinage with me and kept the house alive with laughter, even in those days of strain. Mr. Pilker was a lean, amiable man, holding some minor post in the civil service, with a bit of a drawl in his voice and a trace of importance in his bearing as befitted a civil servant who had to deal constantly and firmly with the Public, but well versed in current affairs and widely read. He had a keen sense of humor in his own style. At night he'd set up a small-size, folding billiard table and we'd play, our elbows and cues crowding the furniture and ornaments dangerously.

MEMORY OF all these things swept in upon me, there in the hotel lobby, and still more vividly when we went up to Mrs. Pilker's room—she had a pleasant one facing the west—and she began to speak to me, at first haltingly, then with more freedom of "the boys" and of "Father." She always referred to Mr. Pilker that way—"Father did this," or "Father always liked it so," or "as Father used to say." I felt it would be of help to her to let her talk; I think she half forgot me as she did and was back in those days



Style Details of the New Cars
Illustrated by
COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY,
Engineering Stylist

As to exterior appearance, the streamlining idea has been still further refined. Headlights are either built into the front fenders or set closely beside them. Does anyone now remember when Pierce-Arrow persisted, year after year, on bulbous driving lights as an integral part of its mudguards? As they were designed in that day and age, they looked, unhappily, rather like two big carbuncles on two bulging ears; still and all, 1938 cars follow successfully the essentials of that outmoded design.

Chromium steel and chromium steel plating are notably important this year, inside and out. Some cars emphasize the natural beauty of this rustless and stainless metal with a striking stripe of color, and the chromium line is used to carry the radiator and hood sweep back throughout the entire length of the car. Upholstery sticks by the tried and tested materials of former years, with broadcloth as a first choice and mohair for an alternative, but some cars come up with a very definite eye toward tricky pattern effects. Those midget cupboards on the instrument board called "glove compartments," and used to hold anything from grandpa's teeth to a lipstick, are bigger, and are lighted automatically from the inside. You can have your choice of half a dozen trick ashtrays in front and back seats. At the rear end, most of the 1938 cars have set the spare wheel in an upright position, flat against the back wall. This way they show a considerably larger storage capacity in the built-in trunk.

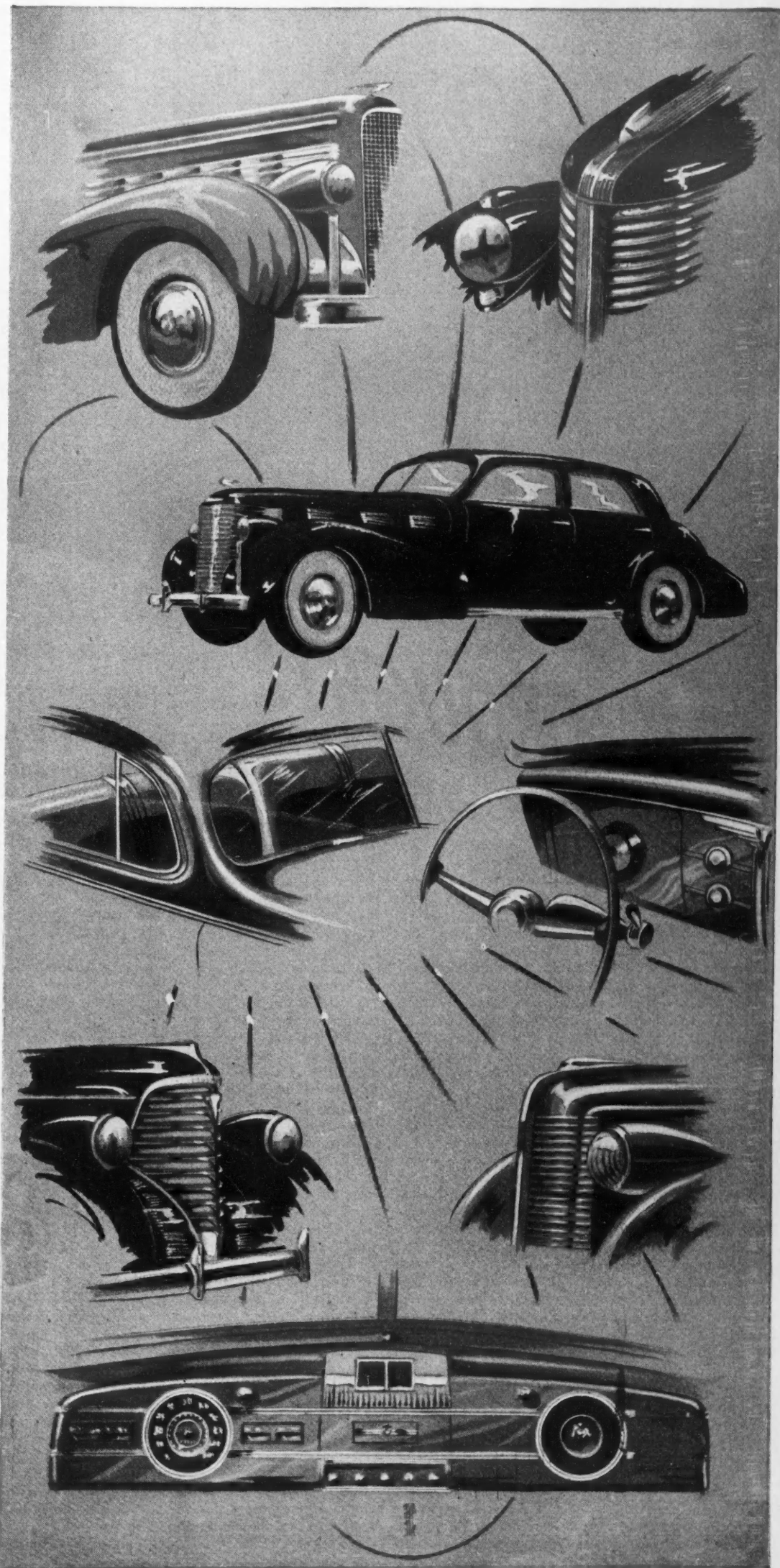
Take it for granted that all these details may be interpreted as appeals to the feminine buyer. More vitally important to everyone interested in the new cars, women and men alike, are the basic engineering features. Definitely the new cars show important improvements in body stability, springing, brakes, transmission, lubrication, wheelbase length, steering facility, interior room, and things such as these. Emphasizing the mechanical perfections of their cars the automobile manufacturers this year concede it as a fact that the woman buyer has motor intelligence.

"Given the necessary mental equipment," one motor corporation executive told us, "a ten-year-old girl could drive a 1938 automobile."

The new cars are that good.

LOOKING DOWN the list, with a due regard for a proper and orderly proceeding, one comes first in alphabetical line to Chrysler, which this year is comparatively a conservative issue. Remembering that Walter Chrysler introduced the Airtflow model a few years back, makes it a stronger tribute to the general excellence of modern automotive engineering that 1938 Chryslers, Dodges, De Sotos and Plymouths, in exterior appearance at least, are not very much altered from the 1937 models; but there are important improvements in engineering in all Chrysler cars.

Windshields are permanent and have larger vision range, with one and one-eighth inches greater width, a slimmer front pillar and more efficient shaping. The springing on all Chrysler cars has been materially altered so that the company can claim an entire elimination of the "shimmy" in steering, even over washboard roads. Since drivers, men or women, come in different lengths, a front seat adjustment on the new Chrysler manufactured cars provides not only a forward shift



Continued on page 87

Your Car, Madam

By FREDERICK EDWARDS

THE EDITOR said: "Go and ask the automobile people what special gadgets they are putting on the 1938 cars, especially to please women."

We said: "Gadgets?"

"Yes," the Editor told us, very editorially. "Gadgets, jiggers, doodabs, thingummys. Little extras to attract, flatter, or otherwise cajole the woman buyer. You know."

So we went out and asked the automobile people about feminine gadgets on the 1938 cars, and discovered a remarkable fact, which is that to all intents and purposes there aren't any gadgets on the 1938 models designed especially to flatter women drivers. Not a gadget. Nary a single doodab; no jiggers whatever, nor yet any thingummys.

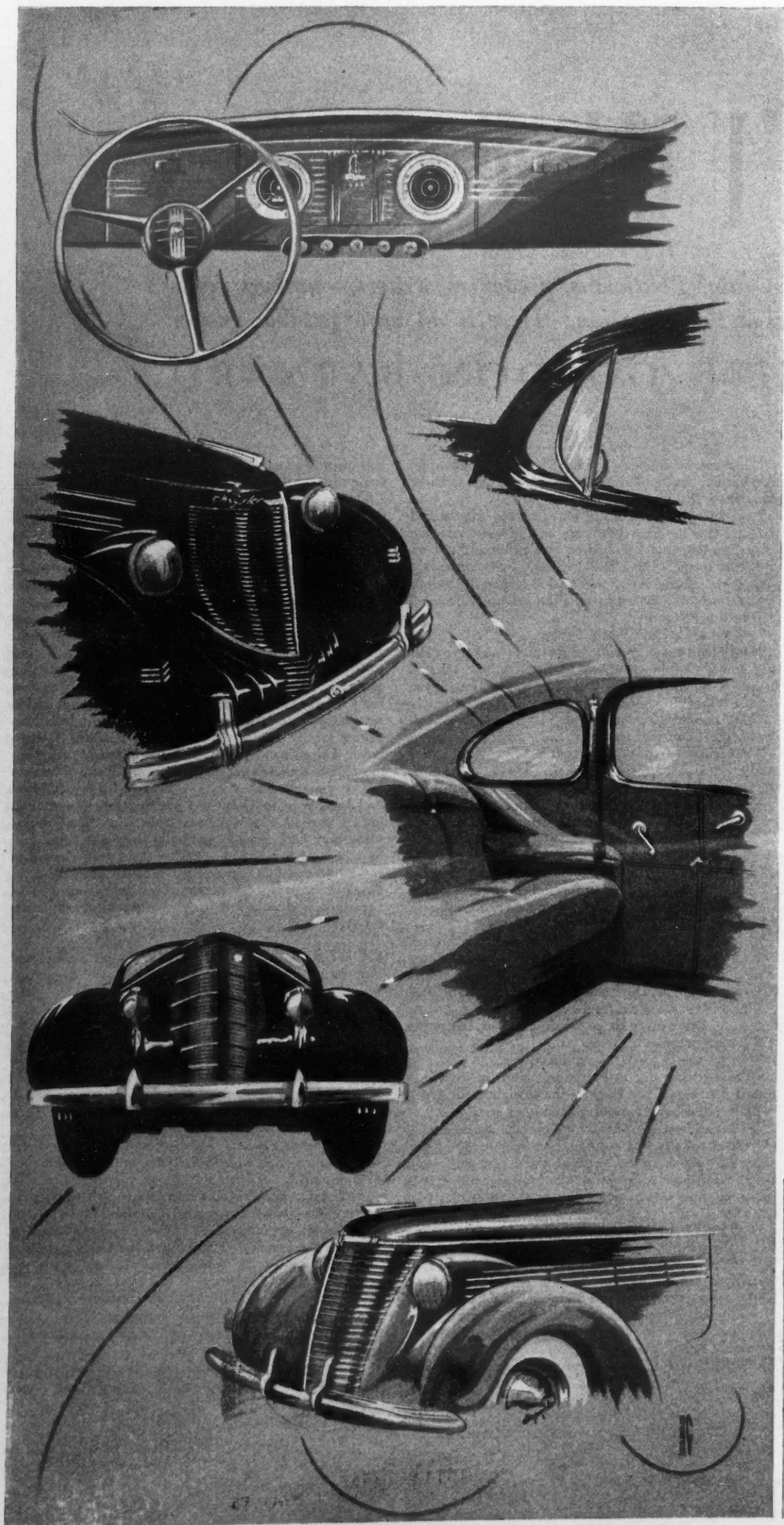
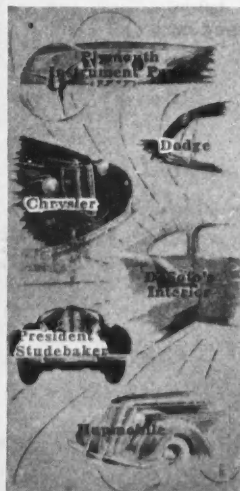
It would seem that those days are gone forever when manufacturers of motor cars considered it sound policy to put cut glass vases in limousines, so that the girls could fill them with flowers, real or artificial. Today, they supply trick ashtrays instead, equally useful to male and female alike.

The new situation, it seems to us, is vastly more flattering to the ladies than was the former state of affairs. Modern automobiles are designed, right from their basic engineering principles down to extraneous details of line, color and upholstery, with the idea of making them more comfortable to ride in, front or back, easier to steer, safer to handle in traffic or on the highway, more and more like a drawing-room on wheels, all with the thought in mind that the woman driver of 1938 has a keener eye for real values, and especially a deeper appreciation and understanding of engineering detail than her predecessor of five or ten years back.

It may not be true that modern cars, especially the 1938 line, are designed especially for women. It is definitely a fact that the trend toward greater luxury so generally and generously displayed in the 1938 models has been greatly influenced by the steadily increasing

number of women owners and drivers, coupled with the industry's firm conviction that women are no longer persuaded by pretty superficialities toward the car of their heart's desire.

WITH THIS in mind it comes about naturally that the 1938 cars are not particularly gadgetty, but rather just good. The industry, always acutely conscious of the powerful buying authority of feminine opinion, has arrived at last at something close to the perfect car, even from the hard-boiled viewpoint of the most unsentimental automotive engineer.



AT THEIR BEST

**SPECIALLY GROWN...extra-luscious...sun-ripened
...vine-fresh...FOR CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP**

It takes glorious tomatoes like these to produce the distinctive flavor of the world's most-often-asked-for soup
... extra-luscious beauties grown from Campbell's own

special seeds, and picked the day they reach sun-ripened perfection. Then, while still vine-fresh, they are immediately made into Campbell's Tomato Soup, with plenty of fine

table butter blended in for smooth richness, and subtle seasonings to enhance the delicious flavor...Why not enjoy this first of ALL soups tomorrow?

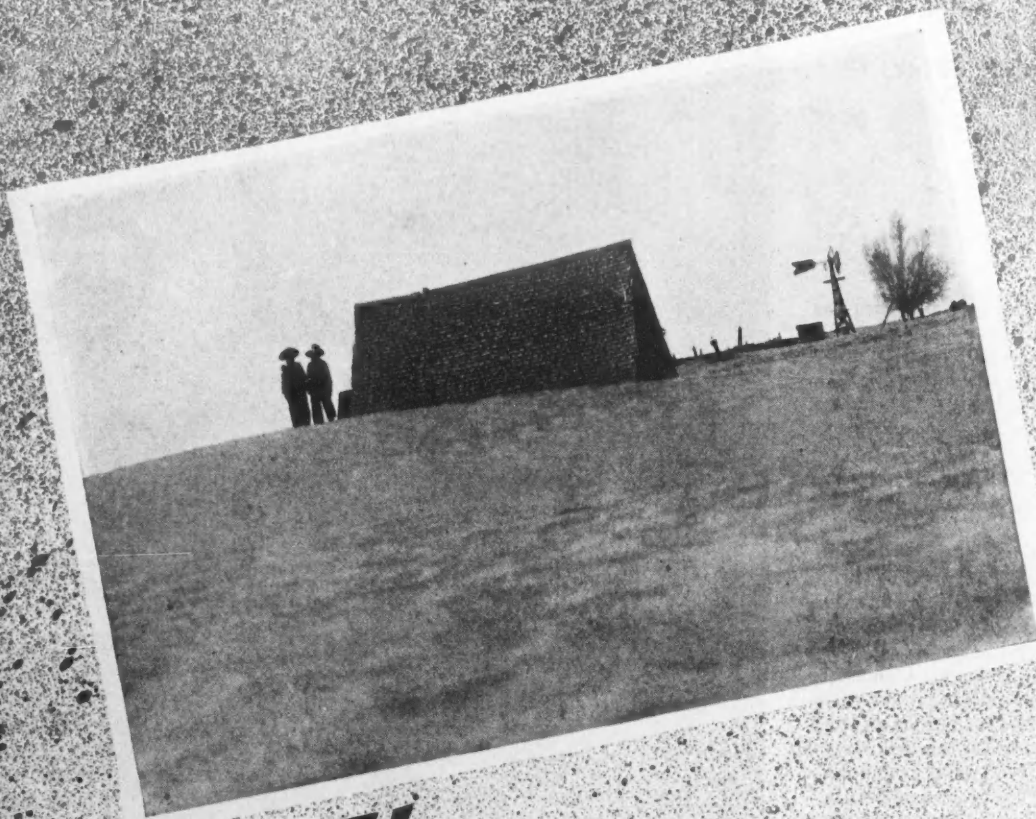
The ones that are
The luscious-est
Are for the soup
The world loves best!



Look for the Red-and-White Label



Campbell's Tomato Soup



DROUGHT!

From Briercrest, Saskatchewan, comes a heart-stirring glimpse of what drought means to the women who live through it

By EDNA JAKUES

THE LAND has given herself over to the drought. There is no light left in her loins, no heart no hope.

It wasn't this way before. We hadn't given up. We fought—the land and us—through nine years of failure and were not defeated. But we're whipped now. The white flag floats from a thousand fields—a thousand hearts. We're wearing it and are not ashamed any more.

The land is desolate—grey ashy wastes that once were fields, white alkali flats that once were blue sparkling lakes. In our gardens there aren't even weeds. Just the driven soil, resting for a few days until another wind comes up to move it somewhere else.

Drought never comes alone. It travels in ill-starred company; grasshoppers, strange flies that breed in the hot soil of drought, queer sicknesses. A new fly has come to Saskatchewan. (As if we didn't have enough!) It has the head of a fly and the body of a mosquito and tackles only horses. A few hours after they are bitten, they stagger like drunken men. Then they fall, never to rise again, their throats closed and their veins burst from the deadly poison.

The army worms came, too, a while ago as any army comes, in massed formation, in uniforms of bottle green. We watched them come up the cement sidewalks of the village (it was a great runway for them) swarming the width of it, like filthy water with green scum, flowing, flowing, toward this and that little bare garden patch where some faithful soul had cherished a few living things, watering them with grudging water as much as she dared to take. Just what the worms were looking for. They are blind and never turn out of their way for anything. Up over buildings they crawl—over elevators, fences, stores, anything in their path. They go up one side and down the other.

One morning I heard a piercing scream and ran out. It seemed as if all the women in Mossbank were out waving their aprons, wringing their hands. It was the army worms coming like a curse, relentlessly, inevitably. The road was covered with them, the sidewalks and

fences were alive. We tried to head them off. We dug trenches and filled them with oil; we killed them with hoes and shovels and sticks, but we might just as well have tried to stem the morning tide of the Pacific.

One woman had watered her beans, guarded them, was hungry for them, but the army worms swarmed over them. In a few minutes there were no beans left. She sat on the doorstep and cried helplessly with her apron over her face.

Another woman had some lovely asters that she had started in boxes in the house in April. After setting them out in her garden she brought old pails without bottoms from the nuisance ground and put over her precious plants, and now they were just ready to bloom. Little cracks in the sides showed pink and lavender and yellow, and her heart warmed and glowed over them as only that of a lover of flowers can do. But the worms tackled them too. We ran here and there gathering up the scattered pails to put over them again, but it was too late. The stems were twined and twisted with the slithering slimy worms, and she walked slowly into the house without looking at anyone.

These worms feed on Russian thistle, the only green left, and the cattle eat the thistle and are dying by the hundred from the poison.

Sudden freak storms come, too, as if the elements fought some mighty war in the air. Today the sky was almost a black blue. You would think a million tons of water would be held in its inky depths, but it was only dust and wind. There were a few vicious stabs of lightning as if to rend the skies, a few scattered drops of rain. The air was murky and thick—cyclone air—that made it hard to breathe. Your heart pounded against your ribs in sickening thuds.

The people are leaving too. They've stuck it out pretty well, held the front line trenches without a word for nine hopeless years, looked forward with faith in the country. But they're leaving now. Yesterday eighteen cars of settlers' effects left from one small village near us, going back to Ontario bag and baggage. Won't the

fields look green to them, won't the vegetables taste good!

I'd like to see the faces of the children when they strike that Ontario countryside—little fellows who hardly know the taste of apples, the feel of rain, the sight of green fields.

I'd like to hear the women talking when they know they can have apple sauce for supper. It's so hard to put meals on the table without fruit or vegetables. Won't they make pies! And they won't have to skimp on potatoes or count them as they put them into the pot, either.

And the water! They'll let it flow over their hands, just for the feel of it—that clear spring water of Ontario. It will heal them, cool their bodies and souls, renew their youth. I'm glad they're gone. I waved good-by to them as the train pulled out, whispered a prayer for God to bless their pilgrimage, to go before them and search out a resting place for them in the green, quiet countryside of old Ontario.

The young men are all gone too. My brother's boy left in a box car. He was wrapped up in an old piece of tarpaulin so if the "breaky" came through he'd think it was a bit of waste.

There were two of them together, two neighbor boys. How they'll laugh about it some day when they are old. It was his first ride on a train too. Nineteen years old, and he'd never been on a train in his life—and such a ride as that was. Boiling hot, afraid to move—but he got to Manitoba and struck a fine place with happy, friendly people who are so good to him that it makes a lump in your throat to read his letters.

He writes mostly of the "grub" and how much he eats and what they have for meals. The old grandmother has taken him under her kindly wing and mothers him and he has gained ten pounds and—"boy" he "likes Manitoba."

The girls are having a tough time too. They can't take the higher grades in the country schools and their fathers can't pay board. ♦ Continued on page 74

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

by CAROLYN DAMON

Forget your scruples and borrow, beg or steal,
Every new idea that will give you Style Appeal.



The woman who uses her head
when she sews.

Gets that "one-in-a-million" air
to her clothes.



WITH A ZIPPER and a ribbon and some buttons and some string . . . you can make an old wardrobe into really anything—or almost anything. It's such a year for odd little touches . . . pockets and bows and frills and suches . . . For instance, taking a whack at that old last year's jacket. Why not cut it short and swinging and row it in ribbons? Or hang it in fringe or fancy-up the sleeves . . . or patch it with pockets of interesting weaves . . . As for zippers!—add 'em anywhere. They're grand to cover indisputable signs of wear and tear that seem to appear on shoulders and buttonholes and at the waist of blouses. And you'll find that nothing so thoroughly rouses an old dress to new moods and fresh feeling shapes as the folds and pleatings of softly-hanging drapes . . . try them the various ways we've done them here . . . you can even put a whole new top on a dress of yesteryear. See the sketch?

And in the photographs—Marlene Dietrich braids black velvet with gold—isn't it glamorous? And Gloria Stuart shows what a lame sash and jacket can do to an old gown, to make it go to town.

Be clever with your needle—and you can make 'em think everything you wear is—Copyright; Paris.



Your Daughter Has Big Ideas...



Your daughter Jane is growing up, with alarmingly expensive tastes. Her bedroom, she decides, is too, too childish. Can't she have everything new — maybe like that room she saw in the movies?



Money, you say firmly, doesn't grow on trees—but finally you agree to new curtains and a spread. And then—like an answer from heaven—your Singer Man calls with a book on decorating, which Jane grabs.



Oh look, she cries—see this room in turquoise and yellow! The Singer Man explains how one girl made these same furnishings herself, with personal help from the Singer Sewing Center. Jane is thrilled!



The appointments are made, your material bought—and soon Jane is whizzing along at the Sewing Center, under the expert eye of a Singer teacher. Sewing is a cinch these days, with new machines and methods!



And now Jane is making a rug—almost out of nothing! A Singercraft guide, and a couple of old dresses—that's all it takes. Goodness knows *what* it would cost in the stores!



A new room—for \$19.85! She did every stitch herself—curtains, spread, dressing table skirt, rug—even the slip-cover for her chair. But the thing she treasures

most is that lovely console in the corner. It's a modern Singer Electric—your gift to her. It will pay for itself a dozen times over!

If you have a dressmaking problem, Singer will help you with that, too.

A free book, "New Fashions for You and Your Home," may be had on request, containing many new Fall suggestions for your wardrobe, in addition to home decorating ideas. If there is not a Singer Shop near you, write for your personal copy to the nearest main office—254 Yonge Street, Toronto, 700 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal, 424 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

Singer

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE
Singer Sewing Machine Company

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YOU CAN SKI 1¼ MILES ON 1 Slice of Bread*

Bread gives you vital energy—supplies your most important food need. Health authorities advise at least 6 SLICES A DAY IN EVERY DIET...

THE energy requirements of the body are enormous! 85% of the food you eat is used for energy. And diet authorities say that at least one-fourth of this energy food should come from bread.

So if you lack pep... or get a fagged-out feeling about eleven in the morning or four in the afternoon... your trouble may be simply that you are not eating enough bread!

Bread supplies *sustained* energy. Not just a single spurt—but a steady flow of the vital energy you need to carry on... to work hard or play hard hour after hour.

Bread your best food bargain, too!

Bread not only is the *best* energy food you can eat. It is also the cheapest. No other food supplies so much energy at such low cost. Bread is nearly 100% digestible, too, so there's no waste.

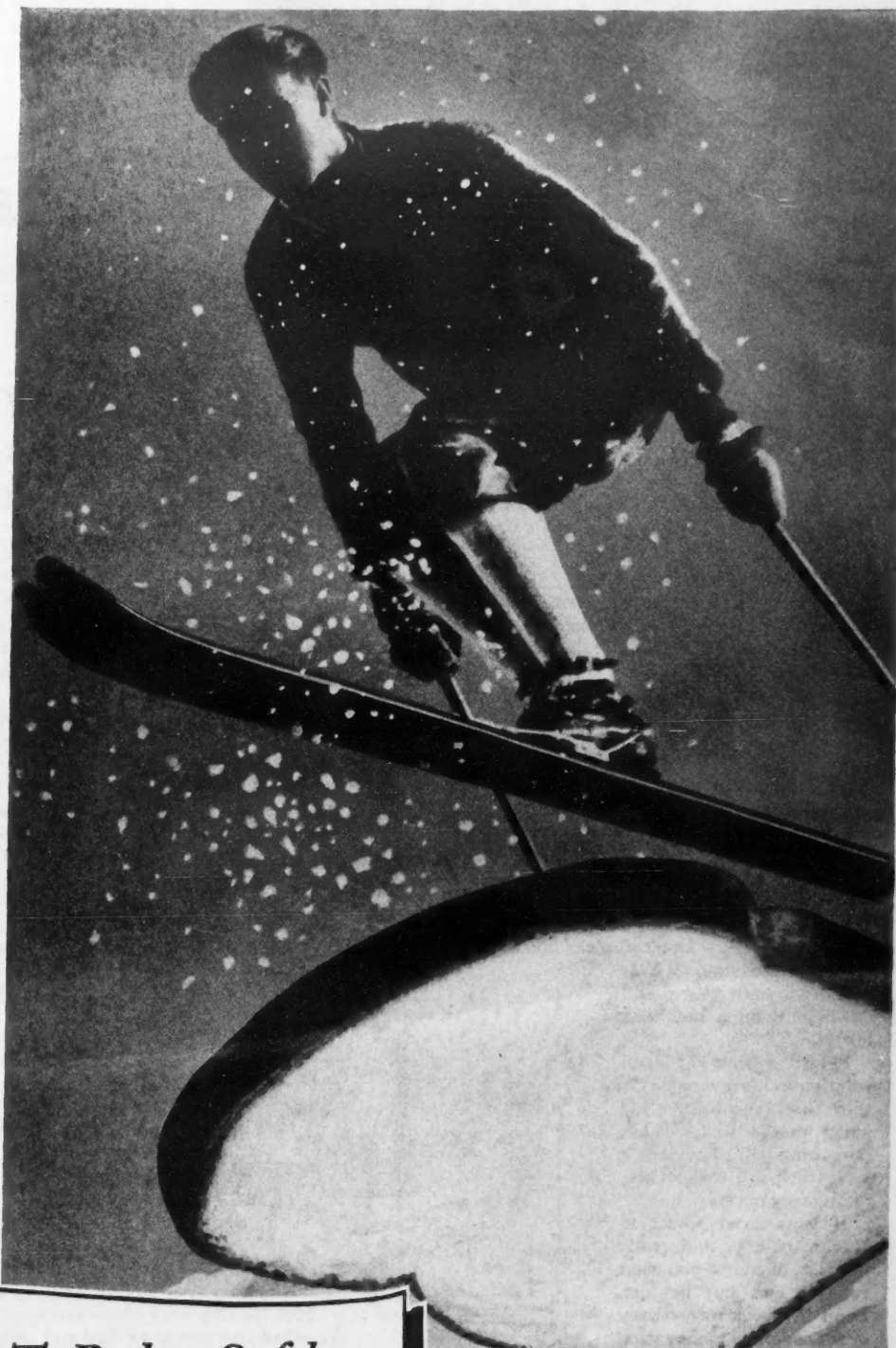
To keep your family strong and healthy, serve bread with every meal—at least 6 slices a day for each member of the family.

Buy bread from your baker. With his trained skill and scientific equipment, he makes the finest bread that can be produced—wholesome, nourishing and delicious in flavor.



To Reduce Safely, eat BREAD!

Most reducing diets cut down too much on *energy foods*. This is done because starch is considered fattening. But bread is not just a "starchy" food. It is a combination of carbohydrate and a form of protein that helps to *burn up* fat. To keep up your strength and energy while you reduce, you must eat bread.



* FROM ONE SLICE of your baker's good white bread—costing a small fraction of a cent—you actually secure the energy you would need to ski for 27 minutes at 2.8 miles per hour (at which rate you would cover 1¼ miles in that time). Bread is your best and cheapest energy food. Eat at least 6 slices every day.

FREE!

A fascinating book that tells in plain words the startling new scientific discoveries about bread and other common foods. A valuable aid for planning economical meals, reducing diets, diets for children, etc. Mail the coupon.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send my free copy of the new book,
"What do you really know about bread?"

Name _____

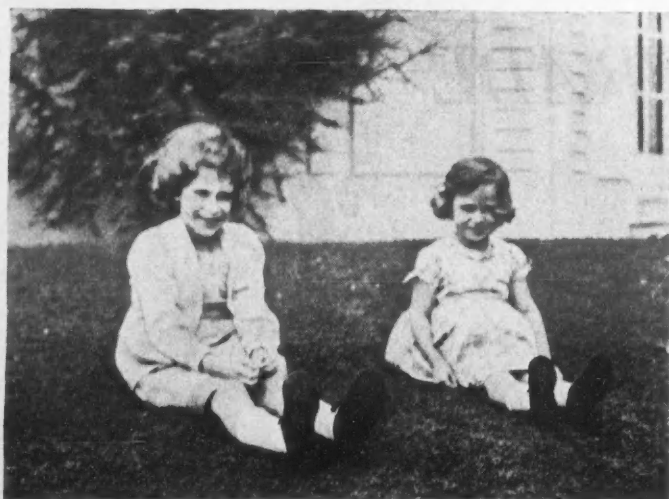
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HAVE YOU HAD YOUR 6 SLICES TODAY?



Gardening is one of the little princesses' favorite diversions. Each has her own garden and weeds, plants and digs to her heart's content.



Princess Margaret loves the big dogs who play with her about the Royal Country Estates, and are her devoted slaves.



Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the two little princesses, are shown in the country playing with the dogs, which are their devoted slaves.



By
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Written and Published by
Permission of Their Majesties



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS



(An Intimate and Authentic Study of Princess
Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose)

Editor's Note—This is the second installment of a new and delightful study of the children of our King and Queen, which is appearing exclusively in Canada in Chatelaine. In writing this, Lady Cynthia Asquith has made full use of her opportunity to give us an intimate and fascinating peep into the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. As our readers will observe, many of the hitherto unpublished photographs with which we are illustrating this feature were taken by the King himself, and we are indebted to His Majesty for permission to reproduce these charming pictures of his daughters from his own private collection.

WHEN I again visited Princess Elizabeth, at 145, Piccadilly, soon after she had acquired a younger sister, she was delighted to exhibit her new possession to me. The rank of elder sister seemed to have given her an added dignity, and I was struck by how far advanced she seemed for her age, which was only just five. Really, she was almost comically mature, doing the honors of her nursery with the manners of an ambassador, offering me food with the unpressing politeness of a perfect hostess, and showing herself a good listener as well as conversationalist. Unlike most children, she never asked a second question before the first had been answered.

After tea she presented me to her favorite treasures in her Palace of Playthings. This, the chief feature of the day nursery, is an immense cabinet with glass doors, its many shelves crowded with gifts sent to her from all parts of the Empire. You never saw such a collection! Lilliputian toys, ornaments, knick-knacks, curios, baubles and gewgaws of every description; models of every kind of soldier and ship; cottages and castles in china; filigree furniture; tiny, exquisitely dressed dolls; beasts, birds and fishes in finest blown glass.

Few children can have enjoyed pleasanter premises than these nurseries. The wide well of the staircase is crowned by a large round glass dome through which all the sunshine there is streams onto the circular landing. This landing

gave the Princesses plenty of room to exercise themselves indoors. Round it they could push perambulators, run races, or pretend to be horses or trains; and visitors entering the hall below often heard that unmistakable sound, the patter of small, urgent feet.

From this point of vantage Princess Elizabeth could look down whenever there was an evening party and watch all the ladies going in to dinner in their pretty clothes. "Lots of them were lovely, but mummie was the loveliest of all!" was her usual verdict.

From the window of the day nursery, a large airy room, with shiny walls and a cheerful cherry-colored carpet, the children looked out onto an enthralling kaleidoscope of movement and color. ("Oh, there goes a bus with a hat on!" cried Princess Elizabeth one day.)

When Princess Elizabeth had shown me all over her precincts, it was decided that I should be her pony. Walking, I soon learned, was not recognized as a permissible pace, so I was thoroughly well exercised. Occasionally a canter was tolerated, but for the most part a non-stop gallop punctuated by high kicking was exacted.

Her nurse told me that this had always been a very favorite game. At two and three years old she was perpetually "pretending horses" by herself. She used to speak of her own legs as horses with special names, and when she fell down would cry out, "Oh dear! I've cut poor Harmony" or "Flycatcher!"

Needless to say, Princess Margaret was enlisted to "pretend horses" as soon or indeed sooner than was possible. "Now we are going to have such fun!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth the first time she saw her little sister begin to sway and totter across the room.

No doubt ambition to act the part of a horse or a driver stimulated Princess Margaret to tackle the difficulties and dangers of walking. These she overcame early, but her most startling precocity was shown in all kinds of mimicry for which she has a remarkable talent.

She also very early showed a love of music and a faultless ear. When she was only eleven months old, her grandmother, Lady Strathmore, was so astonished to hear the little white bundle she was carrying, in her arms hum the "Merry Widow" valse that she very nearly dropped her precious burden.

At the age of two, Princess Margaret Rose could sing in perfect tune any song she had ever heard.

Much the busier and a good deal the noisier for its new member, Queen Elizabeth's nursery continued to move from one place to another.

In more or less regular rotation the same houses were visited each year. As portraits need backgrounds, the several family homes which always stood wide open to receive the two little Princesses must now be described.

At 145, Piccadilly, the ♦ Continued on page 75

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

*Applied right on the Skin—
this special Vitamin helps
the Skin more directly*

**"IT'S WONDERFUL,"
says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.**

Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr. was one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."



THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before!

It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

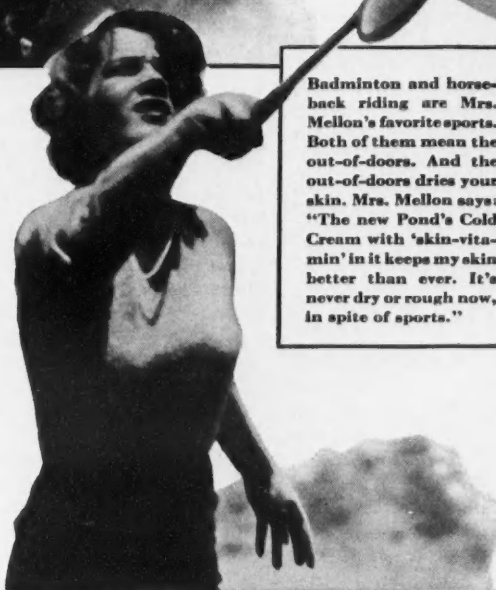
Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out.

Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have it—Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. Just try this wonderful new cream for yourself.

**Famous beauty cream now
has "Something More"**

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleansing cream. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.



Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women who have tried this new cream say its use makes their pores less noticeable,

softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's Extract Co., of Canada, Ltd.,
Dept. CL-90, Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____
City _____ Province _____
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LIVE WITH A MAN AND LOVE IT

Control your relatives and your conversation if you want your marriage to be a success — says Anne B. Fisher, M.D., the noted psychologist

RELATIVES are the grandest people in all the world if they are in the right place at the right time, but a misplaced relation can often spoil even the happiest twosome.

The relations problem is divided into two parts: The outside relative, and the inside relative.

Outside Relatives—Don't goad each other about the faults of your respective relatives. Neither of you can help having them, and you can't change them one bit by hashing them over and criticizing them.

If you dig your husband about his black-sheep brother, he has a perfect right to call your sister a lightheaded gold-digger! Much better to call a truce on the relatives, and crack up one of the greatest stones in the way of a happy marriage. Don't discuss them if they irritate you. You would not push your finger down hard on a boil that hurts!

Relatives have a way of wanting to borrow money if they think you are getting along pretty well. That borrowing habit has done a lot to help fill the pockets of divorce lawyers.

If your sister wants to borrow money, and really needs it, of course you want to help her; but be just. Lend her your own money—not company money (that is, not out of your house money or the joint savings). Perhaps you can't manage on your own money; tell your husband about it. If he shows any disposition to resent it, don't go on begging! He most likely sees faults in your sister that you, because of love for her, or loyalty to your family, either don't see, or don't want to see. Maybe he realizes that she is extravagant and will only need pulling out of the hole again soon, and he doesn't want the idea of borrowing to become a habit with her. It's his job to look after you. Some wives would lend all the money the husband makes, if the family needed it!

The same thing is true about the man of the house. Insist that unless he makes loans out of his half of the money, he is to talk things over with you. A business partner couldn't lend company money without the signature of both partners! Just because you don't get out and earn the money is no reason you should not be consulted about the matter of casual loans on his part. If you are scrimping and saving toward having a home of your own some day, or to make the payments on the car, or even toward a general savings account, you are earning money because you are spending it wisely. A sensible husband can see this after it is

pointed out to him, even if he doesn't see it at first.

There is nothing that hurts more in your life together than to have the other fellow doing something underhanded with the hard-earned finances that belong to the company.

But don't blow up when he mentions his brother needing money for what you think isn't necessary. Let the subject get cold. Take time to think up a sensible argument; perhaps your husband won't be so anxious to lend the money himself after he sleeps on the idea.

And don't let your relatives rush you into giving them money before you have time to think things through. A

lot of trouble can be avoided if you don't obey that sudden impulse and hand out the cash. After money is gone, there's nothing to do about it.

RELATIVES ARE always vitally interested in how you are getting along. Aunt Kathie maybe believes that you married the wrong man, and she is sitting with her ears pinned back waiting for you to separate. Maybe his sister is thinking you are a nitwit, and you sense that. If you don't air your private affairs in family gatherings, you'll save yourself a lot of grief. They'll take sides subconsciously if not consciously, and

they'll remember the time you had a scrap over the linoleum long after you've made up and forgotten.

Perhaps they remember what hateful things you said, or what a temper your husband had, and it won't add up too well in their estimate of him. They'll think you aren't getting along so well as would seem on the surface, and the minute a chance comes, they will tell about the time they saw you at it!

If you have a scrap don't go home and tell all the details to mother—she didn't marry John! If you are old enough to be married, and you're not a half-wit, you ought to be able to settle your own troubles without airing them all over the lot.

And don't cart family troubles to your own house, to drag an opinion out of your husband. He is sure to say the wrong thing, and you'll hold it against him. He didn't marry the whole family, and he can't help it if your sister's husband beats her!

If he's impulsive



If you have children and are too busy to keep up your reading—use radio to best advantage.

and goes to try and do something about it, most likely your sister will resent the interference of an in-law, and turn against your husband!

You will find plenty to do minding your own affairs.

The Inside Relative Problem—Try to have it settled before you are married that neither of you will have relatives living with you. If that can't be done, or things change afterward, here are a few "do's" and "don't's" about the relative in the home.

IF HIS mother has to live with you, settle your differences of opinion, and the problems that this difficult situation brings up, for yourself; and don't carry tales of woe to your husband.

He most likely would rather live alone with you, but he can't help the circumstances, and the tales just twist the knife around in the wound, and set him on edge. Be strong enough to do your own deciding about things, and big enough to be brave and make your own life. Remember he loves his mother as much as you love your own mother. If it hadn't been for his mother you wouldn't have him to love now!

Because the house is yours, and your mother-in-law has to live with you, don't make her feel like an outsider. She has worked hard and kept house herself. Nothing in the world makes older people feel useless and lonely quicker than the idea that they are finished, and no one really needs them. It makes them cranky, and the law of compensation swats you back.

You'll find your mother-in-law will be much happier if she has definite things to do around the house, like dusting or dishes or fixing a favorite dessert for supper now and then. She'll love you if you suggest it, and your husband will adore you for your understanding.

If she likes to cook and you don't, let her cook, and you do the other things around the house; but remember that two women in the kitchen don't very often breed happiness!

Before she comes, have it understood that you are to be alone one day a week together. Either she stays home and you and your husband go out to a show and celebrate, or go calling together, or she goes out and you have young people in for a party. Two generations don't usually mix, and some of your very modern

friends may get on her nerves. So get her out of the way and save strain on their nerves and yours.

If she is a very modern mother, proud of her ability to mix with the young generation, she'll try to steal your show—so fight for your own friends, and life!

Did you ever notice when you were working in an office that you could stand a lot of things if you could look forward to the Sunday you had away from it all? You haven't changed with marriage. A lot of

Continued on page 46



Aunt Kathie may be sitting with her ears pinned back waiting for you to separate.



Two generations don't usually mix. Some of your very modern friends may get on your mother-in-law's nerves.

Illustrated by Ilse Shank

Fight Team, Fight

Amazing—what food energy little youngsters burn up each day!

COMPETITION is as natural to a youngster as breathing. Always he is out to "beat". One result is that pound for pound of weight he burns up each day more bodily energy than a grown-up.

See to it, mother, that when your child steps from the breakfast table into the active hours of the day, his little system is fortified with plenty of this needed food energy.

Let delicious, hot Cream of Wheat help. Every granule is fairly bursting with quick food energy. And this cereal has been proving itself in millions of homes through 42 years.



"You've got something there," I told myself when I first served Cream of Wheat. The youngsters love it no end—clamor for it.

(Friend husband is becoming a fan, too!) And there are so many ways of varying it that interest hasn't a chance to lag. We like it with prunes, with raisins, with brown sugar, or with jelly—as well as plain. I know now why 3½ million bowls are eaten daily!"



"It's more than a rouser of breakfast appetites, too. Cream of Wheat gives just oodles of quick food energy—the kind our doctor says children need for work and play and to help keep the diet in balance. Digestion starts right in the mouth. I've been told that Cream of Wheat is also one factor in our children's steady, natural weight gains."



"Marvelously economical! Cream of Wheat is a blend of the best Canadian hard wheat, sun-ripened in the most favored growing areas. It is heat-treated, purified and sealed in packages that are proof against all contamination. Yet it costs us such a very little—less than ½ cent a bowl. It cooks up to 6 times its original volume. There are over 50 servings (I've counted them!) in the large package. So it pays in more ways than one to serve my family Cream of Wheat!"



Made in Canada from best Canadian hard wheat. Never sold loose in bags... only in the box shown here.

SILVERWARE! Wm. A. Rogers 11 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

Big Little Guy

Continued from page 9

The other man turned off the shower and stood rubbing his great body until his brown skin glowed. "That little act our hostess staged—"

"Act?"

"Oh, come now. She's a strong swimmer." He finished the rubbing with a flourish, tossed the towel on the bed and let himself down to the floor where he executed thirty pushups with smooth muscled ease.

"What would she want to put on an act for?" Bobby asked.

"My dear fellow, I'm scarcely the one to answer that question." He got to his feet. "It's a bit difficult, but dash it all there's no one else to turn to. Do you think it's serious? I mean—when one has a reputation one has to avoid complications." He'd got into his trousers and shirt and was choosing a tie. "Not a bad place here. Grandchild of old K. V. Bothren, isn't she?"

Bobby said slowly, "Will you please tell me exactly what you mean? I'd like to have it all clear—about the act that Anne put on—and the complications."

Thorne shrugged. "The girl's too strong a swimmer to be in danger of drowning by accident."

"She had cramps in both legs. But you don't believe that. You believe she was just pretending to be drowning. I'd like to know your idea of her reason for doing a fool thing like that."

"Once more, old son, I'm scarcely the one to answer that riddle."

"It's coming," Bobby thought. "It's almost here—the thing I'll have to hit him for. Sooner or later he's going to say something, or do something, that I'll have to hit him for—and what he'll do to me will hurt like hell."

Thorne didn't say it then, because the bell rang for the assembling of the guests for breakfast, and Bobby went up to the main house, scolding himself for running out on something that had to be faced sooner or later. Just what it was going to be that would bring it about, this bodily conflict between himself and Thorne, he didn't know. But as sure as blue herons were really blue it would happen. He'd have to hit the fellow—then good night Bobby.

Anne's greeting was, "Where's Thorne? Did he sleep well?" and he dug into his oatmeal without answering. Thorne had slept well. Bobby, having lain awake two thirds of the night listening to him sleep, could testify to that. But let him tell about it himself—as he had the morning before, spreading himself on his dreams with everybody breathless, as if he were an oracle.

He ventured on an experiment. "I dreamed—" he began, and Dizzy said, "Did you? How nice for you." He shrugged, not really having expected even as much notice as that.

Anne said that they were going on a picnic, and Jitsie vetoed the idea. "I don't like picnics."

Which made it very nice, Anne told her. "Thorne and I are the ones who are going. He's promised to tell me the plot of his new picture, and it's a secret. We're paddling over to Dead Man's Island in a canoe."

Bobby's eyebrows shot up. "Two miles in a canoe—and I smell weather!"



Knit a Winter Sweater

FOR CLASS ROOM for office—you'll love the comfortable, smart lines of this trig jumper. It's especially attractive in sky blue with red—but choose your own colors. You'll enjoy working on it these first fall days, too.

Materials—7 oz. of 3-ply shetland in sky blue and 2 oz. in dark blue; a pair of No. 8, 10 and 11 needles, 5 red buttons and 1 small sky blue button.

Measurements—Length from shoulders, 19 inches; with all round under arms, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Tension—6 sts to an inch in width and 9 rows to an inch in depth.

Abbreviations—K—Knit; P—Purl; st-st—stocking-stitch; inc.—increase; dec.—decrease.

THE BACK

Begin at lower edge, with No. 10 needles. Cast on 90 sts and work in K 2, P 2, rib for 3½ inches. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st, but inc. 1st at each end of the 11th row and on every 10th row following until 106 sts are on needle. Work 9 rows after last inc. **Shape Armholes.** Cast off 4 sts at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1st at each end of the next 8 rows (82 sts). Work without shaping until armhole measures 6½ inches from start, finishing after a P row. **Shape Shoulders.** Cast off 9 sts at the beginning of the next 6 rows, 28 sts rem. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Begin at lower edge with No. 10 needles. Cast on 94 sts and work in rib starting with P 2, K 2, for 3½ inches. Change to No. 8 needles and work as follows:

1st row—K 4, rib until 4 sts rem. K 4.

2nd row—K all the K sts and P all the P sts.

3rd row—K 8, rib until 8 sts rem. K 8. (4th row same as second).

5th row—K 12, rib until 12 sts rem. K 12.

Now continue on this principle, knitting 4 sts more at each end of every alt. row until there are 90 K sts on needle. Next row. P. Work 6 more rows st-st, then inc. 1st at each end of the next row and on every 10th row following until 106 sts are on needle. Work 9 rows after last inc.

Shape Armholes same as for back (82 sts). Continue working until armhole measures 2 inches, finishing after a P row, then divide for neck opening.

Next row—K 41, join on another ball, K 41. Continue on these 2 sets of sts until armhole measures 5 inches from start, finishing after a P row.

Shape Neck—1st row—Work 41 2nd ball. Cast off 6. Work to end. 2nd row—Rep. 1st row. Now continue working but dec. 1 st at each side of neck opening on the next 8 rows (2 sets of 27 sts on needle). Work without dec. until armhole measures 7 inches from the + Continued on page 36

"Weather! Thorne can handle a canoe in any weather. He told me so. Why, in his last picture—"

Bobby's appetite left him suddenly. His emotions were rather curious ones for a man as much in love as he was, because there was no jealousy in them. There was more a feeling of sadness and of horror at what was happening to Anne. He felt as if he were watching a fadeout of someone he loved and admired—a changing of her into someone he still loved but couldn't admire and felt hideously sorry for.

He got up from the table. "Got to write some letters," he said, and went down to the far end of the island where he sat in dull unhappiness until the middle of the afternoon.

The weather he had smelt came then—plenty of it. Fine needlelike rain, gusty wind and choppy waves on the lake. It came suddenly, as he had known it would, lashing him out of his misery. Anne was out in that blustering greyness in a frail shell of a boat. Or worse. She was marooned, forced to spend the night alone with the man who believed her drowning was an act.

He ran swiftly through the woods to the dock and grabbed the boat. Someone called to him as he passed the house, "What's up, Bobby? Gone crazy, or something?" But he didn't answer. He didn't really hear. Anne was struggling in the water—or struggling in the arms of a man who hadn't a dime's worth of respect for her—or not struggling—

He steered by instinct, because the sky suddenly pressed down on the water and shut out everything except the next wave ahead. But his instinct, or luck, or whatever you might call it, was good, and he hit the island a little above its only cove and just short of the sand bar which ran so unexpectedly out into the lake that even on bright days it was difficult to stay clear of it.

He knew that he was going to find her there. Even before he saw the canoe pulled up on the shore he knew, in some peculiar way, that she was still on the island. The fear of her struggling in the water had left him a little while before. But the other fear still gripped him, and he ran up the rocky path calling to her.

He almost bumped into them before he saw them. Anne wasn't struggling. She was in Thorne's arms and she wasn't struggling at all. She was leaning against him heavily, as if she were terribly tired.

Jagged red cut through Bobby's brain. There wasn't any logic in his rage. Anne was in Thorne's arms because she wanted to be there. But the sight of them together like that, Anne so fine and such a grand person, and Thorne so big outside and so meanly little inside, was horrible.

Anne heard him first. She turned, still in Thorne's arms. "Bobby—What's happened? Why did you come?"

He said, "The storm. You—might have needed help—"

Thorne laughed, and she laughed too, gently, happily. "Needed help—when I'm with him?"

Then she really saw Bobby's face, distorted as it was with anger and pain. She moved toward him, her hands held out.

"Thorne and I—we're engaged, dear. We're + Continued on page 39

**"I know you'll
like these!"**



"So you smoke du Maurier, eh? I haven't tried one yet."

"Hadn't myself, a month ago: now, I don't feel I want to try anything else."

"If they are all I've heard about them, they must be good."

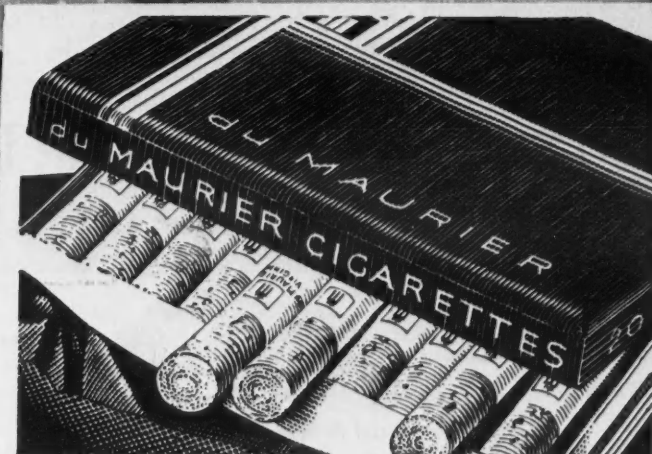
"They are kind to your throat, too, with this filter tip."

"H'm! They're certainly good. . . Never tasted better Virginia . . ."

du MAURIER

THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER TIP CIGARETTES

20 for 25c. 50 for 60c.



A PRODUCT OF PETER JACKSON (OVERSEAS) LIMITED
217 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

The Girl Who Asked for Trouble



"He doesn't understand you," Petrie said. "You see—he thought you'd made up your mind to marry him. And he was afraid of you."

by
ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Events take a dangerous new twist as Chatelaine's swiftly moving mystery builds to its conclusion

Victoria MacDonald becomes involved in the shower-bath murder of a mysterious blonde woman at the quiet little Valley View Inn to which she has gone for a holiday. George Petrie, a manufacturer who lives at the Inn, also becomes involved because he thinks he is protecting Victoria by telling police he was working in his room opposite hers all evening with the door open and didn't see her leave.

Luigi, sleek, handsome assistant to Mr. Jones, the manager, has threatened Victoria with blackmail, because he found her cigarette holder in the room of the murdered woman.

Marge, the odd girl who drove Victoria to the Inn in her taxi, also tries to hold Victoria up for blackmail by producing the copy of a letter which would seem to involve Victoria and the blonde woman.

David Robinson, Victoria's boss, a well-known publisher, with whom she believes herself to be in love, wrote the incriminating letter. Victoria cannot understand it as she had never seen the blonde woman before and knows nothing about the murder.

Jake, the station agent, husband of Lottie, a maid at the Inn in connection with whose poisoning the year before Petrie had been held,

and Mrs. Howard, the housekeeper who tries to make everyone comfortable, are also important characters.

Victoria has undergone endless questioning from the police and got herself involved through various falsehoods. Suddenly David Robinson, her boss, appears on the scene.

IT WAS Robin, and he had come, of course, for her sake. He had deliberately walked into the danger to help her. And the sight of him made her realize the danger more acutely. He had taken off his hat, and stood there looking so distinguished—his hair a little grey at the temples, that familiar look of worry on his fine, thin face. He wore, she observed, a new light overcoat, very full, standing out about him, giving him an appearance at once elegant and somehow helpless. She thought of him standing up in court like that, being asked those questions that she felt quite confident would ruin him.

"No!" she cried to herself in a panic. "The police can't know about that Marge letter yet. I don't think they know he has any connection with this. No one's asked me anything about him. Perhaps if I can stop him now, before anyone knows who he is . . ."

Just as a waiter set a cup of bouillon before her, she rose and went into the lobby.

"All our rooms have baths," Mr. Jones was saying, with a sort of sombre pride. "If you'd like to see some of them—"

"Oh . . . Any one, thanks," said Robin.

"Front," called Mr. Jones. "Show the gentleman to his room. If you'll sign the register, sir."

Victoria laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Let me speak to you first," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, certainly!" he said, with his usual earnest politeness. "I came—"

"In the dining room," she said.

He followed her, leaving Mr. Jones staring after them, leaving the bellboy holding a suitcase. Leaving the Inspector staring at them.

"Robin," she said. "Sit down and smoke. Look calm. Robin, have you told anyone your name yet?"

"N-no," he said, with the slight stammer that was so engaging.

"Then don't," she said. "Try to get away . . . Oh! Why did you come?"

"I read in the newspaper that there'd been a m-murder here."

Grimes strolled past the door.

"Robin, I don't think anyone connects you with this, yet. If you can only get away before—"

Grimes was coming into the dining room. "Pretend . . ." whispered Victoria.

"Newspaper?" asked the inspector, with severity.

"Oh! No, thanks!" said Robin.

"I mean, are you one of those newspaper birds?"

"Birds?" said Robin.

It was unbearable. What chance had Robin, sensitive, chivalrous, distinguished, with a man like Inspector Grimes?

"What's the reason for you coming here, sir?" asked Grimes.

"He's a detective," Victoria warned Robin.

"No interference, please," said the inspector. He was obviously annoyed by her intervention, but she didn't care. At least she had warned Robin.

"I see," said Robin, in his polite way. "You're investigating? M-made any progress yet?"

"My job is asking questions," said the inspector. "Not answering 'em. Let's see your press ticket."

"I'm not a newspaper bird," said Robin, with an anxious smile. "I came to see Miss MacDonald on business."

"All right! Just step this way for a minute, sir."

"I'll be with you shortly. But I want to speak to Miss MacDonald first," said Robin glaring at him with a faint disgust, and Victoria gave up in despair. Anything she said would in her opinion, only make matters worse.

"Robin doesn't catch on," she thought. "He's—a little too dumb. I've tried to warn him . . ."

"Come at once, sir," said Grimes.

"I'm sorry, Miss MacDonald," said Robin. "But if you'll wait . . . I'm very anxious to discuss the possibility of your collaborating with me—"

"That'll do, sir!" snapped the inspector.

"On my new book," said Robin. "Popular book on herpetology. Professor Beany advised me to see you—"

"Come along," said Grimes impatiently.

Robin pushed back his chair and rose.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, Miss MacDonald," he said. "I've heard so much about you. See you later, then."

He went off with the inspector, and Victoria was left alone.

"Dumb, is he?" she said to herself. "He was perfect! I might have known. I've seen, often enough, how clever he is. He'll manage Grimes."

SHE BEGAN to eat, with a sudden access of hunger. She was immeasurably relieved; she was actually happy. She was proud of Robin.

"Later on, I'll find a chance to talk to him," she thought. "I'll tell him about that Marge letter and he'll explain everything."

It was manifestly impossible to connect the polite, distinguished Robin with anything discreditable.

"If he ever really wrote that letter to Marcelle," she thought, "it's not—what it seems to be. How could I have been such an idiot as to think that Robin had anything to do with a murder? If he said she's to be 'silenced,' he meant—something legal. And probably he didn't write that letter at all."

The waiter brought more and more things, and she ate them all. Nobody bothered her. She lit a cigarette, and smoked it with a cup of coffee, and a great peace filled her.

"The first moment I've had alone all day," she thought, with a grateful sigh. "Just what the doctor ordered."

She thought of Inspector Grimes.

"He'll get at me again," she thought. "He's like that. But I can cope with him now, after this little rest. Maybe I'd better refuse to . . ."

Continued on page 81

"We're stepping out as far as the sofa over there."

"Thorne?" Anne said.

He nodded. "I'll be along shortly."

On the sofa, Bobby said, "I've got to talk quick, so please listen carefully. I'm going to be a cad and tell tales out of school."

He saw that she didn't hear him and he took her hand, crushing it until the pain jerked her attention to him.

"Forget that I ever told you that I loved you. Forget that I'm anything but a little guy who's trying to help a guy who was big once."

She said, "You're hurting my fingers."

He didn't loosen the crushing grip. She had to listen to him. Hearing what he had to say was the only thing that could save her. "Anne—on the island he said that that was an act you put on—that cramp and drowning business. He thought you did it to get him to come after you."

"I know. He laughs—I mean we laugh about it a lot. It pleases him—"

"You mean he told you, and you let him believe—?" In his astonishment he let her hand go, and she rubbed her aching fingers.

She said, "It flatters him.—What was it you wanted to talk to me about that was important?"

After a minute he said, "Nothing, I guess.—No. Nothing."

She got up. "I must go back."

"Don't go back," he said fiercely.

"Come away now—quick. Anne, not for me, not for anybody but you. Get big again!"

"He wants me." She left him, moving slowly across the room to her place about a foot behind Thorne.

THE SECOND time he saw her they were leaving a department store. What with Christmas shopping, and all that, the crowd was pretty thick. Bobby plunged along the sidewalk, head down, hands in pockets. He was thinking about the wedding so being jostled didn't matter to him.

Rising above the traffic's roar he heard Thorne's voice. "You stupid bouncer, you. I'll teach you how to treat a lady! You bumped her deliberately."

Then Anne's voice. "Thorne—don't!"

Bobby looked up to see a man falling toward him, then down hard on the pavement, a poor, thin, tired little man. Thorne was standing over him, black with rage—and Anne, pale and staring.

Half stunned, the man on the pavement tried to get up, then he shrank back from the menacing bulk.

A woman screamed. "Don't let the big bully hit him again," but as the man got halfway to his feet Thorne's fist caught him again. He went down, this time to stay.

It was then that Anne said, coldly and clearly, "What sort of a creature are you to treat a weak, starving man like that?"

Bobby's heart leaped within him. It was the tone she had used to the groom, the tone he had never hoped to hear again.

Thorne reached down toward the man, black rage still on his face, and suddenly Bobby knew that it had come—the thing that he had always known was bound to come, that he had to hit the big man for—and that it was going to hurt like hell.

It did. Thorne's fist almost broke his jaw, and the pavement almost broke his head . . .

THE HEADLINES in the papers weren't very pretty. "Street brawl breaks up love match between movie star and heiress," was the mildest of them. Anne read them to Bobby in the hospital. When she had finished, Bobby said, "Sorry."

"What for?" Anne asked.

"For making such a mess."

"You didn't make the mess. You cleaned it up. I wish you'd done it before."

He had to look at her and he turned his head, carefully so it wouldn't split open with the pain. "Anne—you're swell!"

"You're pretty swell yourself."

"Who? Me?"

"Bobby—I didn't know until he hit you how little big guys could be." She was gathering up the papers. "We don't want these any more. We're going to forget all about it—except just one more thing. I found something else out yesterday. I found out how tremendous little guys could be—"

SUSAN: Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.



MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said my clothes had tattle-tale gray.

SUSAN: But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.



SUSAN: It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

MATILDA: Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.



SUSAN: Wait, Matilda—does that ad say Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha chase out every speck of dirt?

MATILDA: Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.



FEW WEEKS LATER

GUEST: But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

DORIS: Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me the way to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

COPR. 1937, FELS & CO.

HE WAS NOT MADE FOR WAR

By Maude Broomhall Sabine

He was not made for war, this lad of mine.
(Grown tall, he stoops to kiss me.) Since the time
The guiding of his toddling steps began,
I've taught him kindness and love for man.
His hands, deft, sure were made for serving;
Eyes for vast beauties; happy lips for song.
And oh, his heart! His heart was made for holding
All the young dreamings that to youth belong—
All the young dreamings of life at its winging,
Waiting fulfillment. Oh God! It was made
Eager, insistent, for living . . . for living . . . !
Never for halting a bullet or blade.
And so, he does not know
The hidden barb; the prodding of a sore—
My mind's torment when people talk of war.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

"Tummy-ache" or APPENDICITIS?



TODAY appendicitis is an important cause of death among children and adolescents. Home treatment often contributes to this loss of valuable human life, for appendicitis may be a simple illness if medical aid is secured in time.

Acute inflammation of the appendix is almost always accompanied by persistent pain and tenderness in the abdomen. Contrary to common belief, the pain rarely begins in the lower right side, although after some hours it usually settles there. It may be accompanied by fever and nausea. Of course, not all "tummy-aches" are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has a severe, persistent abdominal pain needs the prompt attention of a physician.

All too often an overanxious parent mistakenly gives a laxative. In cases of acute appendicitis any kind of laxative is dangerous, because it increases intestinal activity and may induce peritonitis, the dreaded and sometimes fatal complication. Even if the pain suddenly subsides, no one but a doctor can

Whenever an abdominal pain persists...

1. Do not give a laxative, solid food, or medicine of any kind.
2. Keep the patient quiet, in bed.
3. Call a doctor.

tell whether or not an operation is necessary.

During his diagnosis, the doctor often finds it necessary to make blood counts and to observe the patient's temperature over a period of time. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating, or he may order an operation immediately.

Delay in calling a doctor is dangerous. When an appendix operation is promptly performed by a skilled surgeon, it is generally successful. Authorities agree that if everyone observed the three simple rules which appear in the box above, many of the nearly eighteen thousand deaths from appendicitis which occur in Canada and the United States each year could be avoided.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Big Little Guy

Continued from page 26

going to be married." She was excited.

The jagged red burst like fireworks in his head, fizzled and went out, leaving blackness. He took her hands. "Good luck, darlin'—storm and all, thinking you were dead." He turned to the other man. "Sort of brother to her. Got scared about her." Then to them both, "My boat's better than a canoe in a blow like this. Better come along home with me."

HE LEFT the island two days later. Knowing that Anne was engaged was one thing. Seeing her engaged was another.

They didn't meet for two months, which took quite a bit of managing and refusing of invitations on his part. Because Anne and Thorne were everywhere, being entertained, being photographed, being interviewed, and he, as one of Anne's closest friends, was invited to every party given for her. Finally he was driven to going away.

He'd been back in the city only three days when he ran into Jitsie.

She didn't even say hello. She just burst out, "Bobby, you've got to do something!"

"Do something?"

"About Anne. She's looking awful."

"What's the matter with her?"

"That big profile she's got herself engaged to is so interested in himself that he doesn't see what's happening to Anne."

"What is happening to her?"

"I don't know. Bobby—can't you go to her and say—"

"And say 'Anne, I hear that the big profile you've got yourself engaged to—'"

"Oh, don't be a fool. I thought you were the one to speak to because everybody knows you're crazy about her—"

He said, "You're a good kid, Jitsie, but you don't know anything. I can't just walk up to Anne and tell her I've heard she's unhappy and that the man she's going to marry is a washout."

"I didn't mean for you to do that. I only meant—Bobby, listen. I'm scared. I don't know what he's doing to her. She's changed so—mousy quiet and yes dearish. It's pretty awful. He—he looks after her so. She's not even allowed to think for herself any more. Everything he does is perfect, and everything she does is wrong—unless he tells her to do it, and then he takes all the credit for it."

"Which," Bobby said slowly, "is exactly what she's always wanted."

"Anne always wanted — You're crazy!"

He lifted his hat. "I'm cutting across on this light. Give her my love when you see her."

SITTING ON the fence which divided the old Larkin place from his, Bobby munched a dead leaf and watched the sunset. He had come down to the country after the almost daily seeing of Anne for one week had become too much for him again.

A fine horse taking a fence, with a well-turned-out fearless woman in the sidesaddle, is probably the most

perfect sight vouchsafed to man. Bobby held his breath. The gate which the horse cleared was four foot six, if an inch, and he took it smoothly, one with his rider whose long pliant body flowed and ebbed with his reaching stride. Clatter of hoofs on semi-hard ground, and they were gone into the woods—only to be back a minute later.

The return pace was slower, controlled and almost mincing. Anne, reining in beside Bobby, said, "Will you open the gate for me, please?"

"Not going over it again?"

"I don't have to do it more than once."

"Have to? Didn't you want to?" He slid down from the fence and began working at the fastening of the gate.

"Yes."

He mastered the catch and stood, one hand on the top rail, looking up at her. "Anne. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Open the gate, will you? I've got to get back."

"What's the matter, Anne?" he repeated.

She said, "Thorne got down and opened that gate for me this morning. He always opens gates for me. Didn't you know that?"

"Isn't that what you want?"

She stared at him, two little lines forming at the corners of her mouth, deepening and hardening. Then she laughed suddenly, a brittle sound. "Yes. That's absolutely what I want. Hurry up, Bobby. It's getting late and I have to lie down an hour before dinner. I do that now every day. Women need a lot of rest. I've just found that out."

He opened the gate and she passed through it, saying over her shoulder, "I've just found a lot of things out."

He called after her, "Anne, come back! Come back and take this gate again. Anne—for heaven's sake!"

She didn't even turn her head.

They met again twice before the date set for the wedding, the first time at quite a large party. Bobby stood rather far away from Anne and Thorne to watch them before speaking to them. He noticed that Thorne, who never left Anne's side, stood about a foot in front of her, shaking hands with people before she did, then passing them on to her when he had finished with them. She seemed to have very little to say, and she paid practically no attention to what anyone said to her. She was, Bobby decided, simply Thorne's shadow.

After watching this performance for a little he left his post by the wall, cut into the crowd surrounding Thorne and took Anne's arm.

He said, "I've got to talk to you. It's important."

"Yes, Bobby? What is it?" she asked.

"Can't talk here. Come over in the corner."

"No."

He stepped forward. "Going to steal your girl, Thorne."

Thorne laughed. "Try and do it."

"Fraynes do it when they try," Bobby said. ♦ Continued on page 31

BEAUTY

Culture

A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY



BEFORE

AFTER

25



DRESS TO YOUR EYES



IF YOU weren't under twenty-five you'd remember the song they used to sing, "What do you want to make those eyes at me for?" But that was in your mother's day. Which means forever ago. They didn't know then, that you literally could "make eyes." There are little secrets about mascara and shadows and eye pencils you know quite a bit about yourself. But perhaps you've never realized,

fully, that for nine out of ten of you, the things you do with your eyes, and the things you do to draw attention to them, are the most important factors of your beauty-getting adventures. Among ourselves, we can be as honest about it as + *Continued on next page*

DRESS TO YOUR HAIR



YOU'VE SEEN the woman of forty who doesn't recognize and use to her best advantage the coming of maturity, haven't you? She wears those ingenue frocks and hairdresses she did at twenty, and has retained a whole flock of simpering gestures that should have been quietly turned in on a new and devastating charm fifteen years ago. That's why I say, "After twenty-five — dress to your

hair." Not that twenty-five is a sudden turning point. But it's around that age that the average girl begins to have a deeper, richer and more mature beauty. Her hidden possibilities are beginning to appear—all the loveliness that hasn't been seen before because youth was so strident in its demands you couldn't get over the top of it. And with the coming of the period in which the pretty young thing + *Continued on next page*



Day-Long Freshness and Charm with these Beauty Aids

Around 5 o'clock in the drawing rooms of England the flower of English society pauses to enjoy that most characteristic of all English customs—afternoon tea. To look at those lovely English faces, lately so serious and absorbed, now gay and animated in conversation, is to learn the secret of their universal charm—the fresh beauty of their flawless complexions.

The fame of the English Complexion is a living tribute to the House of Yardley, whose renowned Beauty Aids have

been used by Englishwomen for more than a century. Here is the simple beauty regime which they favour.

First, a daily facial bath with YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP so necessary for exquisite youthful clearness.

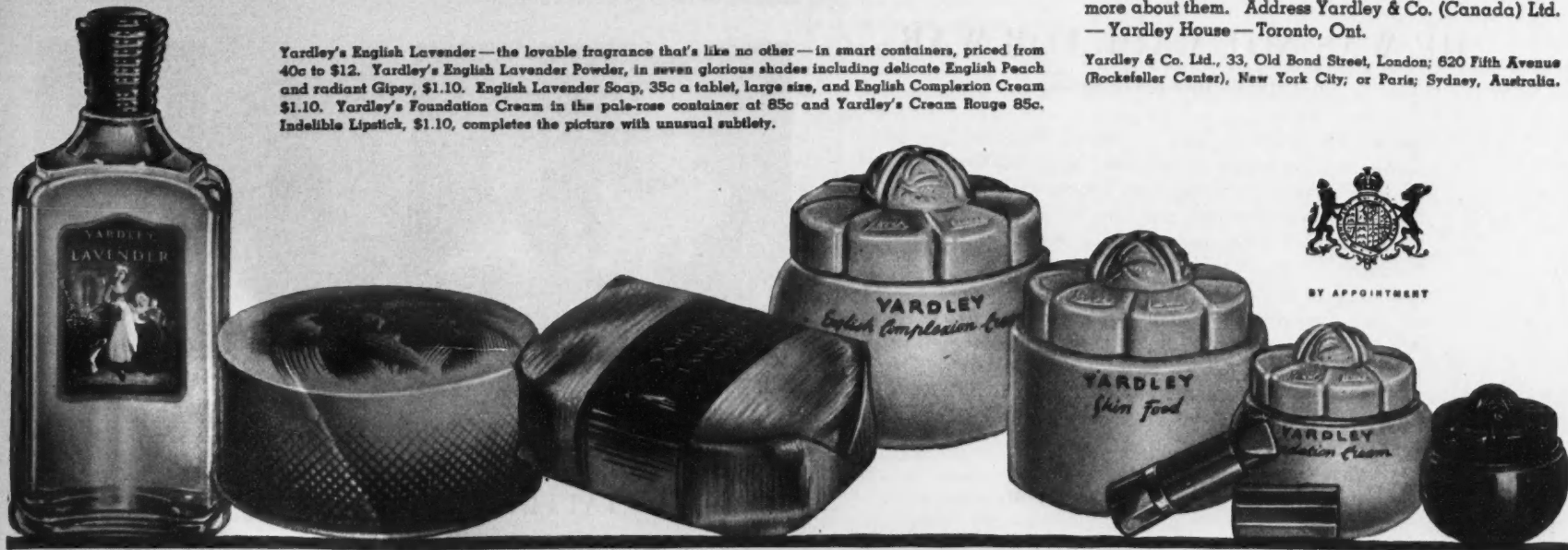
Then snowy ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM for recleansing, softening and refining, (use SKINFOOD if your skin is over dry, FOUNDATION CREAM if you prefer a special powder base).

Follow with a mist of YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER POWDER—a protective veil that adds a lovely, lasting bloom to your skin.

A few extra touches to finish, if you wish—and there's your English Complexion. You will now find Yardley's perfect skin aids, made and packed in our London Factory, in fine stores everywhere, together with the Yardley perfumes and bath luxuries. Send for our new booklet "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" to tell you more about them. Address Yardley & Co. (Canada) Ltd. —Yardley House—Toronto, Ont.

Yardley & Co. Ltd., 33, Old Bond Street, London; 620 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; or Paris; Sydney, Australia.

Yardley's English Lavender—the lovable fragrance that's like no other—in smart containers, priced from 40c to \$12. Yardley's English Lavender Powder, in seven glorious shades including delicate English Peach and radiant Gipsy, \$1.10. English Lavender Soap, 35c a tablet, large size, and English Complexion Cream \$1.10. Yardley's Foundation Cream in the pale-rose container at 85c and Yardley's Cream Rouge 85c. Indelible Lipstick, \$1.10, completes the picture with unusual subtlety.



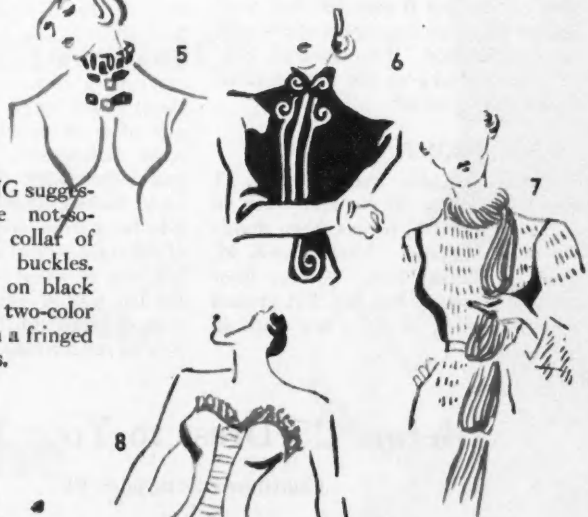
YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER

New Necklines..



SPORTING and effective are these four interesting designs for daytime wear. 1. High collar of woollen embroidery. 2. Tricky tailored cut-out. 3. A fur yoke and 4. Persian lamb collar with a Persian-trimmed suit.

SLIMMING suggestions for the not-so-slighs. 5. A collar of little leather buckles. 6. Gold braid on black velvet. 7. A two-color feather trim on a fringed afternoon dress.



STUNNING for evening. 8. A new version of the Victorian, strapless. 9. A ribbon flower petal outline, soft and feminine. 10. A peasant frock with gold stitching on the square line, and—11. An intriguing new idea for the strapped back.



STRIKING. For informal occasions. 12. The feathered bodice. 13. A glamorous Turkish drapery effect. 14. Quaint ribbon top with puffed sleeves, heart shape, and—15. A charming lace collar over a cut-out bodice.



TRY THE New Improved Palmolive



It is milder on your skin... and the new perfume is lovely...

Your complexion, even if it is extremely sensitive, will love Palmolive's new, extra mildness. You can safely trust the rich, extra-gentle lather of the new improved Palmolive to keep your skin smooth, soft... lovely all-over—without the slightest irritation.

You'll be thrilled too, with Palmolive's new perfume. All over Canada, Palmolive users are enjoying its new, refreshing fragrance. "It's lovely," they say. "Such a light, lingering scent. It makes Palmolive delightful to use, especially for the bath."

And the new improved Palmolive is scientifically hardened four different times. That's why it lasts so much longer—why it wears down so slowly—why even the thinnest bit gives lots of rich lather without breaking or cracking. That's why the new improved Palmolive is truly economical.

Get 3 Cakes Today

Prove how soft, how gentle Palmolive's new mildness is to your complexion. Enjoy Palmolive's new, lovely perfume. And let Palmolive's new hardness save you money.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."



"ACID INDIGESTION" GOES FAST

WHEN YOU ALKALIZE EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS WITH "PHILLIPS"



WITH "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets—and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would relieve and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is alkalize immediately.

Try this quick-acting way: take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets—or two teaspoons of the liquid which have the same alkalizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid headaches," acid breath, pains from acid indigestion—all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person. When you're

SIGNS OF ACID INDIGESTION

Pain after eating	Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Nausea	Mouth Acidity
Loss of Appetite	Sour Stomach
Frequent Headaches	

going out carry your alkalizer with you—always—in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost 25¢ for 30. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips'.

NOW IN TABLET FORM
Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



MADE IN CANADA

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

AFTER 25 DRESS TO YOUR HAIR

turns into the excitingly smart woman, there should be a shifting in emphasis in her appearance. Strictly speaking, she's no longer a debutante type. All right. Let's drop the debutante stuff and see what we've got. She's getting more accustomed to men and parties and good times and life generally. So her eyes aren't going to sparkle quite so much and so frequently, of their own accord. She's heard a lot of men say thrilling things, so she's not going to find herself suddenly aglow and aflame when she hears one begin his sweet nothings. In fact, people are going to find that instead of seeing a spontaneous gaiety and sparkle that centres in her eyes, they will notice a widening aura of gracious loveliness. That's why it's time to devote more thought to her general appearance, and particularly to that soft and lovely framework of the whole face, her hair.

Besides, there may be the beginnings of little circles, the first laughter wrinkles, the tiniest shade of folding in her eyelids. Why emphasize these? Why not point out to the world that the whole contour of her face is lovely, soft, rich in promise. Her hair will be responsible for that.

Up to twenty-five, the average girl brushes her hair up and back, and off she goes. Or clips and curls it, and there she is. But after twenty-five, it's time to study your hair and see exactly what it can do for you. Plenty, you'll find. First of all, proper care, cleansing, brushing, highlighting with a lovely sheen, are essential now. Weekly shampooing (for oily hair) or fortnightly (for dry hair) will keep it clean. Brushing, combing, oil treatments and brightening rinses will make the proper foundation.

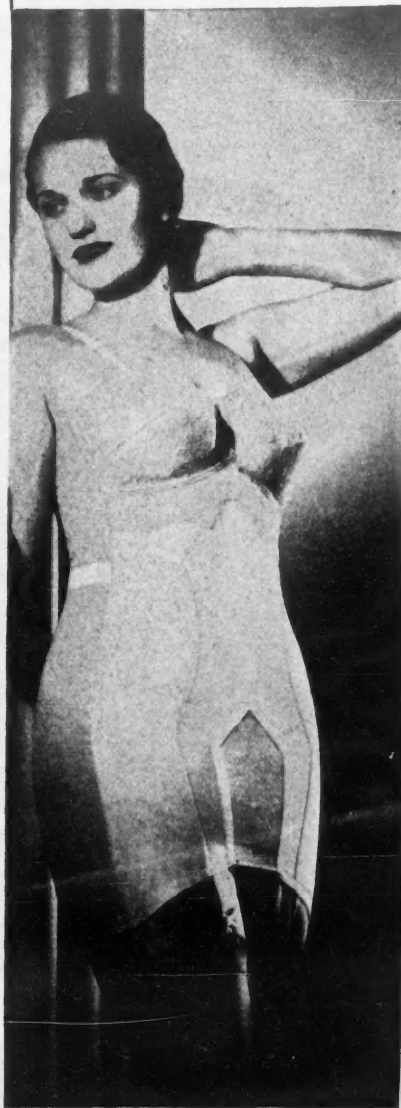
Now—go to a really good beauty specialist in hair cutting. At least once. Get him to study the shape of your head, your height, your contours, the kind of clothes you wear. Then have him cut your hair. He'll show you how to find the proper part—which keeps the hair in its natural lines—he'll give your face its best setting. Get a really good permanent—and then—only then—do any experimenting you want. Try a new curl here, an interesting roll there . . . but spend fifteen minutes studying it from every angle before you decide on it. If your face is too wide to allow you to sweep the hair back from the sides, and up, for a youthful line, or if the line of your neck is too long, or your ears are too large—then brush it back from the temples and bring it softly forward over your ears. You get the same effect but pleasant, charming lines. No harshness.

And if your hair shows any sign of turning an early grey, consult a first-rate specialist, if you want to keep it darker. But if you are prepared to give it the care greying hair requires, you'll be one of the most striking people in your set. ✦

BEFORE 25 DRESS TO YOUR EYES

that. Don't they simply always talk about your eyes first if they talk at all? And the thing is, to make them talk. Make them tell you you have beautiful eyes. Make every part of your make-up, every feature of your face, every wave of your hair, lead like so ✦ Continued on page 36

be Glorified
by GOSSARD!



Foundation garments that fit your individual proportions with custom precision . . . thus Gossards insure your comfort as well as beauty. Gossard designs for seven basic figure types make it possible for every woman to be exquisitely groomed. The model photographed is designed for three different figure types — Average, Tall Average and Heavy. Lace and French batiste are combined with knit elastic. Model 9625 A, B and D.

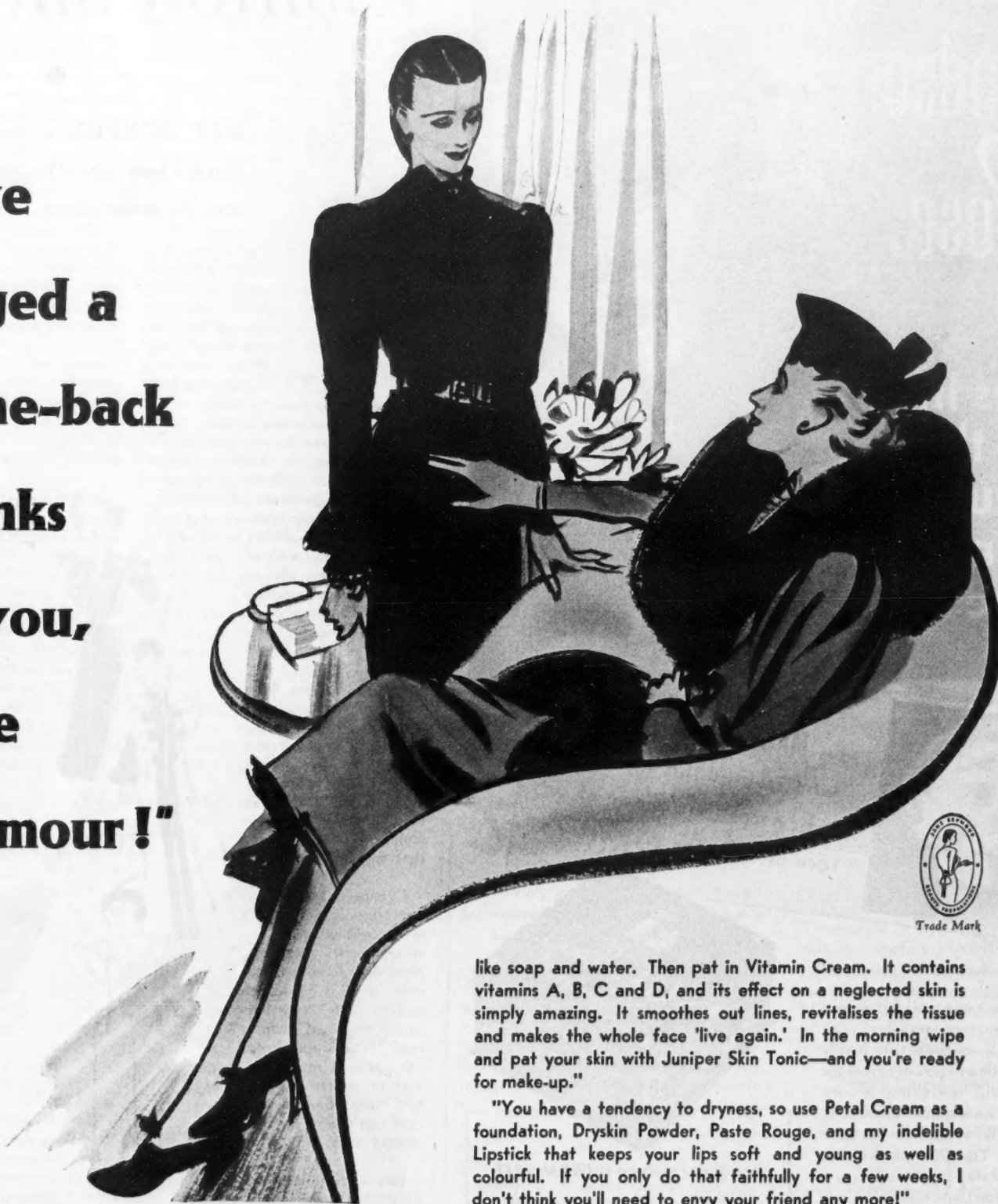
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Line of Beauty

Gossards are sold by Leading Shops and Department Stores.

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**"I've
staged a
come-back
thanks
to you,
Jane
Seymour!"**



Trade Mark

"I've been married ten years," said a woman who came to my Salon, "but I never realised how frightfully I'd neglected my looks until I met an old school friend about my own age whom I hadn't seen for years. She looks so pretty and attractive that she makes me feel quite a back-number! Can't you make me young again?"

"Well, I can't perform miracles," I said smiling, "but if you went in for a little scientific daily care I think you'd be surprised at the result."

"Tell me exactly what to do," she said.

"It's very simple," I said. "Remove every scrap of grime at night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic used

like soap and water. Then pat in Vitamin Cream. It contains vitamins A, B, C and D, and its effect on a neglected skin is simply amazing. It smoothes out lines, revitalises the tissue and makes the whole face 'live again.' In the morning wipe and pat your skin with Juniper Skin Tonic—and you're ready for make-up."

"You have a tendency to dryness, so use Petal Cream as a foundation, Dryskin Powder, Paste Rouge, and my indelible Lipstick that keeps your lips soft and young as well as colourful. If you only do that faithfully for a few weeks, I don't think you'll need to envy your friend any more!"

About a month later she called again, and honestly even I was surprised at the wonderful improvement. "Yes," she said smiling, "I've staged a come-back, thanks to you! How young it makes one feel to recover one's vanity!"

Ask for my preparations at any smart cosmetic counter, and also for my book "Speaking Frankly." If you cannot obtain it, please write me: Jane Seymour, Lumsden Building, Toronto, mentioning your dealer's name, and I will gladly send it to you with my compliments.

Jane Seymour
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Winter "heavies" won't do under trim-fitting dresses. So Harvey Woods designers fashioned feather-light woollies that fit like a glove and add virtually nothing to your silhouette. They're tailored from fine ribbed fabrics that cling closely without wrinkles, yet stretch wondrously to give joyous freedom. Your choice of one-piece combinations or vests and panties. Look for the Harvey Woods label.

WINTER LINGERIE
HARVEY by
Woods

Knit a Winter Sweater

Continued from page 26

start, and finishing after a P row. *Shape Shoulders.* Cast off 9 sts at the beginning of every row until all sts are cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Begin at lower edge with No. 10 needles. Cast on 58 sts and work in K 2, P 2 rib for 2 inches. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st then inc. 1 st at each end of the 5th row and on every 10th row following until 92 sts are on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 18 inches down centre, finishing after a P row. *Shape Top.* Cast off 2 sts at the beginning of the next 6 rows (80 sts), then cast off 1 st at the beginning of the next 42 rows (38 sts). Then cast off 4 sts at the beginning of the next 4 rows, 22 sts rem. Cast off.

FRONT PANEL

With dark blue wool and No. 11 needles cast on 50 sts and work in garter-st for 10½ inches, then divide for lower shaping. *Next row—K 45.* Join on another ball. K 45. Now continue working but dec. 1 st at each side of opening on every row until all sts are dec.

THE COLLAR

With No. 11 needles, cast on 168 sts. Work in garter-st for 18 rows, then continue working but cast off 3 sts at the beginning of the next 30 rows, 70 sts rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders. Sew in sleeves making 3 pleats at the top of each sleeve to fit armhole. Now work a row of d c down front opening making a buttonhole loop at neck edge, then sew on small button to correspond. Now take dark blue panel and stitch down front starting about 1 inch down from neck. Now before sewing up side seams, make the bow effect by making 4 little tucks very close together, each tuck about 1 inch long. Work 2 down each side of front panel, then work them down each sleeve. Then sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on collar round neck, leaving about 2 inches at each side from front opening free, the end of the right side of collar sew to top of left side of panel leaving a space for the left side of collar to slot through, then stitch to top of panel on right side. Sew on red buttons as illustrated. ♦

Before 25 Dress to Your Eyes

Continued from page 34

many one-way arrows to those truly important, poetic orbs. That's why I say—echoing a well-known fashion designer—dress to your eyes, if you're under twenty-five.

Whatever you do, don't read this far and say, "O.K.—I'll give them the works," and load everything you can find on and around your eyes. The first rule of eye make-up is that it must not be obvious. If anyone knows your eyes are made up, you're down a hundred per cent. So be careful how you go about it.

For instance, in putting on shadow—if your eyes are too close together, start your shadow in the centre of the eyelid and take it up to the outside corner. If they're too far apart, bring them together by bringing the shadow from the inner corners of the eye out and up to halfway. See that you blend it, and don't stop suddenly to make a jumping-off mark. And be sure you get a fine film of shadow just under the brow where you've plucked it. There'll be a funny-looking little white streak there if you don't. One specialist advises a copper tint there for daytime, and bronze for evening. But if you just use one eyeshadow, a bit of it will do.

There are a lot of eyeshadows on the market now. If you wear the more exotic shades I'd suggest you keep the shadow pretty well toward the edge of the lid, and not take it all over the top. There's a soft mauve shadow which is, strangely enough, a good one for daytime. It's particularly flattering to women with very white skin.

For evening, there are light green and jade shadows for blue or hazel eyes. For dark brown eyes, there's a very

deep green shadow. Blue-grey eyes are best with a blue-green shadow.

And for these very glamorous evening gowns—you know, the glitteringest kind—there are new mascaras of silver green, silver blue and silver mauve. And why not? Your slippers shine, there are silk stockings with a new iridescence, your dress simply shimmers, your hair is filled with spangles, your nails glitter. Why not your eyes? For the sheen, of course, transfers itself to your eyes and they reflect the sparkle.

Even if you don't put on any make-up—even if you don't bother with a single bit of beauty care at night—do rub a little oil over each eyelid. It will be a grand insurance against those ugly crinkled eyelids so many older women get. And if you're one of the girls who just scrub their faces for skiing or school, do put a bit of vaseline, or oil on your lids. It makes your eyes so much softer and more glamorous. And morning and evening bathing with a soothing solution gives you a clarity nothing else can.

Then there's the matter of brows. No need to tell you smart younger troops that the long thin line is out. You've known it for ages. The eyebrow is the natural frame for the eye, and the beauty expert will study it and try to let it follow its natural bent as much as possible. If you give it weird sweeps and turns, it throws your eyes all out of their proper place—just as a crooked frame on a picture would do. So take a good look at the natural line of your brow. As a general rule, if your nose is too wide at the top, leave your brows narrow at the centre. If you have one ♦ Continued on page 93

tartan plaid leather. Very tricky for afternoon dress-up wear, particularly if your outfit is of solid color.

The tea hour is gaining such importance all over the face of the civilized world—thank goodness!—that you'll all be needing at least one smart frock for the witching twilight hour. From Paris comes the idea of hand-knotted fringe scattered all over a crepe dress—and also tiny velvet bows tacked onto the bodice of an alpaca frock. These little dresses are lovely to wear for those "Don't dress for dinner" affairs when a gal wants to look dressy without being dressed-up.

Have you a large, circular veil for your new fall hat? If not, please get one! They are all wearing 'em and I must say it is one of the more flattering fall styles.

Back bigger and better than ever—the twin belt idea. Two belts of different colors, oftentimes with a matching boutonniere, give a dash to the most unexciting dress.

If you're going to be an autumn bride, with all the frills, you'll probably choose either velvet, satin or lace to be married in. These three materials are popular with late-year brides, and it continues to be smart for the bridesmaids to wear dresses similar to the bride only, of course, without the train and long sleeves and in various colors, so that the bride alone is "in bridal white arrayed." One lovely bridal party recently, however, were all dressed in white velvet (as was the bride) but the attendants had deep sashes of differ-

ent colors—really a stunning picture.

So much jewellery will be worn this winter! The more diamonds, pearls and other gems you have the smarter will you be. And if you haven't the real things, you'll find many grand simulations that will fool everyone, except your dress allowance. Juliet caps, tiaras and hair clips of rhinestones are some of the favored coiffure ideas for evening wear.

New about New York—evening gloves with twenty-four karat gold leaf trimming! One of the few radical glove styles we've seen in ages.

Now is the time of the year when you can have a lot of fun going over last year's winter wardrobe and seeing just what can be done about changing its appearance.

The first thing is, of course, to have everything cleaned properly—or dyed to another shade. Be sure that your fabrics are the kind that take kindly to dyeing, however.

There are so many ways and means of making an old dress look like new.

Collars and cuffs are always a grand renovation. Then we have bright new belts or sashes to add. Or again, maybe you could put on a few pockets or buttons that are "different."

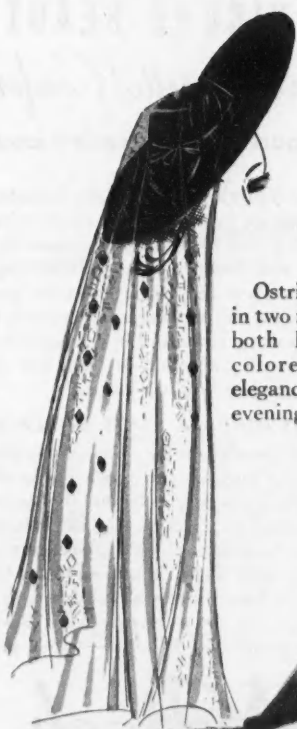
Or slit down the front of the bodice and set in a colorful zipper.

Or add on a gay little bolero jacket.

Or put a small bright corsage on either shoulder.

Or pop a brightly patterned square on the neck, and join two matching squares for a novel belt.

HEADING FOR GLAMOUR



Ostrich tips in two moods—both brightly colored, add elegance to the evening mode.



Three exciting new veil fashions—the flowing side swirl studded with gold sequins for a restaurant hat, the dramatically flared mesh around a widow's peak turban, and the youthful evening version, delicately spangled.



Captured in the cause of beauty—

"Sunshine" in Complexion Soap

Woodbury's now contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D to aid skin's health, help guard its beauty

TODAY in every cake of Woodbury's you buy are rich amounts of Vitamin D... the "Filtered Sunshine" element. This vitamin helps guard the skin's health, rousing your skin to new vitality. And now this sunshine vitamin comes to you in your morning bath... brought directly to your skin by Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Sunshine, you know, is one thing the skin can't do without. Its importance is best explained thus: In your skin is a substance called ergosterol. Certain sun-rays, falling on your skin, have the power to change this substance into Vitamin D.

Now this precious vitamin is present in Woodbury's... the beauty soap that has been famous for more than two genera-

tions as an aid to fault-free skin. The Vitamin D is absorbed by your skin from Woodbury's lather. This was proved in tests by a leading university.

The natural sun-bath in summer is glorious, of course. But you can enjoy Woodbury baths the year round, give all your skin the benefits of its helpful "Filtered Sunshine" ingredient.

Helps Correct Skin Faults

Begin your Woodbury baths at once. See how your skin improves, grows lovelier day by day; how your pores tighten and refine; how your skin's texture grows softer, smoother. The whole tone of your complexion can be healthier, more beautiful with Woodbury's help.

Woodbury's, only 10¢ now, is lasting, economical. At drug, department, ten-cent stores, and at your grocer's, too.

Contains
"Filtered
Sunshine"
Vitamin D



Woodbury's Facial Soap now 10¢
MADE IN CANADA

Windsor Rose

gives life
to the
natural
tints
of the skin"



says **MAGGY ROUFF** of PARIS
who created this stunning
new costume shade of
face powder for Woodbury's



Woodbury's alone is GERM-FREE

Tested by an independent research laboratory with 19 other leading brands of face powder, Woodbury's Facial Powder alone was found to be germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL NOW FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT

It brings you generous sample packets of Windsor Rose and the six other youth-blend shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Also guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; tubes of 2 Woodbury's Germ-free Creams. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Send to John H. Woodbury, Ltd., 546, Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

FASHION SHORTS



KAY MURPHY writes from New York about exciting new fashions, how to wear them and when . . .

OH, THOSE lucky girls who step around the college campus these days! What pretty things they have to wear.

Corduroys are particularly smart for this fall and we're seeing lovely, glowing colors in corduroy skirts, slacks, vests and jackets. Many smart young businesswomen are donning these practical garments for office wear, too. Don't muss or crush, and of course you can always decorate 'em up with a corsage of tailored flowers, or a brightly contrasting belt and scarf.

And such trim little sweaters! So many of them are bi-colored . . . fronts of one shade and backs of another. While the soft zephyrs are very popular, you'll also like the "bearskin" kind—mohair brushed to give that woolly effect.

I've been telling you how important zippers are becoming on all our smart little garments. Now they have a zipper coat—yes! A full-length zipper on a lovely Persian - trimmed winter coat. The zipper keeps the garment in perfect shape, and of course it's a mighty cosy idea, too, because your coat can't blow open on those stormy days.

Saw a stunning little jacket dress that made grand use of zippers. The one-piece dress had a jacket that zipped down the front, and zippy pockets, too.

You busy little housewives will adore a zippered housedress that is just the thing to get into and out of quickly. Made of printed percale, trimmed with dotted organdie, the front zips down below the waist . . . you are in-and-out in a jiffy.

Never saw so many pockets on dresses and coats as this fall. Why, the

more pockets you can put on the better. One tailored wool dress had six pockets—three triangled across the bodice and three more on the skirt.

And buttons are back with a bang! Large fur buttons on coats and suits are a big style feature. If you've any spare fur lying around, why not make fur buttons for that last year's coat or suit? Will do marvels for its 1937 outlook.



Flowers are another small thing that play a big part in your autumn chic. Whole flower capes and leis—chokers of flowers—muffs of flowers—floral bracelets—why, the more flowers you can wear of an evening, the better. What a grand chance to do things with a plain evening dress. Saw one slim young thing in a black dinner gown the other night and she had a girdle of flowers around her waist. Her frock was from Paris but I'll bet some of you smart lassies will be able to do things for yourselves with a few flowers here and there. I notice that the flowers are larger than usual—really huge cabbage roses, large 'mums, massive orchids. Of course, you must be discreet or you'll look like a walking greenhouse.

New about New York—sequins on afternoon and evening dresses. And it is a known fact that men fall for their bright glitter; little bolero jackets of sequins over a plain dress for teatime wear, or a flowing cape of sequins for later on in the evening—two of the gay ways

sequins have this season.

New about New York—the "Highlander Bag"—a suede purse in solid color trimmed with bands of



Stitch a zipper down your house-frock. Wear a knotted-fringe tea time frock, a zippered, lamb-trimmed coat, or a jacketed street dress with zippered front and pockets.

The new highlander bag-antelope with plaid, and a new two-tone flower and twin belt set.

Descriptions and Prices
on Page 40

PARTY PRETTIES



Don't forget that the social season starts for them in the fall, too. They'll be bringing home those treasured invitations from schoolmates—going to Saturday plays and concerts—even getting dressed up before they go off to bed, to meet grown-ups at your own parties.

So let them be very dainty and china dollish, if they're girls—and cunning and irresistible if they're boys.

Here are four party frocks that they will love and blossom in. Hand embroidery, ribbon trimmings, sashes and frills are their delight. And you'll find a host of fine plain or sprigged cottons silks, fine linens, and velveteens that will be enchanting for the under twelves. Get those primrosy yellows, sugar candy pinks, gentle, misted blues and baby leaf greens. And fit the lad for a rugged winter. You'll be completely swept away by your own offspring.



HUNDREDS of BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL DESIGNS

No. 30 Your Home and its Decoration, 10c. Chair-backs, doilies, luncheon sets.

No. 56 Edgings, 15c. Sixty-four edging designs for many different uses.



No. 67 Crochet for Your Home, 15c. Over thirty different suggestions for the home.



No. 68 Crocheted Collars, 15c. Lovely flattering neckwear to enhance your frocks.



No. 71 Boucle Fashions, 15c. Smartly styled dresses, blouses and collars.



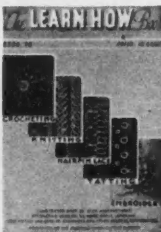
No. 68 Bedspreads, 15c. Numerous charming ideas for beautifying your bedroom.



No. 94 Gifts to Crochet and Knit, 15c. A group of attractive novelties that will solve your gift problems.

for CROCHET, KNITTING and EMBROIDERY

Here are hundreds of fascinating ideas for beautifying home linens and decorations . . . charming new fashions in costumes and accessories. Accurate directions are easy, even for a beginner. Get these booklets at your favorite store, or send coupon.



No. 98 The Learn How Book, 15c. Illustrated step by step instructions on Crocheting, Knitting, Hairpin Lace, Tatting, and Embroidery.



No. 81 Neckwear and Accessories, 15c. Lacy jabots, dainty ruffles, simple tailored collar and cuff sets. Also gloves, bags, etc.



No. 91 Cotton Fashions, 15c. Simply styled and attractive dresses for summer wear.



No. 300 New Fashion Series, 10c. Latest designs in dresses, sweaters, etc. No. 301 Personal Accessories. No. 302 Household Accessories.



No. 72 Children's Clothes, 15c. Knitted and crocheted designs for boys and girls.



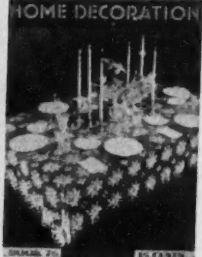
No. 303 Summer Modes in Pebble Twist, 5c. Dresses and accessories.



No. 500 Embroidery Transfer Book, 15c. Containing seven attractive designs with transfers.



No. 502 Knitted Novelties, 5c. Leaflet containing a selection of designs for personal use.



No. 76 Home Decoration, 15c. Fifteen crocheted ways to make home more livable.

USE A MILWARD'S STEEL CROCHET HOOK OR EMBROIDERY NEEDLE — FAMOUS SINCE 1730.

CLARK'S "Anchor" and J. & P. Coats'

CROCHET & EMBROIDERY THREADS

MADE IN CANADA BY THE MAKERS OF COATS & CLARK'S 6-CORD SPOOL COTTON

The Canadian Spool Cotton Company, Dept. X-70, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose _____ cents. Please send me the books before which I have marked X.

☐ No. 30, 10c ☐ No. 67, 15c ☐ No. 72, 15c ☐ No. 91, 15c ☐ No. 300, 10c ☐ No. 303, 5c
☐ No. 56, 15c ☐ No. 68, 15c ☐ No. 76, 15c ☐ No. 94, 15c ☐ No. 301, 10c ☐ No. 500, 15c
☐ No. 65, 15c ☐ No. 71, 15c ☐ No. 81, 15c ☐ No. 98, 15c ☐ No. 302, 10c ☐ No. 502, 5c

Name _____

Address _____

Instructions for Simplicity Patterns. Pages 41 to 44.

THE SLENDER SILHOUETTE

No. 2592. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Bust 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch fabric. Slide fastener: 10-inch length. Price 20 cents.

No. 2580. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch fabric. Price 25 cents.

No. 2575. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3 yards of 39-inch fabric. Contrasting yoke and sleeves: 1 1/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 1 yard of 54-inch. Price 25 cents.

No. 2581. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 40 requires 4 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/4 yards of 72-inch. Price 25 cents.

PARTY PRETTIES

No. 2521. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 1 1/8 yards of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric; 1 3/8 yards of 44-inch fabric. Contrast: 1/4 yard of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric. Transfer pattern included. Price is 20 cents.

No. 2550. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires, Left: 2 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch fabric. Ribbon: 7 1/8 yards of 1/2-inch width. Right: 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric; 3 3/8 yards of 44-inch fabric. Sleeve and Neck Foundations: 1/4 yard of 35-inch net. Price 20 cents.

No. 2504. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Hood Facing: 3/8 yard of 54-inch fabric. Slide fasteners: One 12-inch length for hood; Two 6-inch for trousers; One 17-inch separating type for jacket. Price of pattern is 25 cents.

No. 2555. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires 2 3/8 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric; 1 3/8 yards of 54-inch fabric. Trimming: 2 3/8 yards of braid for binding; 2 3/8 yards rickrack. Price 15 cents. Transfer pattern included in envelope.

IN THE TAILORED TEMPO

No. 2572. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Contrast: 3/8 yard of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric. Price 25 cents.

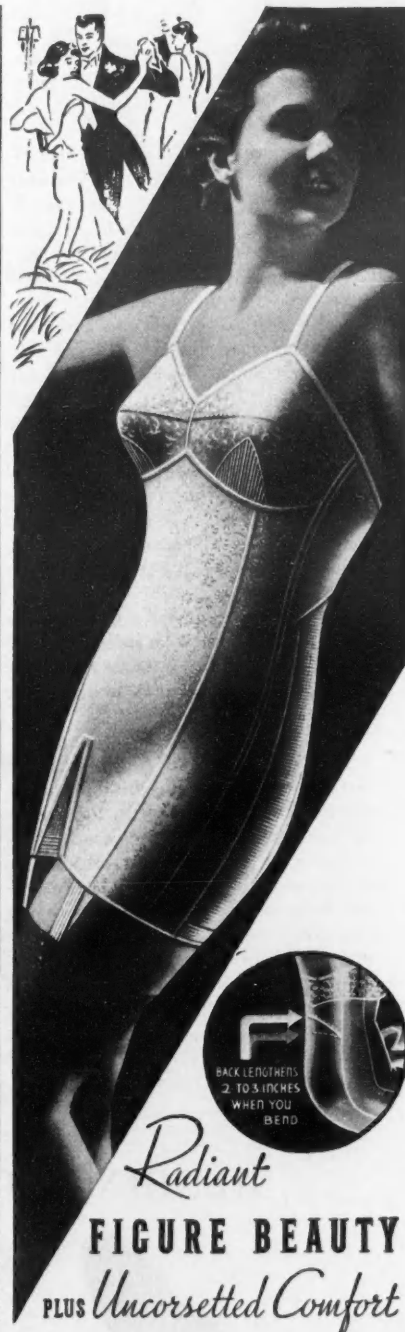
No. 2593. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

No. 2596. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 2 1/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Vestee: 3/8 yard of 35-inch or 39-inch material. Price 25 cents.

No. 2590. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric. Contrast: 1/2 yard of 35-inch or 39-inch. Price 25 cents.

FIVE IN ONE

No. 2585. Sizes, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires, Skirt and Blouse With Long Sleeves: 3 1/8 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch fabric. Skirt and Blouse With Short Sleeves: 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Trimmings: 5 3/4 yards of 3/4-inch ribbon; 10-inch Separable Slide Fastener. Tunic Blouse: 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch fabric. Trimming: 4 yards of 3/4-inch ribbon or braid. Skirt: 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch; 1 1/8 yards of 54. Price 25 cents. +



are yours in this amazing corset

Do what you will—trip the light fantastic or indulge in your favourite sport—with a Nu-Back Corset you can achieve utmost figure beauty and freedom of movement. Figure faults disappear like magic under the gentle persuasion of this amazing corset creation, and yet your every action is free and unhindered. Nu-Back will not cramp or bind, and most important of all—will not ride up!

WHY NU-BACK STAYS IN PLACE

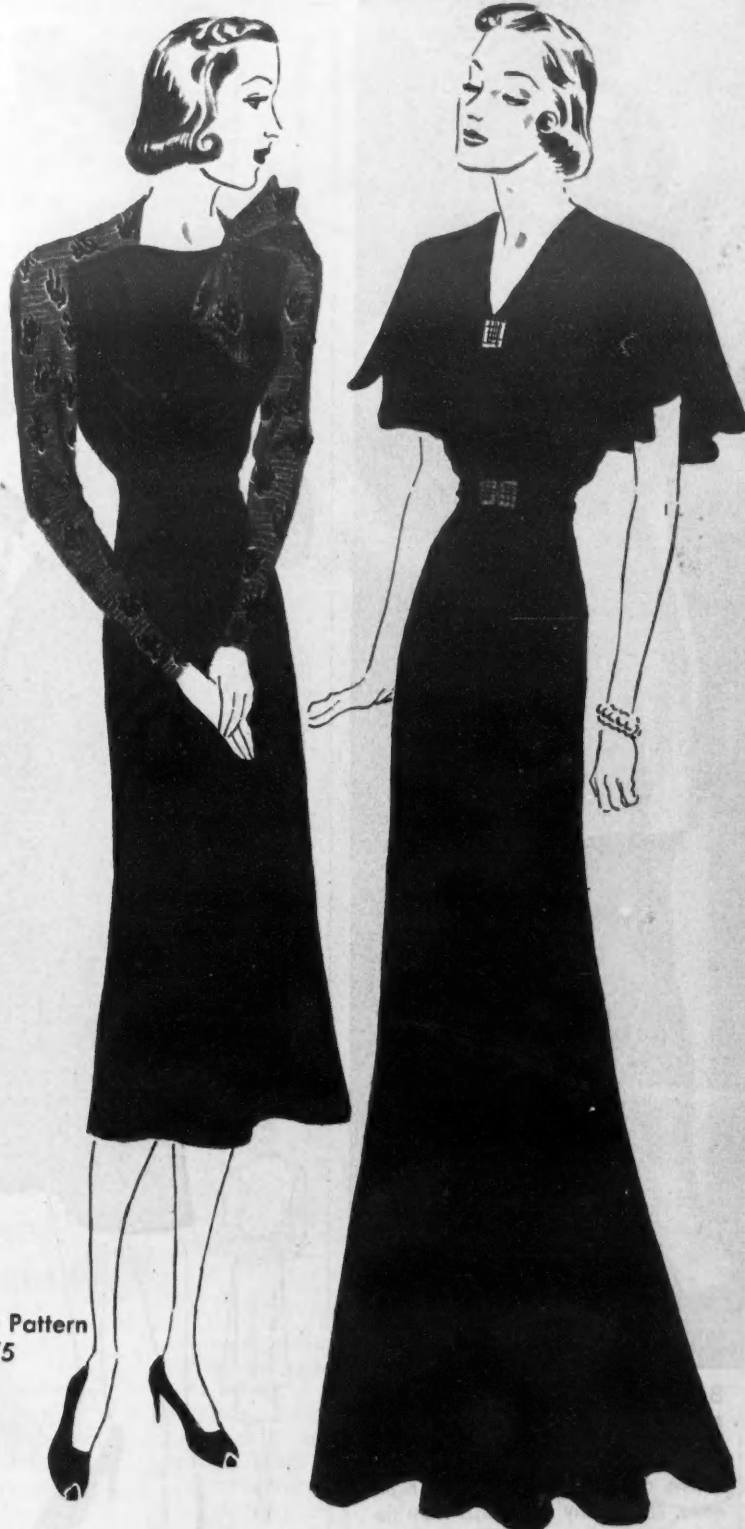
Nu-Back foundations have a telescopic sliding back which lengthens two or more inches when you bend. This exclusive feature eliminates all garter strain and pull on shoulder straps. It prevents cramping and binding—permits more snug fit, better figure control, and more alluring, smart lines. There is a Nu-Back to fit you perfectly. Ask for a try-on today. Sold at leading corsetiers; all sizes—varied prices.

NuBack
A TRY-ON IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

By the makers of the famous D & A, SESAME and JUNIOR SET Foundations and GOTHIC Brassières

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
LIMITED - QUEBEC, P.Q.**

Descriptions and Prices on Page 40



Here is the slender silhouette, with bodice softness achieved through drapery, shirring, or gathers . . . probably the most universally becoming of them all, and most widely accepted for afternoon. No. 2575 depicts a very popular trend . . . the contrasting of yoke and sleeves. The ultra in afternoon formality could be achieved by using a metal-shot velvet for the contrast. No. 2581 is worthy of special mention because it is the perfect evening dress for smart larger women.

THE SLENDER SILHOUETTE

Descriptions and Prices
on Page 40



Simplicity Pattern
2572



Simplicity Pattern
2596



Simplicity Pattern
2590



Simplicity Pattern
2593

In the Tailored Tempo

Tailored frocks are "naturals" for wool, and wool this year is in very high fashion favor. There is the recently revived alpaca, semi-sheer and light weight woollens and worsteds in smooth or crepey surfaces, fine twills, close plain weaves, open plain weaves, basket weaves, Telga crepes, hopsacking, fine French serges, light weight Poirrets, lacy weaves, novelty weaves and flannels. Surfaces are dull, and this dull finish is frequently emphasized by scattered shimmering surface hairs; yarn blends of cashmere, llama, angora, or mohair are added for subtle handle and finish. Patterns are subtle—a favorite being a ribbon striped monotone, with the "ribbon" the same tone as the ground and outlined with an edging. Others have contrasting colored stripes, checks, plaids, zig zags, diamonds, dimples and broken diagonals. This is a big year for semi-sheer worsted plaids—their strong point is their invulnerability to crushing and wrinkling.

ADJUSTABLE HIP CONTROL

A CHARIS[®] FEATURE

THAT YOU NEED



EXCESS FLESH or some similar over-development of the hips is the average woman's greatest handicap in wearing the fashionable clothes that make slender, moderately curving hip lines a necessity.

To solve this problem, Charis offers a foundation especially designed to modify hip proportions according to the needs of the individual.

Only Charis can offer such a garment because of its patented, adjustable design. The photograph above shows how beautifully this Charis model fits both the upper and lower parts of the body—shows, too, how it controls and slenderizes ample hips. But only the Charis wearer can know the supreme satisfaction of accomplishing this longed-for figure improvement with perfect comfort.

Don't continue a hopeless struggle with style. Call the Charis Establishment (listed under Charis) now and have a Charis representative show you this unique garment, conveniently, at home.

CHARIS, LIMITED
New Toronto, Ontario

CHARIS

Maids in Training

Continued from page 4

Commission. Under the very able chairmanship of Mrs. George Riley, a committee of representative women has been organized in Montreal, as similar committees have been established in the other cities, to sponsor training courses in household work, for unemployed girls from sixteen to twenty-five years of age.

In a report just issued, the advisory committee states that "it is the consensus of opinion from both public and private sources, that the greatest handicap in filling vacancies for household workers from the ranks of the unemployed women and girls is lack of skill and fitness for the jobs available."

It is confidently expected that the Dominion-wide establishment of training centres, for domestic service by the Government, will help to do away with this handicap. ♦

MAPLE LEAF

by ISABEL HAWLEY BAKER

When the wind says Hil Hil Hil Hil Hil Hil
The Spring has come with her wakening cry.
I turn me over and open an eye;
My little bud cradle begins to rock,
I press out the frills of my new green frock
When the wind says Hil Hil Hil Hil Hil Hil
When the sharp Spring wind says Hil

When the wind says
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
The Summer has come in her sunny way,
Gift in her hands of each lingering day;
I skip and chatter, play games in the light,
I whisper and murmur all through the night,
When the wind says
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

When the summer wind says Ha!

When the wind says
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
The Autumn has come with her frosty tap
Out come my little red mittens and cap,
In my wee plaid coat I button me tight,
I rustle and scamper in mad delight
When the wind says
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

When the Autumn wind says Ho!

When the wind says
Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!
The Winter has come with her
clear, cold call:

I cover me up with my old brown shawl
I fall to the earth with a twirl so swift,
Snow for my blanket will over me drift
When the wind says
Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!

When the Winter wind says Ooo!

Away down through the earth I burrow deep
To the roots of my tree I slowly creep:
When it wakes itself up from Winter's nap,
In a gay little boat I ride the sap
Up, Up through the trunk and
the branches big,

To my very own home on my very own twig
To welcome the wind in the Spring Hil Hil
When the sharp Spring wind says Hi

WHY,
DORIS!

I'M WEARING THIS DRESS
TILL YOU BUY ME
SOME NEW STOCKINGS

Then Doris
learned a
secret that
keeps her
stockings
like NEW





BADMINTON'S INCREASING POPULARITY brings sports togs into play. And this clever enthusiast knows all about choosing the right ones. That's why she's clad from tip to toe in Viyella—even unto her cool, unshrinkable socks!

Viyella is the soft, smart English flannel whose lightweight permits such freedom of action. Important, too, is its unique porous weave, providing greater body comfort for sports-lovers. And Viyella washes endlessly without shrinking or losing shape.

You'll find Viyella ideal for sportswear... as it is for suits, dresses and blouses... ready-made or by the yard. Ask for Viyella at your favorite store or write direct to William Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King Street, Toronto, Dept. B.

Viyella
washable and colorfast



Five-in-One

Descriptions and Prices on page 40

Simplicity Pattern 2585

One pattern makes these five outfits. It's a case of a wardrobe in an envelope. Do one or all of them. You'll notice the blouses are the new over-the-shirt type. The skirt is in the slim silhouette, and the coat tunics are very fashionable. Black cire ribbon bows, buttons, tassels and flowers add zest. For street, make the sport dress above in a fine wool jersey—peccan with pistachio bows and hat band; a striking new combination. Have at least one metallic blouse or tunic for afternoon and another in velvet for tea or dinner time. You'll like one in a mustard colored mossy crepe and another in shimmering white satin.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



A Clean Face

IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT BEAUTY

Beauty authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

NEW KIND OF CLEANSING

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, makeup and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.



Make This Simple Test!

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it?

Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell (Canada) Limited,
165 Dufferin St., Toronto

Enclosed find 25c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream.

C-10

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Prov.....

Dealer's Name.....

their company—but don't let them use you and turn your house into a boarding place for wandering relatives. Expect your husband to respect you enough to adjust the business with his relatives. You'll find that when the relatives come less often, you'll enjoy them more!

A CLEVER humorist said he had found the recipe for a happy marriage, at a book shop, in two titles that had been placed together on the shelf—"How To Go Into the Silence," and "How To Keep a Husband." He was sure that if you knew how to do the first, the second was accomplished!

A lot of girls have lost a perfectly good man before they could manage to get him to the altar, because of conversation trouble—and they didn't even know it.

Men look at pretty faces and ankles, and they admire a good figure, but none of these things make them entirely forget what you talk about.

A very canny bachelor told a girl that he had applied the conversation test to the women of his acquaintance, and so far, none of them had qualified! He said that most girls have a certain amount of chatter they pull off; then it runs out after a few times, and they stoop to panning other people or some chitter-chatter that bores a man. He didn't want to be hitched up to that chain for the rest of his life!

"They don't make the mental effort to talk on any new or worth-while subjects," he complained. "I'm just unlucky so far, but I am still looking, because I know there are a lot of girls who realize a man wants to talk about something besides the latest novel and what funny hats the women are wearing this year."

Oh, I know, you are stiffening your spine and saying, "I suppose a man never bores a girl with all his talk about airplane beacons, and where the screws and bolts are located in his car, when she wants to talk about politics or love or even the European situation!"

You're right. But remember that all through the ages a woman has had to out-smart a man to get what she wants. She has had to be more clever than he, and switch him from things he thinks he wants, to the ideas in her mind—and do it painlessly! Men don't change on their own. Women change 'em. The same thing is true of conversation.

Don't fill John's ears at dinner with stories about the price the grocer charges for sugar or flour, and the trouble with the cleaning woman. He has troubles of his own, and running the house is your job.

If something funny has happened, tell him that. Perhaps the tulips are showing buds. There's a good beginning. He'll be all pepped up, and remind you that he knew what he was doing when he got the bulbs in early.

But thumbs down on what the doctor said about having the children's tonsils out, or that the bathroom plaster is about to fall down. Wait until he's fed and has filled his pipe. After a little rest and a good dinner he'll see things more nearly the way you want him to; and you won't have to think up so many arguments.

Don't ask him about the office. He most likely wants to forget it for

awhile. Didn't you want to get away from filing cabinets, and how snooty the boss was, when you were working?

THIS IS a wonderful age for the woman who wants to keep her husband on his toes. There are magazines of articles and fiction, on the market. Take five or ten minutes a day to read one, and discuss it at dinner with him. See how he'll admire you. Incidentally, if you talk over what you've read, you will remember it and be able to carry on a company conversation about something else besides your troubles, and the local gossip. This will make you stand out so he'll be proud of you. You can read in the five minutes you relax before dinner, or while the potatoes boil or the meat cooks. If you work outside your home, do it on the street car or at lunch. You will be paid back by big dividends for the time you spend, both in your own education and broadening and also because you are keeping as mentally alert as your husband. You may even be a step or two ahead of him!

A lot of men go after the "other woman" because they claim that they have gone ahead in business and in outlook, but their wives have just stagnated, and they are no longer real companions. Wives rush for sympathy instead of getting on to themselves and entering right into the game.

All life is a competitive affair, and the sooner you realize this the better off you will be. Nature is cruel to the creature that cannot keep up with the rest; other animals pick on it, and even eat it up! You are not out of the competition because you are married. You should be more stimulated to keep up for the sake of your husband and your family. It seems worth while to repeat here, that every married woman must compete with all the other women in the world!

Try and take time for an interest outside your home, or at least something that is not bound up in your life together. It will help you a lot, no matter how busy you are.

Perhaps you have children and no time for even the five or ten minutes a day—or, maybe you are too tired to read when you have a bit of rest time. All right, use your radio to the best advantage. Tune in while you peel potatoes or make beds. Don't just turn it on to jazz or anything that happens to be on the station where it is dialled. Try for a new item or a current events program. There are a lot of fine commentators on the air these days and history is being made fast. Five minutes of listening while you do something else will give you a lot of conversation for your man, and perhaps stimulate him to do some thinking outside the office grind.

If he wants to tell you about business affairs, that's something different. Listen even if you don't care a darn, and look really interested while you listen. A lot of things may straighten out in his mind, just because he is putting his thoughts into words.

Right here you can be of vital help in this partnership of marriage—by just being a good listener at the right time. Many a woman has saved a home, a business, or even a country, by listening and then seeing things in a different light from her man! But be sure



Recast your features IN THE MOULD OF BEAUTY WITH THE HELP OF ELIZABETH ARDEN'S NEW FACE MOULDING HOME TREATMENT

Animation enhances the beauty of the most beautiful face—vivacity adds charm to the loveliest features—together their effect is irresistible... but there can be no animation, no vivacity, if muscles have been allowed to become weak and flaccid—if contours have begun to sag—if ugly hollows are developing around the throat. The new Elizabeth Arden Face Moulding Treatment is a practical application of Miss Arden's famous principle: that it's never too late, nor too early, to make a start. Just fifteen minutes are required—fifteen minutes that you might otherwise spend over the coffee cups—or engaged in some minor household chore—fifteen minutes that may determine your whole happiness... But remember that, if your face is to respond to the new treatment, it must be systematically cleansed—toned—soothed—with Ardena Cleansing Cream—Ardena Skin Tonic—and Velva Cream or Orange Skin Cream... Elizabeth Arden preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere.



Write for the new Face Moulding Home Treatment Booklet or go to your favorite shop and request your copy.



Elizabeth Arden

Salons: Toronto and Montreal
TORONTO LONDON NEW YORK PARIS



Even your
best friend won't
tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats" but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was... but she *didn't*; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful

taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see that you get it.

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada), Ltd.,
Toronto

MADE IN CANADA

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)



Have you tried
**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE?**

More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢

Live With a Man and Love It

Continued from page 24

relative-ridden homes could be made safe for marriage if the young couple insisted on a day off together, and then didn't weaken when the time came to take it! Make it a tradition; plan for it—and soon everyone will be adjusted to the habit!

If she is a modern mother she'll be glad to co-operate, because she, too, can have something to look forward to.

Don't make the mistake of taking mother along when you go calling on your own friends. Often she'll be bored—more often she will absorb the conversation with "old times" and bore your friends. You'll wonder why they don't return the calls.

If you can, mention diplomatically that the Jerrys are dropping over and you think they'll bore her. If she has any sense, she will get a book and disappear; and the strain of trying to keep things smooth will be relieved.

There are bossy mothers-in-law, too. The kind who want to run you and the house and your husband, and regulate the puppy's life as well. You have to be strong-minded right from the first. Let her know that no boat has two captains! Either she runs things or you do. Divide the work into equal parts and don't dip into her part.

Get out and work, if you can't stand it, and leave the whole thing to her. She'll soon get tired of doing everything, with no one to boss all day; if she doesn't, your husband will understand. He'll find some way of adjusting things.

But—do all this without an open fight. That only makes regrets later, and never, by any chance, settles the problem.

IF YOUR mother comes to live with you, don't quote what she says and thinks to your husband, unless it is something nice that will cement their friendship. See to it that your mother is not always around when his friends drop in. And don't let her absorb the conversation no matter how interesting you think she is.

Don't always side with your mother against your husband, in arguments, or he'll be sure to think the cards are all stacked against him.

If either your mother or his, irritates your lives in spite of the foregoing suggestions, offer to do part-time work if you are able, to help pay expenses for her to be somewhere else besides in your home. Be willing to skimp on the budget and go to fewer movies so that you can live and love in a home by yourselves. You'll usually find your husband more than willing to co-operate as far as he can.

Very often a plan can be worked out so that each member of the family can take her for a definite period of the year, and not make her a burden on one. Sometimes a brother or sister hasn't the money to take care of an extra mouth, and you can help out on their share with a little cash, and be free yourself.

Last but not least are the relatives who drop in all the time for meals, and overnight. Be generous, and enjoy

WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT



Well, Sister, the KLEENEX* HABIT

would help that
unsightly, red nose!

● No need to have your nose red as a Stop-Light just because you're a hay fever victim! When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. It saves your nose, because genuine Kleenex is so soft and soothing that irritation is almost impossible. Saves money, too, as it reduces handkerchief washing.

Furthermore, the Kleenex Habit helps protect family and friends. Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Saves Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics... To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use!

KLEENEX*
**DISPOSABLE
TISSUES**

(*Trade Mark Reg.)

CAUTION!
Insist on genuine
Kleenex. Ask for
it by name.

Let Sleeping Lambs Lie

Continued from page 11

dramatized myself. At least she promptly wrote back accusing me of that. She quite devilled me about it. But she said some things—well, she was sweet. Too darned sweet. Letting me down easily, you know. Hinting she'd cared a bit herself, so I wouldn't feel so futile.

The letter stirred up a lot of old, uneasy raptures. It was cruel of her, for all she meant to be so kind. In the next breath she rhapsodized about this man she meant to marry. She was frightfully in love, poor kid. It would take a lot, you know, to make Nell sentimental. She tried to be flippant about it, but you could see the terrible way she cared.

Then came this wire saying it was all off. She seemed to need somebody by her, so I hopped a train.

Look after the office, won't you, Stew? Sorry to wish all this work on you when you'd just got back from your honeymoon. I suppose you're busy getting settled and all that. There's nothing much on deck just now except some routine stuff. Remind Tom to file those deeds. He knows what to do in Metcalf vs. Metcalf. Most of the time he'll be busy getting depositions.

Hug Mary Ellen for me. You used your head and spoke your mind and now you've got your girl.

Don't tell folks about Nell's coming a cropper, will you? I get into Toronto in the morning. I'll let you know how things look.

Thanks a lot, Stew.
Bill.

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Stew:

She's gorgeous! The gamest kid I ever saw.

She met me at the station looking lovelier than ever, the same old swash-buckling Nell, with a glint in her eye and a tongue in her cheek.

"Bill!" she cried and flung her arms about my neck. She kissed me, Stew. It's the first time she's ever kissed me.

"You've come!" she said, and her voice broke a little.

I crushed her close and I could feel how thin and frail she is. Nell always went on her nerve, you know. She never would take care of herself. If I could get my hands on that skunk—!

"You've got a run in your stocking," I said.

She laughed and pulled herself away. "It's why he left me!" she said. "He was afraid I'd go lurching up the aisle with a hole in my hose. It was the Bishop he was worried about. He has a phobia about bishops. Jitters and all that. I think a bishop bit him once."

Can you beat that for nerve, Stew? "Oh, I'm bearing up wonderfully," she said, reading my thoughts. "Everybody comments on it. They come oozing around, whimpering with sympathy. And when I say something cheery and natural like 'Let's eat!' they sob out, 'Oh, darling, you're so brave!'"

Her lip twisted. You remember that crooked, rueful smile of hers, don't you, Stew?

In the taxi I put my arm around her.

"Come on," I said, "cry on Uncle Bill's shoulder. You don't have to be brave for me, you mug!"

She obediently tucked her face into my collar. She tried to hold herself in, but I could feel her tremble slightly.

"You had the wrong guy in mind all along," I told her. "Why don't you marry me, instead?"

She sat up and managed to look demure. "It would be a pleasure," she murmured. "But angel, you don't have to be heroic. Just—just give me a whirl, won't you? Rush me off my feet, make me feel popular and desired, show the world I can still do my stuff. It won't be too hard on you, will it? I'll feed you well. I've learned to cook a steak something immense!"

I shook my head sadly. "Still thinking of food?"

"Girls will be girls. Bill! It's nice to see you! Do you like me pretty well, too?"

"I find you endurable," I admitted. "A little coarse, but not without charm."

She sighed deeply. "Such a comfort you are, Bill. It's—it's awfully important for a girl to be liked by somebody."

"Honey!" I folded her hand in mine, her thin, nervous, highbred hand that always thrilled me somehow. "What did that scoundrel—what happened? Will it help you to talk about it?"

She grew still. All the bright laughter dropped from her face. She looked out the window at the darkening streets of the city.

"He—just sent around a note saying he couldn't go through with it."

"But why, honey? Financial trouble? Health? Some—other entanglement? Have you seen him since? I can't believe—"

"Can't believe he was tired of me?" She met my eyes with a wintry smile. "You're loyal, Bill. He left town. I don't know where he went. Just vanished. Well—he's safe."

"Did he seem to have anything on his mind?"

"N-no. Though I'd thought the last month he was changed, sort of. But he was always temperamental. He'd had dozens of affairs before he met me. He was awfully fascinating to women. I wasn't the first woman who'd had designs on him. And he never could resist—let's not talk about him any more."

She turned again to the window. And I was left with a futile thirst for murder. And a deep, sneaking sense of relief. The beggar had hurt Nell, but he hadn't crushed her. And she was still sweet. Still kind to the dumb and adoring.

"Tell you what!" she said suddenly with her crooked smile. "There's no cure for unrequited love like a dinner at Lucia's. It's an Italian place and the food is too heavenly. When you've drowned your soul in spaghetti and dunked your passion in antipasto until you're in a state of torpor—who cares about love?" She grinned impishly.

"You can't say," she demanded, "that you ever saw a jilted girl with a better appetite!"

Lucia's was all she had said it would

Disappointing Rough Hands

made
Soft. White and Young!

HANDS LOOK OLD when the skin cells lose their special beautifying moisture. But Jergens soon replaces the lost moisture, because it goes into the skin.



NOW **"WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED"**

YOUNG, soft hands—romantic hands—have a rich supply of moisture in the skin cells. Aged hands lack this moisture.

Now—many simple everyday things—wind, cold, even ordinary use of water—tend to dry out your hands. Look out or they'll soon be like old hands—rough, much coarser!

Jergens Lotion helps prevent this, because it *sinks in*, replaces lost moisture. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Its two ingredients are the same as many doctors use to make harsh, rough or chapped skin soft and white. Even neglected hands soon regain youthful softness when you use Jergens!

Don't let aging hands say, "No", to Romance! Better prevent roughness and chapping—use Jergens every time you've had your hands in water. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—\$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter.

Made in Canada



FREE! PURSE-SIZE JERGENS!

See for yourself at our expense how Jergens soaks into the skin—soon softens and whitens dry, rough hands.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 848, Perth, Ontario.
I'd like to try Jergens Lotion. Please send me—free—my purse-size trial bottle.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

WHEW, BUT BOBBIE'S BEEN A HANDFUL TODAY—I'M ALL IN!

IT'S A GOOD THING I CAN RELY ON THIS LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH TO PEP ME UP

Better than a beauty nap—protects daintiness, too

WISE LITTLE WIFE who protects the freshness—the *daintiness*—that won her husband's love! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather leaves skin really fresh—stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, carried away from the pores.

You'll find a Lux Toilet Soap bath more refreshing than a beauty nap. You'll love the soft, smooth feeling of your skin—the delicate fragrance that clings about you.



9 OUT OF 10
SCREEN STARS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP

MY LITTLE WIFE'S A KNOCKOUT—SO FRESH AND SO SWEET

you ease into the problem diplomatically.

SUPPOSE YOUR husband comes home all excited about an insult or slight from the boss, and he tells you all about it, over and over until your head is in a whirl about what "he said" and "I said"! Maybe the accounts were jumbled up and he lost his temper and there was a quarrel with harsh thoughts put into words.

Don't you add fuel to the fire because you are swayed emotionally by the story. Remember *he* is close to the whole thing; has no proper perspective. He is heated up and losing his temper or even controlling his temper when he wants to let loose, often blinds a person to the real rights of things. You think well over the words that the other fellow said to your John, and try to allow for a little exaggeration.

Remember that perhaps your home and your future depend on how this quarrel comes out. You as a partner must use your head when John is upset. Balance is one of the important things that marriage should bring.

If possible get his mind off the subject—or at least his tongue! Feed him. Go to a movie, or try to get him to play a game of bridge or whatever he does for relaxation. Be soothing and mildly sympathetic. Use your head to think things out for yourself.

Later, when he's cooled down a little—perhaps the next morning—suggest that perhaps the accounts were mixed up quite unconsciously, and that everybody makes mistakes sometimes. Maybe the boss didn't mean that slight at all! Haven't we all said things we didn't mean?

Quietly point out that a job is a job these days, and perhaps it would be better to smooth things over. Remind John how splendidly the bookkeeper has stuck by him all these years, and that talking it over quietly will most likely straighten the tangle.

If, after thinking everything over you are convinced that John is right and should stand on his convictions, then back him up with words and deeds. Help him to buckle on his sword! Let him know you are proud of him for sticking by his guns, and tell him that you are behind him, and will pull your side of the boat if he loses his job or you have to get along on less money because of the business. He'll leave you with courage in his heart and a love for you that is past understanding by folk who have never experienced such a crisis.

The love and pride you have in him at a time like this will more than make up for all his little faults! Marriage seems to take on a new importance when two people pull together through a rough place. ♣ To be Continued

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almost it seemed—but once I went out and had a smoke with Red.

I cautioned him against sympathizing with Nell. I told him of her fierce, proud reticence.

"What was the fellow like, Red?"

"Frankly," he said, "I never knew which one he was. She'd been playing around with three men all winter. You know Nell! This all came up very suddenly. I saw her at a dance laying them in rows. And a week later I saw in the paper she was engaged. Just like that! He must have simply swept her off her feet."

"She says he was handsome. Tall and dark. Used to be an aviator."

"One of them," said Red viciously, looked like an awful snake in the grass. Isn't it the darndest thing to happen to our Nell? When you think she could have taken her pick of princes—"

He stopped and blushed. I grinned at him.

"It's a little late to be modest, Red!"

"Sure. I thought I was engaged to her once. Well—being in love with Nell's a great experience. Educational and all that. As you ought to know."

"I—!"

"Come on," said Red gently. "I wasn't born yesterday, you know. I never will forget that night at Gracie's house party—when I spilled the news to you about Nell and me. You took it like a soldier, of course, but I got a good look at your homely face, old-timer." He put his hand on my shoulder. "Now's your chance, Bill."

"Take a girl on the rebound?" I asked a little coldly. "Take advantage of her when she's tired and hurt and—"

"Well," he said, "if you have to protect Nell—personally, I sometimes suspect she can take care of herself."

"That's because she has such a bright, brave way. You don't understand—"

"All right, I don't understand her and you do. But she likes you, Bill. She always did. I remember I used to be a little jealous sometimes—when ever she said something funny she turned to you for appreciation, not me. But of course she knew I'd try to kiss her. And I thought some of her cracks were nuts, anyway. Go on, Bill, get into the game. Look out for yourself—don't worry about Little Nell."

I growled at Red but his words set me thinking. Would it be too lousy a trick to play on a girl, Stew? I think I could make her happy. We have a whale of a time together. She's had her fling at romantic Lochinvars. She's seemed perfectly contented with me this week. Of course, it hasn't been a fair test. When you're drowning you cling to any good substantial rock that shows up. After you've got your breath and looked around, maybe you fancy something a little smoother than a rock. I don't know.

And anyway how could I propose to Nell? She'd only laugh at me. She'd never in a million years take me seriously!

Give my love to Mary Ellen. Yours wistfully,

Bill.

Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Stew:

Girls are the darnedest things! Thank heaven.

Take Nell, for instance.

Red Hamilton threw a party for us. The best wine, the best food, and—be said—the best women. They were smooth jobs, all of them. There was a little fluffy girl in particular who looked sixteen and had big trusting eyes. Believe it or not, she'd studied law! We went off in a corner and talked contracts. (As lawyers will!) Some of her ideas are pretty fuzzy, but she was awfully cute. She got off inaccuracies with such solemn, pleased surprise. And she was very pretty. She danced well, too, drifting in my arms like a wistful bit of cloud.

It was a grand party at some beach place, and lasted until all hours. Nell and I drove home along the bay by moonlight, a mellow, misty night, with wisps of haze like soft chiffon trembling on little waves that shook themselves against the shore. Nell was in grey chiffon herself, sea foam and sandalwood.

I wanted to speak but I couldn't. I could feel my thoughts straining against my silence, wild things on a leash. But I couldn't find the words. I couldn't find the words that would pierce that mocking, light smile of hers. Her dear smile that wrung my heart while it baffled me.

It was she who broke the silence. But she wasn't any murmuring wavellet. She was cold surf breaking on the face.

"It's none of my business," she said, "but I thought you seemed a little fatuous. With that itty-bitty law student tonight."

"Why honey, what—"

"She was very pretty," Nell went on inexorably, "and very cute. And you threw out your chest until I thought the room wouldn't hold it. Thought we might have to move the piano or something."

"Well, I was just explaining a case to her—"

"No wonder judges can't resist you! If you smile at them all that way and look into their eyes and murmur and—Oh, Bill!"

She was trembling suddenly. I put a shaking arm about her shoulders. A stubborn wild hope was thundering at my heart.

"Nell!" I whispered. "Darling! You aren't jealous? Of me?"

"Who else, you big prune?" She sobbed against my neck.

She pulled herself up then and laughed. Threw back her head and winked at me and laughed. The old Nell.

"I'm a fraud!" she said. "A vixen. But after all my work to have you go and fall for that bit of whipped cream—"

She got no further. I was kissing her at last. All the hunger of years I put into that kiss, all my dreams I pressed against her lips. Sea foam and sandalwood and starlight melted in my arms. Nell kissed me back.

"Darling!" she said.

"Angel!" I whispered.

And then I remembered. I had to be fair. I had to be strong. She was lonely and hurt and battered by life. She had turned to me, a trusting child in the dark. Yes, it was I who had to be strong.

"Nell," I said gently, "I love you. I always have loved you. I love you so much I'm half insane. But—I can't take advantage of you. You don't

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Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honey-
moon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to
find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—
said Tom seemed to be tiring of her
...He was always finding fault with
her appearance and he didn't even
care about kissing her any more...



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—
who are always repelled by dry, rough
lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about
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be. She did her pathetic, valiant best
to give me a time. She chatted and
ribbed me. She pointed out celebrities
to me. She clamored for news of the
old crowd. She waved once or twice to
people she knew, but she didn't ask
them over. Sort of shrank, I suppose,
from their curious eyes. She seemed to
know everybody. She's a friendly girl.

And when I took her home to her
apartment she was still gallant. Only
her eyes looked at me wistfully for a
moment.

"Nice going, kid!" I told her.

"It's easy," she said scornfully. "I
can do this with one hand tied behind
me. But—it's nice to have you here,
Bill."

She squeezed my hand hard and ran
suddenly up the stairs. I went back to
my hotel, shaken with strange, crowd-
ing thoughts.

Don't know just when I'll be back,
Stew. It's grand of you to look after
the office. Think I'd better stick around
here a week or two and help Nell keep
face with her crowd. I'll let you know
how things go. She asked about you,
and said to remind you of the time you
took care of the general. She also said
you were a good egg and an old lamb
and a poor nut. You sound like a
grocery store invoice.

The best,
Bill.

Toronto, Ontario.
Five days later

Dear Stew:

Wan and weak but palely happy, I
lift a feeble paw in salutation.

This business of soothing Nell has
been a mad and merry one. Never have
I seen a broken heart so lively!

But it's been a heavenly week for me.
I'd almost forgotten how to play these
last three years. I was getting to be a
sober, grim-faced, beetling-browed
young attorney. The law is a great
science but it lacks a certain frivolous
something. Nell has brought back the
lift and sparkle. She's made me feel
young and coltish again, reminded me
life is still a laughing matter. Nell and
I could always laugh together.

It's wonderful how she bears up.
You'd never dream to see her she was
a girl nursing a great tragedy. We've
done something every night, eaten in
some exotic little place, or gone to the
theatre, or danced or just driven along
the beautiful lakeside. We've seen new
Canadian water colors in the museum,
we've eaten peanuts at burlesque
shows, we've been very gay at supper
dances. We've tucked our napkins
under our chins and had deep draughts
of onion soup in little French cafes.
We've watched sunsets on skyscrapers.

One night we ran into Red Hamilton.
He's in charge of an automobile
agency here and doing awfully well.
Same old Red. Maybe a little thicker
in the waistline. And now casting those
intimate, conquering glances at a little
blonde instead of at Nell.

We fell on each other with whoops
and insults, and he insisted we go out to
a night club with his crowd. Nell had
rather avoided her old friends, I
thought. No wonder, if they thrust
sympathy at her all the time! But she
accepted Red's invitation gamely
enough and was the life of the party.
I have never seen her more reckless or
more brilliant. She kept me close to
her most of the evening—clung to me,



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Sound of Trumpets

Continued from page 15

Her eyes grew distant. "I've never missed being in London for it all these years," she said. "I always go quite early so as to get a place right in Whitehall, and I take a sandwich or so to stay me, and afterward I line up with those who put the wreaths there."

I told her she should have a wreath here, too, and that I would order it.

She was suddenly apologetic as I left. "You won't think me silly about it, will you—silly and sentimental to—keep this in my heart all these years?"

It then lacked, as I have said, two days until the eleventh. But on the following day when I reached home at noon a call was awaiting me.

"This is Dr. Fulke, the house physician, speaking," he said. "There's a Mrs. Pilker, an Englishwoman, stopping here. You know her?" He quickly relieved my anxiety. "No, no, nothing serious, I think. A touch of heart, a dizzy spell and a sprained ankle as a result."

Hurrying to her, I found her propped up in bed, in an amazing dressing gown of black lace with touches of mauve and gold.

"Can you imagine a woman of my years and experience not being able to get down a few marble steps without falling?" she demanded, then her face clouded. "That doctor insists I stop in my room for two or three days." She turned her clear blue eyes on me: they were a legacy she had given to Wally. "He doesn't know, of course," she said, "how much it means to me to be there. When you think of it, he must have been just a sprit of a boy when the Armistice was signed. What do people nowadays think of while the Silence is being observed, and when the bugles sound the Last Post?" She went on, not awaiting my answer. "I can't quite describe how it affects me. Sometimes I close my eyes and stand there and I shake all over. And sometimes I feel as if I had wings."

She looked at me as if expecting a rebuke for such fancies.

"I suppose," she sighed, "I shall just have to be obedient and observe it here."

THERE WAS no hesitation in seconding this sensible attitude, but in my mind a scheme was taking shape that came to fulfillment on an Armistice Day that, after an early threat of rain, held more than a gleam of sunlight. I think I shall never forget the look on her face that morning. I had brought the wreath to show her, before a messenger bore it away to be placed on the cenotaph with others, and on his heels another attendant arrived with a wheel chair. Dr. Fulke had confided that the ankle was only a good excuse for keeping her from the crowds, but he approved this scheme. We commandeered an elevator and took her up to the top story but one, and wheeled her along an endless corridor and into a suite at the farthest corner. One of the windows was open over the city. Down across lower roofs, beyond a thoroughfare in which busy traffic moved, we could see a great square black with masses of people, and in the midst of

them a plinth shining white in the November sunlight.

The expression on Mrs. Pilker's face repaid me. She fought for words and said at last with a simple dignity.

"This is very kind of you!"

I had field glasses for her, and once we had them adjusted she hardly took her eyes from them until the moment drew near for the great Silence, when she handed them back without a word, and I knew she had no further use for them. She needed no artificial aid to be out there in the square with the waiting thousands over whom a hush was already falling. As the seconds trembled toward the hour of eleven, her color came and went a little, and I saw her hands—a bit knobbly with rheumatism and the plain gold of her wedding ring inclined to be loose on her finger—grasp the arms of the chair firmly. The great hour of her year had come. I thought I had never seen a sight more lovely than the transfiguration of this bunchy, homely little woman. Life had graven many lines in her face: the bearing of children and the giving of them. An unmarked grave in Palestine had put some there, and a War Office telegram of regret, and the long uncertainty of the missing who was never found, and the loss of one who, like herself, had given much, believably. Now all these lines were the media of transfiguration.

A gun boomed. It was the signal.

"The two-minute silence!" I murmured unnecessarily, and involuntarily stiffened to attention. Quickened by her presence my own emotions were intense and my preoccupation complete, or I should have noticed her rising. In a moment she had hobbled up to stand beside me.

PRESENTLY THERE came the sound of bugles. Her fingers tightened on my arm.

Even before she spoke I knew by her face that she had cast aside all heresy of doubt. She, and countless women like her, had sown, and however sterile the fields, there would yet be a reaping. Down far below us I could see the cenotaph gleaming white in the November sunlight, and men in khaki bearing the instruments of war, but I stood as in the presence of a lively oracle. The words she used were not new; back in a humble home in London's East End "Father" had taken them often upon his lips, and she had been solaced and upborne by them through the empty years.

"Men will be free," she said, "and democracy will not pass from the earth, and the world will know peace—"

Those were the last words she spoke to me or any man. Had I not caught her she would have fallen. Stricken, I watched the opening of gates in which men scarcely dare believe; when she was through the radiance had gone with her. Still from the square the Armistice bugles shrilled. They were mere echoes, too mortal to be finally important. Triumphant in my mind was the assurance that as she passed over all the trumpets had sounded. ♦

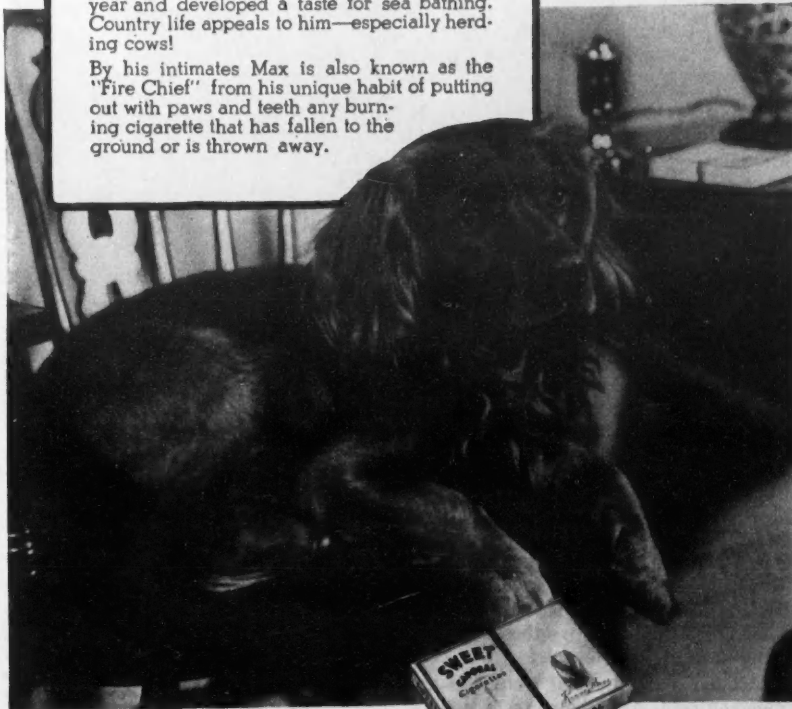
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know yet what you want. You haven't adjusted yourself. This has been a sad and bitter business, but you mustn't get desperate. You mustn't snatch at straws—"

"You a straw!" Nell rounded her eyes at me. "With that chest? Darling, I—I—" She looked away across the lake a minute.

I kissed her hair. The scent of sandalwood stirred from it gently. Nell took my hand and gripped it hard. I saw she was struggling for speech. Glib Nell who always talked so easily.

"There, dearest," I soothed. "Don't say anything if it hurts. I know how you felt about him. I understand. But as long as his shadow stands between us—Oh, darling, whenever you kissed me, I'd always be afraid you were thinking of him—"

"Bill," she said softly. "I am the worst person! You see—there wasn't any other man."

"You mean—?"

"I mean I framed you, darling. That clipping in the paper was another Eleanor Ames. The Ameses are a fruitful clan, it seems. There are thousands of them. That Eleanor Ames is a Junior Leaguer. They don't call her Nell. I've met her a time or two. But she got her man, the lucky stiff! If you and Red had remembered your address book, you'd have noticed her number wasn't mine. But of course I've moved a lot. I'm hard to keep track of. It was Red sent you that clipping."

"Did he—?"

"He thought it was on the level. He called me up and wished me happiness. In fact, he got off much the same sort of line you did. But I was so surprised to hear it from you. I'd about given up hope. And when I got your letter and you said you'd always loved me, well, darling, I couldn't resist playing up. I thought you'd see through that wax-doll gigolo I described as my fiancee."

"I thought he was pretty repulsive, but—your wire?"

"After your wire telling me to let sleeping lambs lie, I—well, I resolved there was one lamb who wouldn't get any more sleep! So I wired you I'd been jilted. I knew you'd come charging back to console me and protect me, and I thought when I had you here, I could—well, do my stuff. You see, Bill, I've always been wild about you, and you just wouldn't tumble. I tried everything I could think of in the old days—Oh, Bill!"

For I was crushing the breath out of her.

Well, Stew, old man, you can expect us home in about a couple of weeks. You and Mary Ellen can show us the ropes. I'm going to take Nell somewhere first for a good rest. She needs looking after, poor child.

There I go again! For as Red said—one sometimes thinks Nell can take care of herself.

Hoping you are the same, Bill. ♣

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Ankles and Feet Swollen with Rheumatism

Rheumatism sent this woman to bed with lumps, swellings, and inflammation. Yet these symptoms soon disappeared, as they always will do when the root cause is removed. This letter tells you the method she used:—

"I was taken ill with terrible rheumatic pains in my legs. They were badly inflamed, swollen, and they were partly covered with red, hard lumps. To put my foot down to the ground was agony. After I had been in bed for 16 days, suffering agony all the time, my husband said, 'You can't go on suffering like this, let us try Kruschen Salts.' He got a bottle, and almost from the first I felt benefit. Before long, I was completely relieved—swellings, inflammation, and lumps all gone—and I am up again and doing my housework."—(Mrs.) E. L.

Do you realise what causes a good deal of rheumatic pain? Nothing but sharp-edged uric acid crystals which form as the result of sluggish eliminating organs. Kruschen Salts can always be counted upon to clear those painful crystals from the system.

Now You Can Wear

FALSE TEETH

With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant alkaline powder, keeps teeth firmly set all day. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Get it today at any drug store. Accept no substitute.

There's nothing like
NUGGET
for shining your shoes



• A richer lasting lustre

• Feeds and waterproofs the leather

• Prevents cracking



228

NUGGET

There's a Nugget Shade for every shoe made



**DROP
THAT
KNIFE!**

**CORNS COME
BACK BIGGER-
UGLIER**

UNLESS REMOVED RIGHT AWAY

● Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn root and all in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use. Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.



BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. It left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mergolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mergolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mergolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mergolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

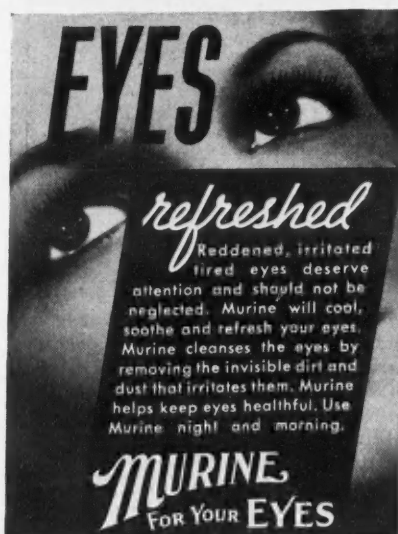
USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



EYES
refreshed

Reddened, irritated, tired eyes deserve attention and should not be neglected. Murine will cool, soothe and refresh your eyes. Murine cleanses the eyes by removing the invisible dirt and dust that irritates them. Murine helps keep eyes healthful. Use Murine night and morning.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

and in summer the newly finished third floor would become unbearably hot without some insulating material to keep the heat where it belongs. A four-inch layer of rock wool between the new finish and the old roof boarding will not be expensive, and will greatly increase the comfort of the entire house while cutting down the heating cost. Be sure to see that the insulating material extends right to the outside walls of the house, not just over the portion being refinished. Wood fibre board is another popular and inexpensive insulating material; one of its further advantages is that its pleasing texture requires no further decoration after it is erected. If the walls and ceiling are to be plastered, fireproof wallboard makes an excellent plaster base. It will give best results if used in conjunction with rockwool or some other insulating material, and its economy and fire-safe qualities have a wide appeal.

Perhaps a new dormer window or two may be necessary—if possible, place these on the south side of the house. It's impossible to get too much sun indoors in our Canadian climate, especially if the new attic is to be used for the children's playing space. And while the new dormer window is going in (it will mean cutting a pretty big hole in the present roof, anyway), why not ask the contractor what it will cost to have the shingles or other roofing material replaced on the remainder of the roof? It would be silly to pay for new decorations on the third floor if there is any chance that a leak might develop in the old roof, and reroofing is not expensive.

The new attic space will have to be heated, but any heating contractor can give an exact estimate of the cost of extending the piping for a new radiator, or running a heating duct to the third floor. The average furnace should have ample heating capacity for the slight additional load, and a new radiator costs little. The nicest part of it all is that all these improvements can be financed under the Dominion Government's Home Improvement Plan, which means that you can enjoy, right now, the convenience of a modernized attic and pay for it in moderate installments over a period of three years. ♦

In the Christmas Chatelaine

"BRITONS NEVER" . . .
by Dorothy Black

The story of an English girl who celebrated her Christmas in China, with bandits for guests.

and

"CHRISTMAS MELODY"
by Alice Maxwell

Three people in search of happiness find it in spite of themselves.

Don't Meet that New Man



UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST

If the slightest moisture is allowed to collect on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale "armhole odor" when you most want to make a good impression . . .

PRETTY CLOTHES, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you feel sure of your personal daintiness, don't meet another new man until you have made the "Armhole-Odor" Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised, as are nine out of every ten girls who carefully deodorize, to find that your dress has a stale "armhole odor." That is the way you will smell to everyone you meet!

Creams that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, are not made to stop perspiration and do not give you complete protection. Perspiration does occur after you have applied them, and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your

dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

Complete Dryness Necessary

Girls who have tried many ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that only one way is sure. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods are unreliable. They insist now upon the complete protection of Liquid Odorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use. Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm sweet, but completely dry, insuring both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of "armhole odor."

The action of Odorono is entirely harmless to the underarm skin. It simply closes the pores gently in that restricted little hollow and diverts perspiration to surfaces of the body where it can evaporate freely before it offends.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



MADE
IN
CANADA

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Ltd.
Dept. 11-Z-7, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal, Canada

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



He's a bright boy, too, but he just can't seem to keep up with other children. What is holding him back?

All too often the real trouble is the common cold. Attendance records show that colds usually cause more school absences than any other ailment—sometimes more than all other ailments combined. And that's only a part of their terrific toll.

You know how colds gets you down... physically and mentally. Then think how much worse their effect must be on your child. His grades are likely to suffer—his popularity, too. He may get a feeling of inferiority that is perhaps even more serious than the physical effects of his colds.

"What can I do?"

The question is: "What can I do about my family's colds?" The best answer seems to be indicated in the results of the world's largest clinical tests on colds.

These four winter series of tests were made under everyday living conditions. They included as subjects 17,353 people—7,031 of them school children. In the course of these tests, a total of 37 physicians and 512 nurses and supervisors took part.

The official summary of results shows not only few-

er colds and shorter colds, but actually **A saving of more than half (50.88%) in sickness from colds!** **A saving of considerably more than half (57.86%) in days lost from school because of colds!**

These results were gained by following a simple plan that any mother can easily follow in her home... Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This practical home guide represents the 30 years' experience of Vick Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with colds.

For your family

What Vicks Plan can do for you and your family may be less—or even more—than what it did for thousands of people in these scientific tests. But its splendid record in this huge colds-clinic certainly makes it well worth trying in your home.

Full details of Vicks Plan and its remarkable results come with each bottle of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL, the scientific aid in preventing many colds—and with each jar of Vicks VAPORUB, family standby for relieving colds.

To help PREVENT many Colds



Vicks VA-TRO-NOL

Just a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze.

To help END a Cold sooner



Vicks VAPORUB

Massage on throat, chest, and back. No "dosing" to upset the stomach.

THEY CALLED ME 'PIMPLES'

"PIMPLES" WOULD BE GOOD-LOOKING IF SHE'D ONLY HELP CLEAR HER SKIN WITH CUTICURA AS I DID.

...AND CUTICURA REALLY IS GOOD? CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT GIVE YOU UNMISTAKABLE RELIEF FROM PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS DUE TO EXTERNAL CAUSES.

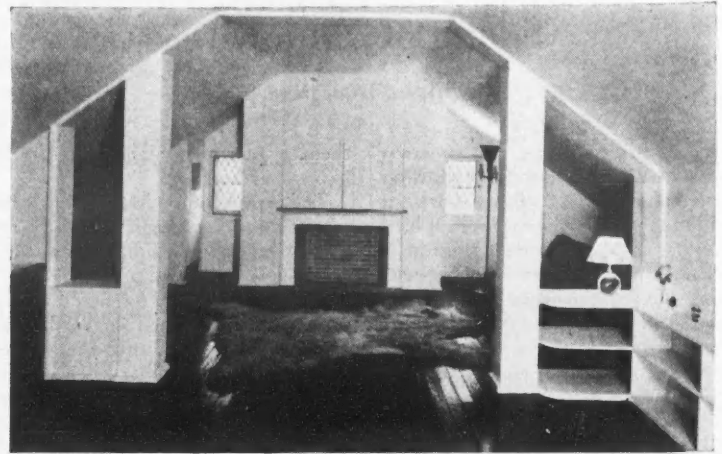
THEY CALL ME 'DOLLY' NOW—NEVER 'PIMPLE FACE'. MY SKIN IS SMOOTH, LOVELY, SOFT-LOOKING, ALL BECAUSE CUTICURA CAME TO THE RESCUE.



HELPS CLEAR AWAY BLEMISHES

Regular use of Cuticura is a quick, effective way to chase from sight red, ugly pimples due to external causes. Also relieves itching, burning of rashes, eczema and other skin and scalp irritations. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT



The fireplace alcove at the end of the Table Tennis Room, once a dusty storage room. The doors over the fireplace open to reveal a refreshment shelf, and the studio couches provide sleeping accommodation for the occasional informal guest.
—Wilkes & Fisher, Architects

Make the Attic Liveable

Perhaps you can turn the old garret into a playroom, a bedroom or a second living room

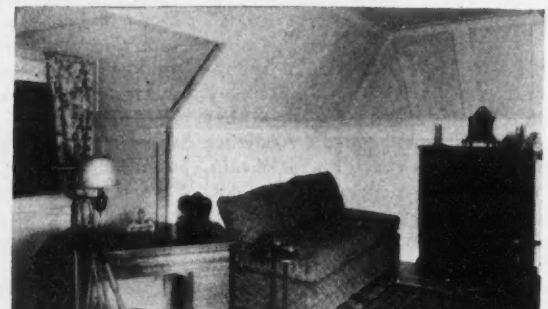
By RICHARD A. FISHER, B. Arch., M.R.A.I.C.

"LIVING in a garret" used to recall romance, and the struggles of unrecognized genius. But today the sight of a dusty, unused third floor brings different and much more practical thoughts. Of the delightful playroom for the children that could be made from it, or a sunny games room for informal adult entertaining. Or perhaps some much-needed additional bedroom space. So many thousands of our homes are badly in need of such extra accommodation, yet many a householder fails to realize that the handiest and most economical place to find it is right under his own roof.

Of course, not every attic can be modernized to provide this extra living space. In the first place, sufficient headroom is essential; a point that can easily be investigated by climbing to the attic space and seeing if it is high

enough for a proper ceiling. It must be remembered, too, that in general the "knee walls" (the vertical walls from the floor to the sloping portion of the ceiling) should be set so that they are not less than five feet high, otherwise there would be difficulty in setting furniture against them. And if the house is small, with no present means of access to the third floor, it may be difficult to find space for the new stair. However, if these difficulties do not arise (as they should not in any but the smallest houses), the problem of modernizing the attic becomes mainly one of selecting the best materials for its interior finish.

But first we must make some provision for insulation, which is more essential here than in any other place in the house. Most of our dearly-bought winter heat escapes through the attic,



The old trunk room in the attic is now a charming additional living room, walls and ceiling finished with wall-board.



A dingy, unused attic before this bright and sunny playroom. Amusing cut-outs are tacked here and there on the walls. Curtains are covered with a menagerie of animals and the linoleum rug has quaint figures. Furniture is sturdy chrome metal with homespun upholstery.



Your Child

Don't let constipation dull that happy smile. Give Steedman's Powders, the mild, gentle laxative specially made for babies and growing children. For more than 100 years Mothers everywhere have trusted Steedman's to keep children healthfully regular from infancy to early teens.

FREE Sample and Booklet

"Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal. 67

Give STEEDMAN'S
From Teething to Teens **POWDERS**
Look for the double EE symbol on each package.

The Ideal CHRISTMAS GIFT

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
make excellent and economical Christmas Gifts. They avoid clothing and linen losses at home, school, or travelling. All orders including the purchase of a tube of Cash's NO-50 Cement (for household use, and for attaching names neatly without sewing to garments) will be put up in attractive Christmas Gift Box. Order early from your dealer or **CASH'S** 17 GRIER ST., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES	3 doz. \$1.50	6 doz. \$2.00	NO-50 Cement
	9 doz. \$2.50	12 doz. \$3.00	25¢ a tube

BARGAINS!

A limited number of Gilson "Snow Bird" Demonstrator Washers. Latest Models. Refinished. Good as new. Full factory guarantee. Either Electric or Gasoline Engine. A wonderful opportunity. Less than cost. Easy terms if desired. Act quickly. Write today.

Gilson Mfg. Co., Ltd.
3103 York St., Guelph

For Baby's Tender Skin

Use this famous English Ointment—mild, pleasant and daintier than the usual Ointment.

15c and 50c

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

STOP BABY'S COLD BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

A FIREMAN will tell you big fires are little fires when they start. That's why they always hurry to put them out. Don't let your baby's little cold develop into a "big cold" or something worse. Be in a hurry to check it. Let Mrs. G., of Winona, Ont., tell you how. "I have five healthy children and used Baby's Own Tablets for all of them. When I see a cold coming on, I give the tablets and in a day or so they are quite well again. I think there is nothing better."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the cause of Baby's trouble. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given on each package.

Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, irritability, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments.

Your druggist will return your money if you are not satisfied with Baby's Own Tablets. Try them, 25 cents.

legs and knock-knees are the important deformities from this cause in children.

PREVENTION

Prevention is the keynote in the control of the diseases which cause crippling in children. If we are content to go on in the endeavor to cure or alleviate the cases of infantile paralysis and tuberculosis as they arise we shall be faced with an intolerable expense which, sooner or later, will be beyond our means. The simpler solution is to lessen, as far as possible, the numbers of cripples.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby girl is 26 months old. She weighs 23 lbs. and is 30 inches in height. She has had X-ray treatments for thymus gland. Should I continue cod-liver oil? Recently she has had a loose motion once or twice a day with a lot of gas. Her appetite is not very good. Please advise.—Mrs. M. C. F., Dunvegan, Ont.

Answer—The best appetizer for a child is outdoor life and play. The cod-liver oil should be resumed. Clear out her bowels with a dose of milk of magnesia or castor oil and give her nothing for 24 hours but orange juice and water. Then if she is all right resume ordinary diet.

Question—My baby boy was born July 5 and weighed 5½ lb. What should be his correct weight now?—Mrs. D. W., Wallacetown, Ont.

Answer—Boys usually have an average gain in weight of about 5.2 ounces per week in the first year. From this basis you will be able to calculate his weight. The average gain in the second year is 2.46 oz.

Question—My baby's cot and playpen are both painted. I am aware that this is dangerous from the viewpoint of lead poisoning. Would varnish eliminate the danger? Is a dose of castor oil beneficial in diarrhoea? When may a child have apple?—Mrs. E. R., Springdale, Nfld.

Answer—Wait and see if your child starts to eat up the cot and playpen. If so, better give them a coat of varnish. I think the danger rather remote. Castor oil is useful in diarrhoea. It is now considered old-fashioned but I still use it. Give ripe apple toward end of first year. +

A MONTHLY SERVICE—Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, who contributes these articles monthly, will answer questions to Chatelaine concerning the care of babies. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired. Free pre-natal and post-natal letters are available by writing to the Mothercraft Service of Chatelaine. These are issued by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health.

Everyone Needs GOOD LIGHT

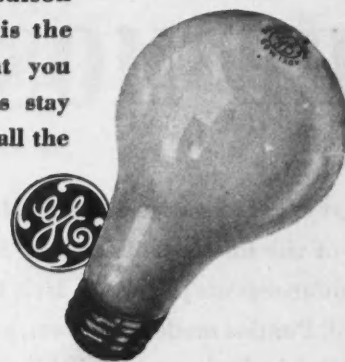


For Better Light . . . Better Sight . . . Use

EDISON MAZDA Lamps

Guard the eyes of every member of your family with abundance of good light throughout the house. At today's low prices for Edison Mazda Lamps, good light is the cheapest home improvement you can buy. These finer lamps stay brighter longer and give you all the light you pay for. Get a thrifty carton of Edison Mazda Lamps today.

MADE IN CANADA



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

"The picture of health!"

"And our baby has been bottle-fed . . . doctor recommended St. Charles Milk* from the first!"

THE same story of splendid results achieved with St. Charles. It's so easy to digest, so nourishing . . . the safest form of milk you can buy.

Purest of rich cows' milk evaporated a few hours after milking time, St. Charles is *always* extra fresh . . . encouraging sturdy growth because it is irradiated for an added supply of the important Sunshine Vitamin D. Ask your doctor about St. Charles

for your baby. He knows its purity and high quality.

Taste it! Notice how fresh it is! How like natural cream! This test will tell you why St. Charles improves your cooking . . . why it makes a creamier, more delicious drink of every cup of tea or coffee. Ask your grocer for Borden's St. Charles by name.

*Made in Canada since 1899



Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK
BETTER FOR BABIES — BETTER FOR COOKING

What a BUMP

Of course it hurts, but apply Sloan's Liniment to the bump right away and you'll be surprised how quickly the pain will be relieved.

Without painful rubbing or massaging, just by patting it on gently, Sloan's Liniment sends a soothing, penetrating warmth deep through the injured tissues and muscles and helps nature to repair the injury. That's why Sloan's is such a valuable first aid for bumps, bruises, sprains, wrenches, aches and pains. 16K

PAINS
ACHES
SPRAINS
BRUISES
STIFFNESS
SORENESS

SLOAN'S
Family LINIMENT

QUICK
RELIEF
Without
Rubbing

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. S. McCULLOUGH



GUARD AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

It's the second greatest cause of crippling

CHILDREN ARE affected by two kinds of tuberculosis.

(1) Bovine tuberculosis which comes from the milk of infected cows.

(2) The human type which is acquired by close contact, as from a tuberculous mother.

The disability is due to tuberculous infection of the bones and joints.

In children under five, about one-third of the cases infected are of the bovine type, but taking all ages together, 80 per cent of tuberculous infection is of the human type.

Affections of bones and joints appear in such forms as hipjoint or other joint inflammation which, if not fatal, results in lameness and stiff joints, or in the disabling Pott's disease of the spine, which, if recovered from, leaves the deformity of hunchback.

A large proportion of domestic cattle are infected with tuberculosis, perhaps as high as 50 per cent. In England, the proportion is 40 per cent. In Scotland it is still higher and it is particularly virulent. The effective remedy is the testing of the cattle with tuberculin and destruction of the reactors. It is an expensive business and many years must elapse before bovine tuberculosis will be weeded out.

Bovine tuberculosis may be prevented by the use of milk from tuberculin-tested cattle or more readily and cheaply by the universal pasteurization of milk.

Human tuberculosis is spread by infected milk and more especially by close contact.

Tuberculosis is a disease gained in childhood from close association with an open case of tuberculosis. Contact with the mother is the closest of all family contacts, so the tuberculous mother is the most dangerous agent in the spread of tuberculosis among her children. If a mother or other member of a family has tuberculosis, the safety of the children depends on removal of the infected person from the midst of the family. It is the most shortsighted of municipal economies to neglect this precaution. Many of these cases must depend on municipal aid. If the source of infection is not removed, there will eventually be, not one, but several indigent tuberculosis cases to be cared

for. The two great preventive measures in tuberculosis and incidentally in the prevention of crippling of children from this cause are:

(1) Pasteurization of milk.

(2) Removal of sources of infection or removal of contacts, with tuberculin testing and proper care

PASTEURIZATION OF MILK

This is the heating of milk to 142 deg. to 145 deg. Fahr., holding at this temperature for 30 minutes and immediate cooling to 40 deg. to 50 deg. Fahr., until used. Pasteurization kills the tuberculosis germs as well as the germs of other infectious diseases found in milk, without injuring the qualities of the milk.

Only the larger centres of population have complete pasteurization of milk. It is in such centres that there is a total absence of bovine tuberculosis. The City of Toronto, for example, with pasteurization since 1915, has been free from local cases of bovine tuberculosis since that date.

The provision of pasteurization of milk is dependent on the whim of municipal councils. It should be controlled as public water supplies are controlled, that is, by the Department of Health. Such control of public water supplies has served, in the period since 1910, practically to wipe out water-borne typhoid fever in Ontario. I count this as one of the major claims I have to credit in public health work in the province.

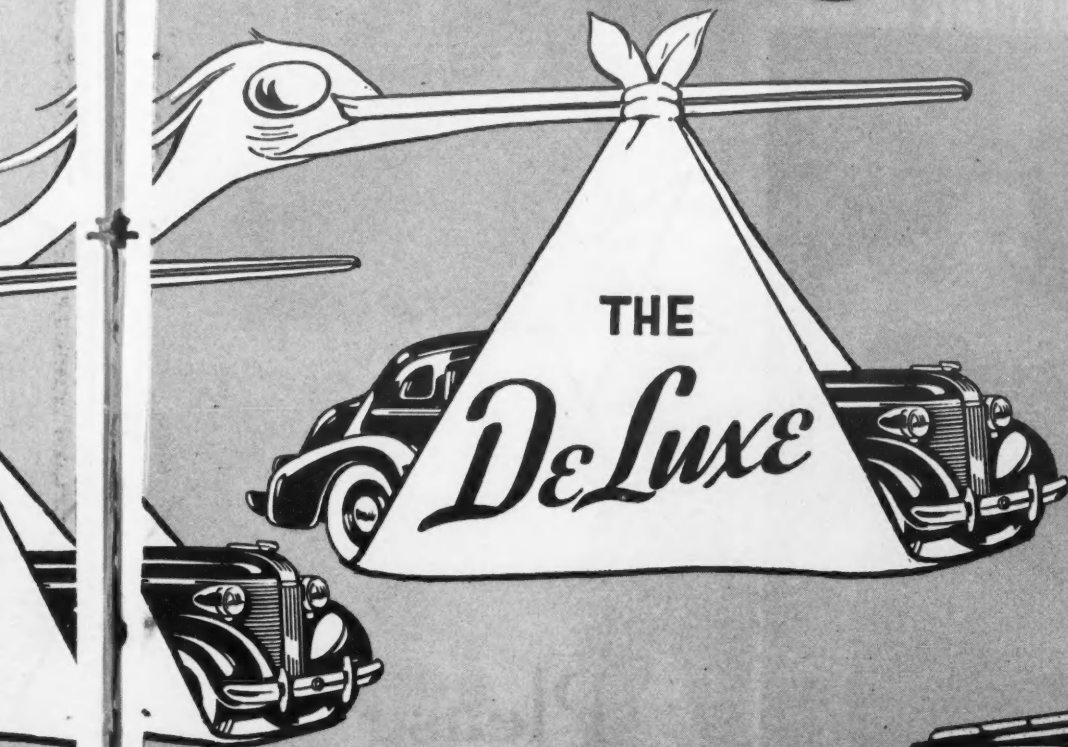
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RICKETS MAKES CRIPPLES

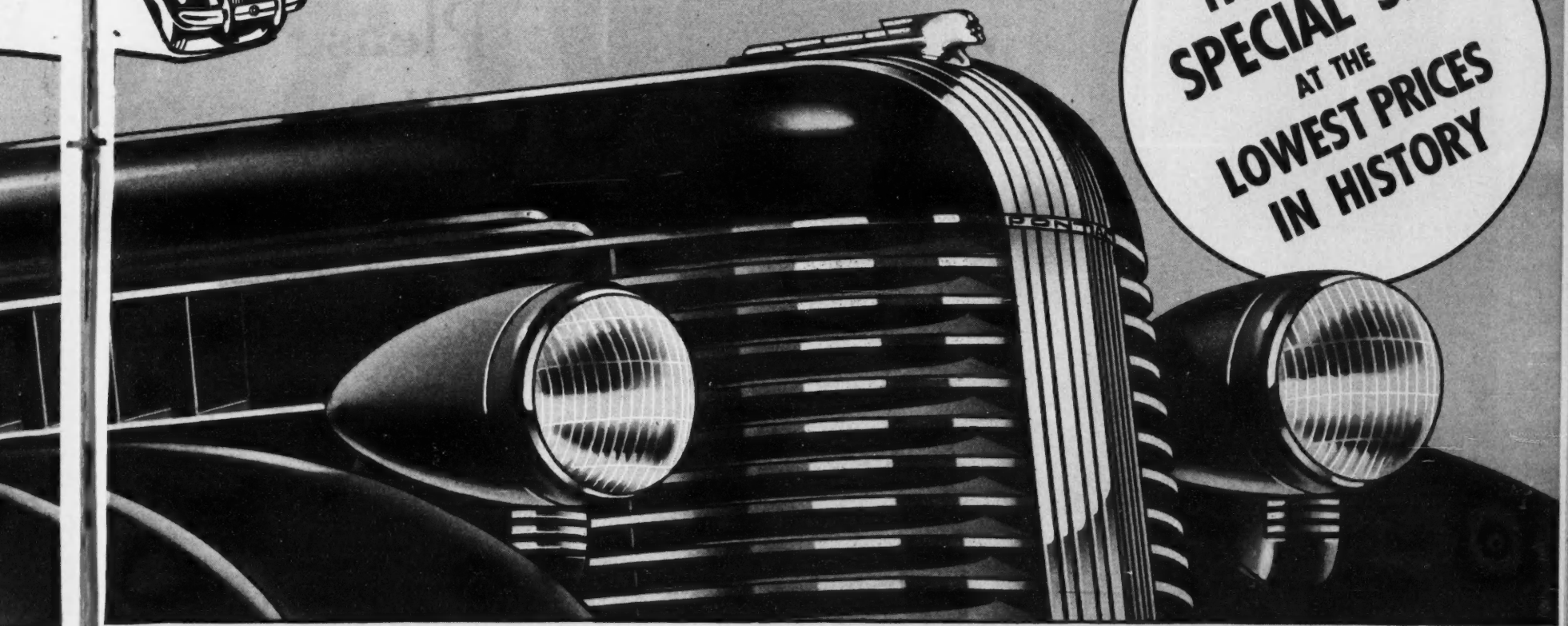
RICKETS IS another disease forming one of the minor causes of crippling. It is a disease of the bones, which begins in intra-uterine life if the mother lacks the bone-forming qualities in her food. It is caused and aggravated in infant life by the absence of the ultra-violet rays of sunlight, so that babies born in the autumn and winter, when there is less sunshine, are more liable to rickets than babies born in early spring with the summer ahead of them.

Rickets is prevented and cured by the ultra-violet light, by the use of cod-liver oil and of irradiated foods. Bow-

PONTIACS FOR 1938



THE NEW
SPECIAL SIX
AT THE
LOWEST PRICES
IN HISTORY



HEELS *Again* OUTVALUES THEM ALL!

gear-shift lever to "tangle" the legs of the middle passenger. Even the emergency brake is under the cowl. Floors are level and unobstructed, both front and rear.

Make Pontiac your next car . . . at the price you want to pay! So visit your nearest Pontiac dealer. He'll simply say—"Drive it". The car will say the rest. Ownership can be conveniently arranged through the General Motors Instalment Plan that provides monthly payments to suit your purse.

THE *Special* Combining many new and up-to-date features including new Steering-Column Gear-Shift. Wheelbase—112 Inches. Available in three body styles: Sedan, Coach and Business Coupe.

THE *DeLuxe* Newest features include Steering-Column Gear-Shift, Automatic Choke, Improved Knee-Action Ride. Wheelbase—117 Inches. Three body styles: Sedan, Coach and Sports Coupe (with Opera Seats).

TWO NEW PON



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WH

LAST YEAR, Pontiac startled Motoring Canada by announcing one of the finest Pontiacs ever built, at the lowest prices in history. Pontiac repeats for 1938! Heir to a famous fine car line are these two 1938 Pontiac models. A great, new De Luxe Six... an *All-Time High for Value*. And a new, thrifty Special Six... priced at an *All-Time Low*.

They're beauties! The sweetest buys of the year... with new, distinctive "Silver Streak" styling. A symphony of flowing lines and sweeping contours... graceful, speedline silhouettes. Both cars give

the silence, safety and riding comfort of new, Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher. Both are built in keeping with the finest engineering traditions. Both combine beauty with every worthwhile quality feature... effortless power... lightning "getaway"... responsive controls... and even greater economy!

Exclusive to all Pontiac models is the new, Steering-Column Gear-Shift. Shifting can be done with a flick of the fingers without taking a hand off the wheel. Three's never a crowd "up front". There's no



FOR READERS UNDER 8

PICTURES TO CUT OUT

In many of the schools the teacher tells the most fascinating stories about vegetables—how the precious vitamins make strength so that little boys can become real giants and little girls can grow tall and beautiful. Here's a story of Green Giant Brand Peas and Del Maiz Niblets Corn. Cut out the pictures and tell the story of the Green Giant Health Parade.

THE SUNNY
GREEN GIANT



LITTLE BOY WHO
WANTS TO GROW BIG



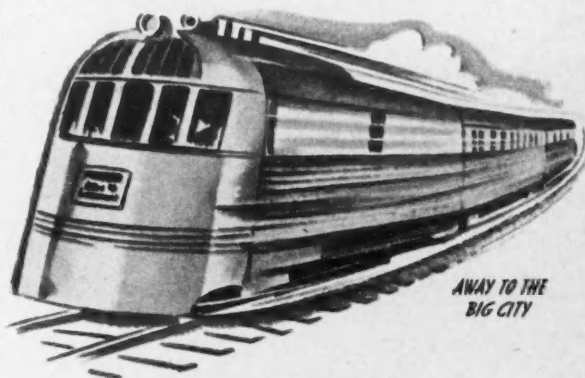
Once upon a time there was a big sunny-dispositioned Green Giant. He lived in a valley. His favorite vegetables were peas which he grew especially large and sweet and tender and Niblets corn as golden as the sun and tender as butter.

One day a little boy came into the field and said, "You have such beautiful vegetables—may I have some?" "Help yourself," said the Green Giant. "They are full of strength." The little boy grew healthier and healthier. But one day he came to the Green Giant in tears. "I must go from this beautiful valley," he said, "to live in the city. What shall I do without my beautiful big Green Giant peas and Niblets corn?"

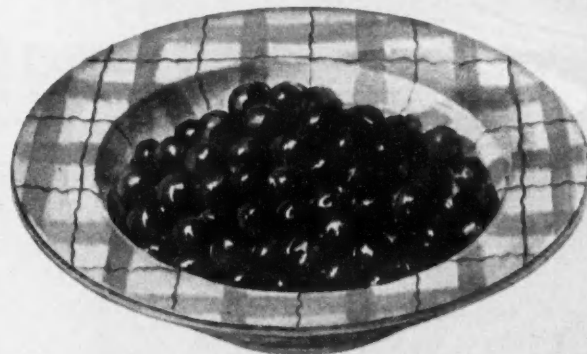
The Green Giant was perplexed for a moment. Then a radiant smile crossed his face. "Do not worry," he said. "I shall collect each day the best of them and pack them and send them to the city. I'll put my picture on the label so you can always recognize them in the store." And that is how the famous Green Giant Brand Peas and Niblets Corn came to be canned and found their way to the city.

Green Giant Brand Peas are a secret breed—peas that grow very big when they are still very young and tender and have a special flavor especially liked by children. The reason they taste so fresh is because they are packed in their shiny cans less than three hours after they come from the garden.

Del Maiz Niblets Corn—That's corn cut off the cob. But it's a special kind of corn with very tall golden kernels—very plump and meaty—very tender and juicy.



AWAY TO THE
BIG CITY



GREEN GIANT PEAS

DEL MAIZ
CORN



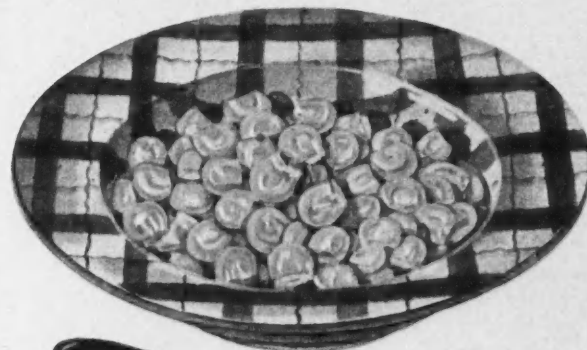
NIBLETS KERNEL



FRESH
GREEN PEAS



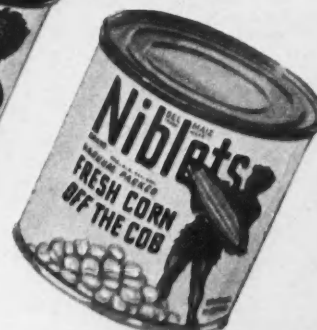
GREEN GIANT PEA



NIBLETS CORN

**GREEN GIANT
BRAND PEAS**

**NIBLETS BRAND
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Green Giant Peas . . Del Maiz Niblets Corn . .
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. . Green Giant Asparagus . . Green Giant To-
matoes . . Green Giant Tomato Juice . . Green
Giant Golden Wax Beans

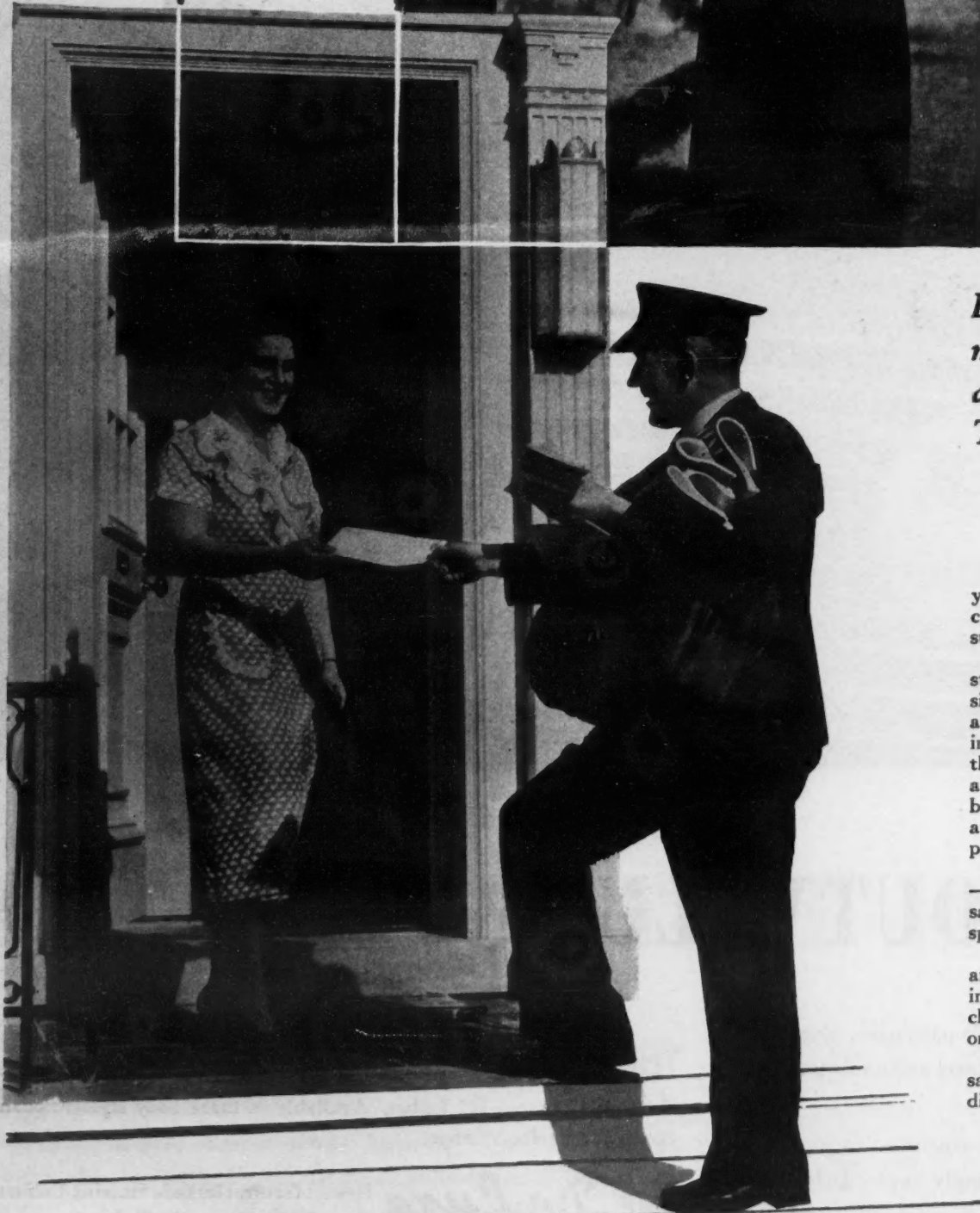
Identify by the Green Giant on the label

FINE FOODS OF CANADA, LIMITED, Toronto, Ontario
ALSO PACKERS OF GERBER'S STRAINED VEGETABLES—GROWN AND PACKED IN CANADA

CHATELAIN Housekeeping

A DEPARTMENT OF
HOME MANAGEMENT
CONDUCTED BY
HELEN G. CAMPBELL

—Photos by Milne Studios Ltd.



Please Tell Me

*Eager Questions about the newly
modernized Chatelaine kitchens
are coming from all over Canada.
The Director answers some here.*

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Question—Is it possible to buy a kitchen such as yours in the Chatelaine Institute. That is, could I get cupboards, sink and so on of the same style in sizes to suit my space?

Answer—Yes, all the cabinets and equipment are standard models. They are manufactured in various sizes and can be adapted to fit kitchens of all shapes and dimensions. The wooden upper cabinets, for instance, are made in units thirteen inches deep and thirty-six, thirty, or twenty-four inches high, to provide a range of sizes for various straight-line arrangements or building in around work centres. Several widths are available, which permit a combination to suit your particular space.

Two standard depths are used for the lower cabinets—twenty-one and twenty-five inches. They are all the same height but vary in width; for adaptability to your space requirements.

The cabinets may be purchased with enamel finish in an ivory shade or with a prime coat to be painted after installation in any color you prefer. And you have a choice of counter tops—Monel, stainless steel, linoleum or laminated hardwood.

Steel cabinets used in the Institute kitchens have the same desirable flexibility and are capable of many different arrangements. ♦ Continued on page 68

China—Courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Our Institute Director brought these far-famed Holland recipes back from the Netherlands to test in Chatelaine kitchens for you

YOU CAN'T beat the Dutch when it comes to good cooking. No one sets a finer table or knows better that simple, deliciously seasoned dishes are worth any number of airy nothings.

Before you've been to Holland, your mental picture is a medley of windmills, canals, tulips, wooden shoes and a little boy at a dyke, holding back the waters. And you won't be disappointed—unless you're looking for the young hero—for one of the charms of the country is the way it lives up to expectations. Equally endearing is the fact that it provides for your comfort and caters to your heartiest appetite, while letting you revel in the quaint and picturesque to your heart's content. Best of all, the hospitality that meets you at every turn.

Many's the traveller who calls a Dutch breakfast the best in Europe. True, a native Hollander may start the day in simple fashion with coffee, rusks or rye bread and thin slices of his beloved cheese. But you're likely to have, as we did, what would be a square meal in any language—these standbys together with eggs, ham, smoked beef, honey, jam, currant buns and other specialties. No need to go sight-seeing unfortified, though there isn't any obligation to sample everything set before you.

In other respects, the national cuisine has a definite and appetizing character. Rice, from the Dutch East Indies, is a staple and the Holland housekeeper knows how to cook it so that each grain is dry, whole and separate from its fellows. With this as a starting point, she concocts any number of tasty dishes—the curried rice casserole in our list of recipes for instance. It's simple, thrifty and good, according to the best Dutch tradition, and is offered as a supper suggestion for a winter's night. Curry, by the way, is a favorite seasoning, while nutmeg and cinnamon are used to grand effect in the most unexpected ways and places. Try the steak to prove that this inexpensive cut can be made to rank with the top-notchers.

Fish, naturally enough in a country with so much water about, is a frequent item on the bill of fare and nowhere will you find it any better. Eel soup is a specialty, while herring, plaice and other varieties come to the table prepared in many different ways.

You may taste cabbage leaves in all the countries of Europe, but the Netherlands has its own savory way of dealing with them. We give you here an adaptation of a time-honored recipe, which is good fare for simple family suppers. Then too, there's a tomato omelet to present a new version of a well-known theme.

For desserts, we offer three suggestions from recipes given to me by some Dutch friends and sampled with a smacking of lips in the Institute Kitchens. The tea tarts are something different in the nature of a short bread and provide a crusty richness that most people find delicious.

Here's a passport, gastronomically speaking, to a country whose housewives have a talent for cooking, where breakfasts are something to remember and diners proceed by delicious stages from a mellow soup to the Edam and crackers.



—Photo by Milne Studios, Ltd.

“Dutch Treats”

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

DUTCH STEAK

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Pound of round steak—
about ½-inch thick | 1 Medium onion |
| Salt and pepper | 1 Bay leaf |
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of fat | Grated nutmeg |
| | Water |

Pound the steak to flatten it, wipe both sides with a damp cloth and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt the fat in a heavy frying pan and brown the steak evenly on both sides in the hot fat. Add the onion which has been peeled and sliced thinly, the bay leaf, broken into pieces, and a generous sprinkling of nutmeg. Add a little boiling water, cover the pan and simmer slowly for one and one-half hours, adding more water, if necessary, during the cooking.

TOMATO OMELET

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 Large or 4 small eggs | ½ Cupful of tomato
puree |
| 1 Teaspoonful of sugar | |
| 1 Tablespoonful of flour | 2½ Tablespoonfuls of
butter |

Separate the egg yolks and whites and beat the yolks until light, adding the sugar during the beating. To

prepare the tomato puree, drain the juice from canned tomatoes and force the pulp through a sieve until the required amount is obtained. Combine the flour with the tomato puree, blending until the mixture is smooth, then combine with the beaten egg yolks. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the first mixture. Turn into an omelet pan in which the butter has been melted and cook over low heat until the omelet is set. Set in a moderate oven to dry the top, fold and serve at once on a hot platter. This may be seasoned to taste with salt and pepper or served with a sprinkling of powdered sugar.

CASSEROLE OF CABBAGE AND MEAT

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 Small Savoy cabbage | 3 Thin slices of bread |
| ¾ Pound of minced beef
and pork | 3 Tablespoonfuls of
melted butter |
| | Salt, pepper and grated nutmeg |

Remove the leaves from the Savoy cabbage and wash thoroughly. Cover with boiling, salted water and allow to stand over low heat for 15 or 20 minutes. Combine the minced meat with bread which has been soaked in boiling water and drained thoroughly. Add the melted butter and season to

✦ *Continued on page 70*

As Carefully Chosen as the Sunday Roast!

*New
Extra Strong
Pouring Spout*

OPENS EASILY
WITHOUT REMOVING
"CELLOPHANE"



This Deluxe Package in moisture-proof "Cellophane" contains
2 full pounds of finest quality, free-running "Windsor" Salt





EVEN if it does look good enough to find a place on the living room table. But then, of course, *this is no ordinary scrubbing brush*—this is one of the

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and is smartly styled and finished in gleaming ivory enamel, with finest quality white patent fibre bristles designed for cleaning modern surfaces . . . tiles, linoleums, etc.

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Available also at extra cost in smart Ivory enamel, Mirror front Wall Cabinet fitted for Brushes.

Other Simms-Set household brushes, brooms, mops, etc., styled to match the Simms-Set Kitchen Brushes may be obtained from your dealer.

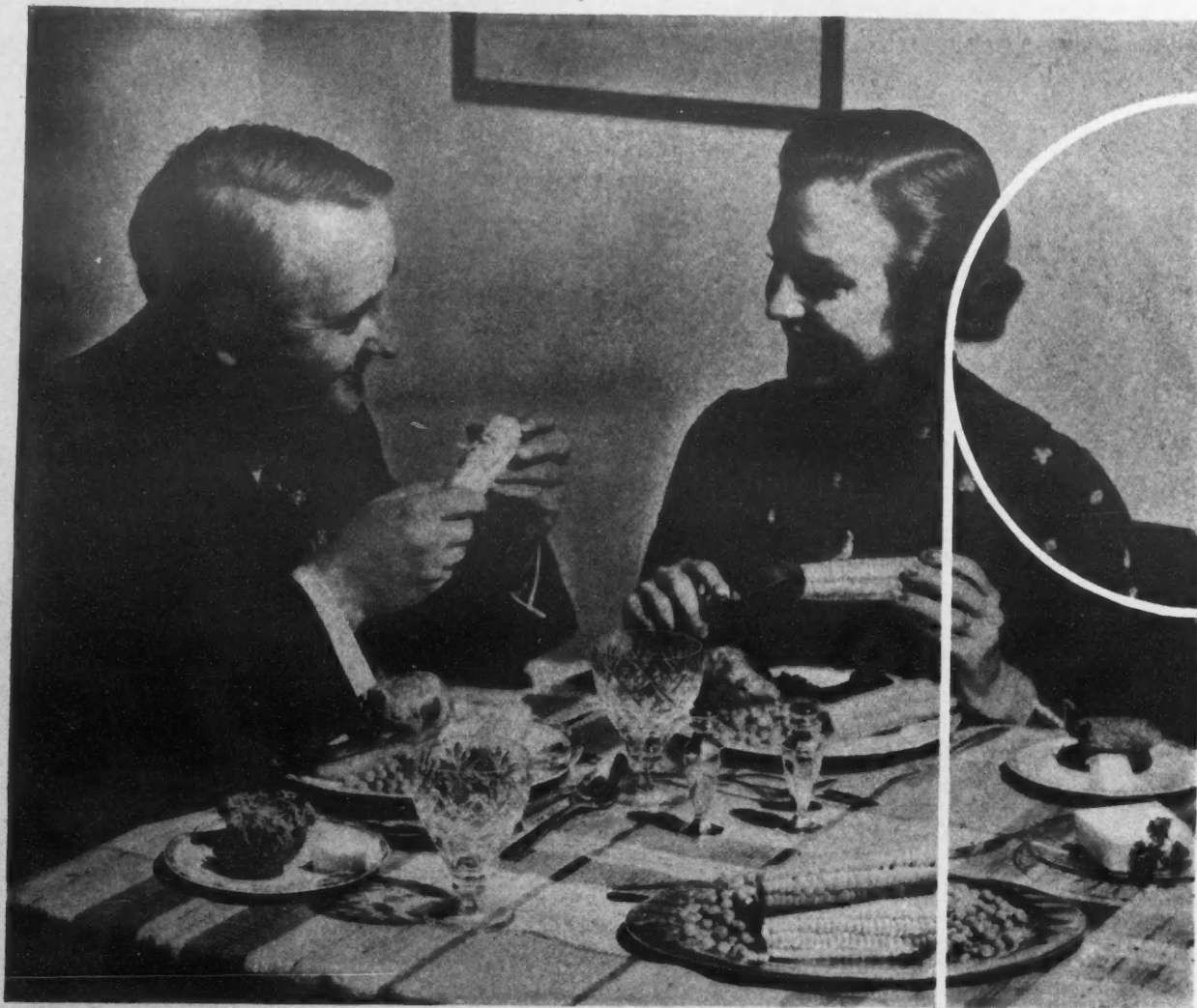


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MADE BY

T. S. SIMMS & CO., LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N.B.

—Photos by Milne Studios, Limited



Corn, the Year Round

A short season specialty becomes available any time

WHAT HAGGIS is to the Scots or macaroni to Mussolini, corn-on-the-cob is to Canadians. It's a specialty of our cuisine that has turned many a visiting foreigner's doubt and amazement into the most enthusiastic approval. Trouble was, our style was a bit cramped, because we had only a few weeks of each year to impress people. Which, come to think of it, may be one reason why there are any great open spaces left in the country.

Thank goodness, that condition has changed; the canning industry to the rescue! It has made a seasonal delicacy into an all-year-round one and now August's finest offering is available from then on. Without, mind you, any sacrifice of flavor, freshness or food value, for the canned product has all the good qualities with which nature endowed it. The canners have seen to that and furthermore, they have assisted nature to produce something superlative in the corn line. By crossbreeding of good varieties and by scientific cultivation, they've developed a small, shapely cob with exceptionally sweet, juicy kernels, which is a de luxe edition of the ordinary product and a delicious addition to any table. Then at the moment it reaches its prime, it is picked, packed—with no time lost—and processed in canneries located on the spot—a strategic move to capture the maximum of perfection as regards flavor and succulence.

Corn, you know, is a very perishable food and deteriorates speedily if it has to stand around waiting to be cooked, which explains why the canned product

is even better than what you may buy in the husks at varying stages of ripeness and no way of telling how long it has been picked. So, because the time element is so important and because canned corn-on-the-cob is fresher than the fresh variety, it is due to make an even greater name for itself, as well as for the housekeeper who serves it. It scores, too, in the matter of good looks and neatness, for it's standardized, to a convenient size, with plump kernels in even rows inviting your teeth.

Preparation for the table requires only a few minutes and next to no effort at all. Read the directions on the container, for the manufacturer knows what he's talking about when he tells you not to overcook it. All it really needs is thorough heating, which can be accomplished in three or four minutes in boiling water. Don't go on the principle that if a little cooking is a good thing, a little more is better, for this is one way to spoil the best effect in flavor and texture. Correct timing, that's the thing, even in the pot.

Though it's hard to beat buttered and salted corn-on-the-cob as the main dish of a luncheon or supper, it fits appropriately into almost any or every other menu for these two meals. It harmonizes with other vegetables and with fish, flesh or fowl of all sorts and descriptions. And often it makes a whale of a difference in the enjoyment of the whole course. Take the vegetable plate or platter dinner, for instance, a meal that has been growing in popularity ever since we came to realize the

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

beneficial qualities of these foods, and got over the old idea of cooking the stuffing out of them. Corn-on-the-cob is a fine addition to any number of possible combinations, giving that color contrast and variety of form and texture which are important features of appetizing arrangements.

Just to prove our point, we suggest two meals on this order, which not only look attractive on the plate but are delicious and satisfying; you'll see for yourself when you come to try them. The first one has a green, white, red and yellow scheme and provides a nice balance of the bland and piquant, while the second is a different but equally successful variation. Each of them begins with an appetizer and is topped off with a dessert of the heartier kind.

Oxtail Soup	
Baked Peppers Stuffed with Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce	
Creamed Cauliflower	Diced Buttered Beets
Corn-on-the-Cob	
Steamed Fruit Pudding	Lemon Sauce Beverage

Oyster Cocktail	
Duchess Potato Rings with Green Peas	
Scalloped Tomatoes	Braised Celery Corn-on-the-Cob
Fresh Pumpkin Pie with Cream Cheese	
Beverage	Continued on page 68

HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME

● He's a honey now—tall for his age—plump—lovely to look at, delightful to cuddle. What he will be when he is fully grown depends greatly upon the care he gets now—especially his diet.

Thank goodness it's no longer necessary for mothers to gamble on run-of-market vegetables, soups, fruits and cereal. All 11 kinds of Heinz Strained Foods are indeed "just what the doctor ordered," in purity, taste and texture. The ingredients are rushed from gardens to the Heinz kitchens. Their freshness is always beyond question. They are cooked and tinned in their own juices—all in the absence of air. Home cooking methods permit much valuable vitamin content to go up in steam. Heinz processes keep in the precious vitamins and mineral salts baby needs.

Babies love Heinz Strained Foods for their natural colour, flavour and their smooth, creamy texture—and for their day to day uniformity. And what babies *like* they thrive on. Mothers like Heinz Strained Foods because they save many a half day of cooking and straining. Also, they like the double assurance vouchsafed by the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association Council on Foods and the famous Heinz 57 trademark—world-accepted symbol of purity and flavour. And, of course, all mothers realize that it's always cheaper to pay a little more for something better—especially when baby's food is concerned.

Send for the Heinz book, "What Shall I Feed My Baby?". A highly informative, understandable, practical book about baby's diet—sent free to mothers, doctors, nurses, with a sample of Heinz Strained Foods. Mention your dealer's name and address. H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C1, Toronto.

11 KINDS—Strained Vegetable Soup, Strained Carrots, Strained Apricots and Applesauce, Strained Prunes, Strained Spinach, Strained Peas, Strained Beets, Strained Green Beans, Strained Mixed Greens, Strained Tomatoes, Strained Cereal.

57

Thirty Menus for November

Meals of the Month



1 BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Cereal Jam
Toast Coffee Tea

2 Stewed Prunes
Scrambled Eggs with Parsley
Coffee Toast Tea

3 Tomato Juice
Cereal
Warm Bran Muffins (from Tuesday)
Coffee Marmalade Tea

4 Apple Sauce
French Toast with Syrup
Coffee Tea

5 Grapefruit Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

6 Cereal with Chopped Dates
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

7 (Sunday) Grapefruit and Orange Cup
Ham and Eggs
Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea

8 Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

9 Orange Juice
Cereal
Bacon Coffee Toast Tea

10 Stewed Apples
Codfish Cakes
Toast Coffee Conserve Tea

11 Cereal with Diced Figs
Cornmeal Muffins
Coffee Honey Tea

12 Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea

13 Orange Halves
Pancakes
Coffee Syrup Tea

14 (Sunday) Grape Juice with Lemon
Grilled Small Sausages
Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea

15 Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

Asparagus Soup
Fried Egg Sandwiches
Canned Raspberries
Tea Cookies Cocoa

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce
Head Lettuce Salad
Bran Muffins
Tea Honey Cocoa

Salmon Loaf
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Celery
Tea Baked Cup Custards Cocoa

Canned Corn on the Cob
Grated Raw Vegetable Salad
Tea Butter Tarts Coffee

Cream of Onion Soup
Crackers
Apple, Date and Nut Salad
Tea Cheese Cocoa

Bacon Baked Potatoes
Pickles
Canned Cherries
Tea Cake Cocoa

Scalloped Oysters
Hard Brown Rolls
Jellied Grapes
Tea Cake Cocoa

Cold Roast Beef
Fried Potatoes
Apple Sauce
Tea Mustard Pickles Cookies Cocoa

Barley Broth
Cabbage and Peanut Salad
Hot Biscuits
Tea Jam Cocoa

Kidney Stew with Steamed Rice
Sliced Oranges and Coconut
Tea Sweet Biscuits Cocoa

Cheese Omelet
Lettuce Salad with Dressing
Tea Iced Layer Cake Cocoa

Canned Asparagus on Toast
with Asparagus Soup Sauce
Tea Pear and Grape Salad Cake Cocoa

Sliced Corned Beef
Potato Salad
Tea Stewed Apricots Cocoa

Chicken Soup
Jellied Vegetable Salad
Tea Finger Rolls Chocolate Cream Puffs Cocoa

Boston Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Tea Canned Peaches Ginger Cookies Cocoa

DINNER

Swiss Steak
Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Bread Pudding with Raisins
Coffee Tea

Roast of Pork
Browned Potatoes
Creamed Peas
Apple Betty Lemon Sauce
Coffee Tea

Consommé
Cold Roast Pork
Baked Sweet Potatoes Spinach
Pineapple Rice Mold
Coffee Tea

Liver and Fried Onions
Creamed Potatoes
Boiled Cabbage
Diced Oranges and Bananas
Whipped Cream
Coffee Tea

Scalloped Codfish
Browned Potato Cakes
Harvard Beets
Prune and Apricot Pie
Coffee Tea

Veal Stew
Buttered Noodles
Green Beans
Blanquette with Red Jelly
Coffee Tea

Clear Tomato Soup
Rolled Roast of Beef
Mashed Potatoes
Ice Cream Brussels Sprouts
Chocolate Sauce
Coffee Tea

(Vegetable Plate)
Spanish Rice
Baked Squash Green Peas
Creamed Celery
Steamed Fruit Pudding
Hard Sauce
Coffee Tea

Meat Loaf
Brown Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Fruit Trifle
Coffee Corn Tea

Scotch Broth
Cold Sliced Meat Loaf
Scalloped Potatoes
Carrots
Gingerbread
Marshmallow Sauce
Coffee Tea

Loin Lamb Chops
Mashed Potatoes
Boiled Sliced Onions
Butterscotch Pudding
Coffee with Chopped Nuts Tea

Fillet of Smoked Haddock
Cooked in Milk
Duchess Potatoes
Spinach
Apple Tapioca
Coffee Tea

Grilled Fresh Ham
French-fried Potatoes
Buttered Parsnips
Banana Shortcake
Coffee Tea

Sirloin Steak
with Mushrooms
Parsley Potatoes
Cauliflower
Apricot Whip
Coffee Wafers Tea

Hamburger and Onions
Baked Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Pumpkin Pie
Coffee Tea

16 BREAKFAST

Oranges
Cereal
Scrambled Eggs
Toast
Coffee Tea

17 Grape Juice
Bread and Hot Milk
Whole Wheat Muffins
Coffee Jelly Tea

18 Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Grilled Bacon
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

19 Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Toast and Marmalade
Coffee Tea

20 Orange Juice
Cereal
Brown Toast
Coffee Honey Tea

21 (Sunday) Bowl of Fruits
Cereal
Grilled Kidneys
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

22 Cereal with Raisins
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea

23 Grapefruit Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

24 Stewed Apricots
Grilled Sausages
Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea

25 Orange Halves
Cereal
Bacon Coffee Toast Tea

26 Pineapple Juice
Cereal
Warm Johnny Cake
Coffee Jelly Tea

27 Tomato Juice
French Toast
Coffee Syrup Tea

28 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit
Cereal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee Conserve Tea

29 Orange Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

30 Sliced Bananas
Waffles and Syrup
Coffee Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

Pea Soup
Crackers
Toasted Cheese and Bacon Fingers
Tea Lemon Tarts Cocoa

Corned Beef Hash
Relish Pickle
Diced Pineapple, Celery and Nut Salad
Tea Cocoa

Scalloped Corn with Sausages
Brown Bread
Tea Stewed Prunes Cocoa

Grilled Smoked Kippers
Head Lettuce with French Dressing
Vanilla Rennet Custard
Tea Nut Cookies Cocoa

Cream of Tomato Soup
Croutons
Baked Stuffed Onions
Tea Apple Sauce Hot Biscuits Cocoa

Creamed Sea Food
in Ramekins
Celery Olives
Tea Orange Layer Cake Hot Chocolate

Mushroom Soup
Chicken and Vegetable
Bran Muffins
Tea Salad Honey Cocoa

Bacon Baked Sweet Potatoes
Ice Cream
Tea Cake Cocoa

Hot Minced Beef
Sandwiches with Brown Gravy
Mustard Pickles
Tea Mixed Fruit Salad Cocoa

Bean Soup
Grilled Sardines on Toast
with Lemon
Tea Apricots (from Wednesday) Cocoa

Spanish Omelet
Cole Slaw
Tea Canned Plums Wafers Cocoa

Pan-broiled Liver
Creamed Potatoes
Tea Pickles Sliced Bananas and Oranges Cocoa

Tomato Soup
Fried Oysters
Tea Tartar Sauce Shoe String Potatoes Pumpkin Tarts Whipped Cream Cocoa

Cold Sliced Lamb Roll
Grated Raw Vegetable Salad
Tea Apple Compote Gingersnaps Cocoa

Scalloped Canned Salmon
Hard Brown Rolls
Tea Stewed Prunes Plain Cake Cocoa

DINNER

Corned Beef
Boiled Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage
Baked Apples with Raisins
Coffee Tea

Baked Pork Chops
Browned Potato Cakes
Stewed Tomatoes
Boiled Rice
Coffee Syrup Tea

Fricassee of Veal
Buttered Noodles
Mashed Turnips
Date Cup Cakes
Brown Sugar Sauce
Coffee Tea

Oyster Stew
Crackers
Potato and Celery Salad with Hard-cooked Eggs
Lemon Bread Crumb Pudding
Tea with Cream

Braised Flank Steak
Au Gratin Potatoes
Grapefruit Sections in Lime Jelly
Tea Macaroons

Roast Stuffed Chicken
Giblet Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Glazed Parsnips
Cranberry and Banana Pie
Tea Coffee

Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Mashed Squash
Baked Coconut Custard
Coffee Tea

Vegetable Soup
Cold Roast Beef
Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding
Tea Coffee

Vegetable Plate
(Baked Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts,
Harvard Beets,
Canned Corn on the Cob)
Tea Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee

Dressed Spaghetti
Mashed Potatoes
Sauerkraut
Johnny Cake
Coffee Maple Syrup Tea

Oven-cooked Fillets of Flounder
Fennel Sauce
Savory Rice Green Beans
Tea Apple Dumplings Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee

Meat Pie
Spinach Mashed Turnips
Fruit Tapioca Pudding
Coffee Tea

Lamb Roll
Riced Potatoes
Creamed Celery
Ginger Bavarian Cream
Ice Box Wafers
Tea Coffee

Pork Chops
Lyonnais Potatoes
Butterscotch Pie
Tea Coffee

Stewed Chicken with Dumplings
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Cauliflower
Lemon Jelly Whip
Tea Wafers Coffee

the *Lingerie News* of the day!

*Knitted Daintiness—so Flattering—
and TESTED of course!*



Worn Loveliness in Soft Pastels — Contours that bespeak the Latest Line!

Women want assurance of Rayon Lingerie Quality . . . Here it is!

No more buying in the dark! Here is your guide to a TESTED* and practical kind of rayon . . . the Hallmark of Courtaulds "Quality-Control".

Beauty of styling that gives sleek figure lines—delicacy of colour—and here is the truly practical side!—Thanks to this Hallmark you'll know that this lingerie has been tested to wash and iron without the slightest injury . . . to wear and wear . . . and keep all its original colour and charm.

You would be surprised and delighted if you could see the strenuous tests that are made to prove all these qualities . . . tests that also prove seam-strength . . . tests that ensure against fraying. In short, you will be proud to wear garments that bear the Courtaulds "Quality-Control" label . . . and your budget will like them, too! Sold by leading stores from coast to coast.

Today this Hallmark is your "Shopping Guide" to fine lingerie. Soon it will identify all articles of tested rayon.

Courtaulds

"QUALITY-CONTROL"



IT'S TESTED

*All fabrics and garments bearing Courtaulds "Quality-Control" Hallmark are created of Courtaulds fine rayon yarns by leading Canadian manufacturers and tested and approved by the nationally-known Ontario Research Foundation.

A FABRIC OF COURTAULDS RAYON . . . IT'S TESTED

GOOD-BYE OLD WASHBOARD!

I'M THROUGH WITH SCRUBBING
CLOTHES FOREVER!



BANISH WASHDAY DRUDGERY, BACKACHES WITH THIS SAFE, NEW "NO-SCRUB" SOAP

OXYDOL is the laundry soap of tomorrow—brought to you today! A soap so revolutionary in conception, so astonishing in results that it is the wonder of all who try it! Developed at a cost of over \$1,000,000 by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, OXYDOL banishes back-breaking rubbing—ends unsightly washboard hands. For it soaks clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter in 15 minutes—utterly without scrubbing or boiling and the drudgery they involve!

Like millions of women, you'll be amazed when first you try it. For OXYDOL does 4 things in a way no single soap has ever done before:—

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even "extra-dirty" spots wash snowy white with a few quick rubs between the fingers. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, as proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) So safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, fresh! And hands stay soft and white.

OXYDOL is economical, too. Tests show that it will go one-third to one-half again as far as even the latest soap flakes. And, cup for cup, OXYDOL gives 25% to 60% more suds than the 3 other leading granulated soaps on the market today! Give OXYDOL a trial! See for yourself how much easier and faster your washing job goes—how much whiter your clothes come out. Get a package now! Procter & Gamble.



Please Tell Me

Continued from page 60

Question—I should like to have birch counters such as the one in Chatelaine Institute which you described. How would you keep it in good condition.

Answer—These counter tops are oil treated before they leave the factory. To preserve their attractive appearance clean at intervals of a week or two—depending on how much you use them—with a mixture of two parts turpentine to one of good quality boiled linseed oil. Once a year or so it may be advisable to give them a more thorough treatment in this way; wash with hot soapy water and clean any spots by rubbing very lightly with very fine steel wool. Dry well, then rub with hot boiled linseed oil of the best quality (2 tablespoonfuls is sufficient for a counter about six feet long). Rub this in thoroughly with a felt pad which you can get at any saddler's. Dry, and if necessary repeat once or twice until a hard smooth surface is secured.

Question—I am getting a lovely new linoleum for my kitchen floor. What is a good way to keep it looking nice?

Answer—The first point in the care of floor linoleum is to have it properly laid. A layer of felt underneath gives greater resiliency and helps prolong the life of the covering. This is pasted to the floor, then the linoleum is

cemented over it and all seams sealed with waterproof cement.

Your new linoleum will come with a protective finish applied by the manufacturer. One very satisfactory way of preserving the surface is to coat it with a very thin layer of wax and polish until hard. Avoid using too much wax or results will be disappointing; it will not harden as it should and will show footmarks. Daily care of a properly waxed floor consists of dusting with a dry mop and wiping any spots with a damp cloth. Occasional mopping with soap and water may be necessary in a kitchen where there is heavy traffic. Use a mild soap and as little water as possible. Then when it is thoroughly dry, re wax and polish.

If you prefer, the original lacquer finish of the linoleum can be restored by using any good brand of lacquer available for the purpose. Bear in mind that places which get a good deal of wear—in front of the sink and at the baking centre for instance—may require a treatment every two months or so in order to keep up appearances.

Question—What kind of wall finishes are suitable for kitchens?

Answer—Good quality paint, washable paper, tile, or linoleum are all suitable as they provide a smooth hard surface which can be kept clean with little effort.

Corn, the Year Round

Continued from page 64

If you're a meat-eating family with a leaning to roast beef, there's no better accompanying vegetable than the subject of our comments. An easy as well as a tasty dinner, when you brown potatoes in the pan with the roast and take your cobs from the can a few minutes before serving time—just long enough to heat them thoroughly. Particularly simple, when your tomato juice is seasoned and chilled ahead of time and your custard is made in the morning for evening service.

Tomato Juice
Roast of Beef Horseradish
Browned Potatoes Corn-on-the-Cob
Baked Caramel Custard
Beverage

When a baked ham graces your table, you want to do your best by it, whether it's a family dinner or a special occasion. Look over the following menu and admit you couldn't improve on it, either for color effect or fine blend of flavor; the corn, beans and cole slaw are a well-selected supporting cast for the star. It's a good Sunday dinner suggestion, but equally suitable for any day you want to put your best foot forward.

Grapefruit Juice with Lemon
Hot Baked Ham Spiced Prunes
Corn-on-the-Cob Green Beans
Old-fashioned Cole Slaw
Apple Crisp
Beverage

You won't need any apologies for the next meal. It smacks of 'way down South where cooking chicken is a high art and where corn in any form is one of the culinary traditions. Try it and see if it isn't as good a dinner as any Mammy ever set before her white folks.

Clear Soup
Chicken Fricassee Red Currant Jelly
Hot Steamed Rice Corn-on-the-Cob
Cranberry Tart Pie
Beverage

You needn't wait for Friday to serve fish; it knows no day or date and is equally good any time. Especially if you offset its blandness with some tart crisp flavor to round out the course. Any poor fish likes to keep good company, so we suggest this menu to keep a haddock happy.

Breaded Fillets of Haddock with Lemon (Oven-cooked)
Potato Chips Scalloped Tomatoes
Corn-on-the-Cob
Apricot Whip
Ice-box Cookies
Beverage

Suppers and luncheons seem to present more problems to the housekeeper than all other meals together. Why it is, I don't know, unless it's because there isn't the same pattern to go by. Anyway we've helped you out successfully, ♦ Continued on page 8"

Quick Picture Story of 1938 Plymouth

YOU MUST SEE IT! NEW LUXURY, SMOOTHNESS AND EASE OF HANDLING! TEST ITS NEW COMFORT FEATURES . . . DISCOVER ITS AMAZING ECONOMY!

IT'S A CAR ANY WOMAN WILL LOVE TO DRIVE!

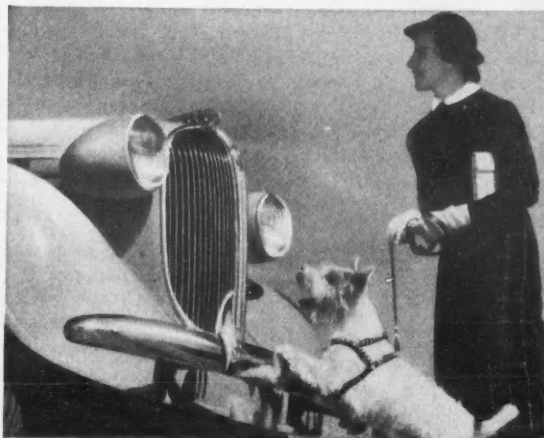
Here you see a young lady investigating the Beauty, Convenience, Roominess, Quiet, Luxury, Reliability and Economy of the great new Plymouth for 1938.

Space permits her showing you but a few of the numerous improvements Chrysler engineers have made to bring you a still finer Plymouth—a car you will be proud to own and drive, any time, any place.

The new Plymouth for 1938 is now on display at your nearest Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Go and see it today! Be sure to drive it!

[MORE CAR FOR THE MONEY]

The new 1938 Plymouth you see here is priced with the lowest! The Commercial Credit Corporation offers very convenient payment terms—through Chrysler-Plymouth dealers. You can arrange payments to fit your budget. Tune in Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m. E.S.T.



1 Look at the Gleaming New Front End of the beautiful, new 1938 Plymouth! You'll admire the new radiator. Fenders sweep clear around it. See that long hood . . . headlights are bigger and more efficient. And Plymouth's famed Floating Power engine mountings are even further improved.



2 The Lady is Holding the handbrake. It's out of the floor and under the instrument panel. Her foot will discover clutch and starter work easier. There is a big glove compartment with a new-type latch.



3 She's Saying There's Loads of Room. Seats are wide and "chair-height." Head room, leg room and elbow room are something to marvel at! See how wide those doors are. Door-pillars and the entire body are all steel . . . welded into one piece. It's big-car comfort and utmost safety you're getting—in the lowest price field!



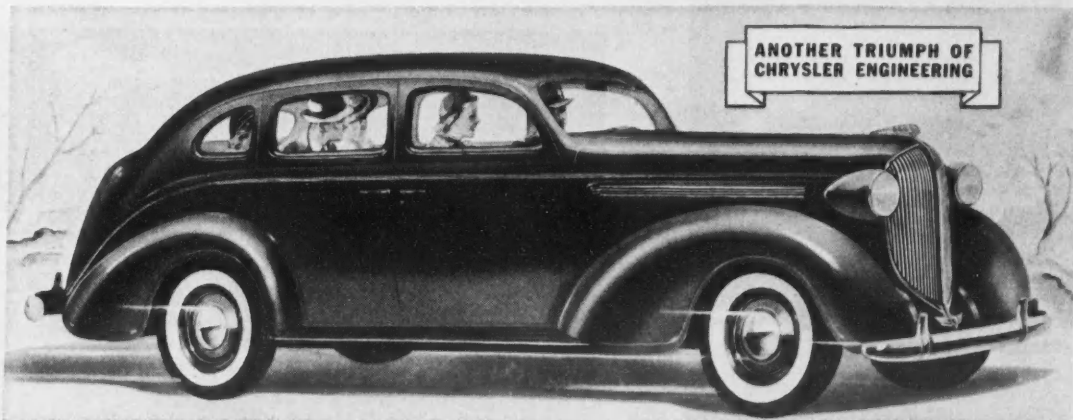
4 The Lady Listens to the tick of her watch. She can hear it easily . . . because Plymouth is five-way insulated against noise—vibration—heat and cold.



5 She Relaxes . . . and admires the lovely new upholstery he's pointing out. The big, wide seats are deep-cushioned and comfortable. The whole luxurious interior is Safety Styled throughout. Big airplane-type shock-absorbers and rubber body mountings block out nerve-racking jolts and road vibration.



6 Lift the Hood . . . and look at that 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine. It's one of the many big reasons Plymouth is so thrilling to drive yet so economical. Gas and oil bills are LOW! And you'll save on every item of upkeep!



ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF CHRYSLER ENGINEERING

7 There's Fresh Beauty in this 1938 Plymouth—and solid value throughout, from frame to finish. It's a big car with an all-steel body and rigid X-type frame. And an economical car. It keeps on saving you money . . . Plymouth owners regularly report 21 to 27 miles to

the gallon of gas . . . lowest upkeep costs. It has a high resale value because it's built to last! Today, take this big 1938 Plymouth out and put it through its paces. Find out how beautifully it handles and rides. Check what it offers you. It's priced with the lowest!

See the 1938 Plymouth

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You'd never dream these new Comfies were of wool—so silky-sleek they are to the touch, so closely do they embrace the figure, and yet they'll keep you healthy and warm in the coldest weather.

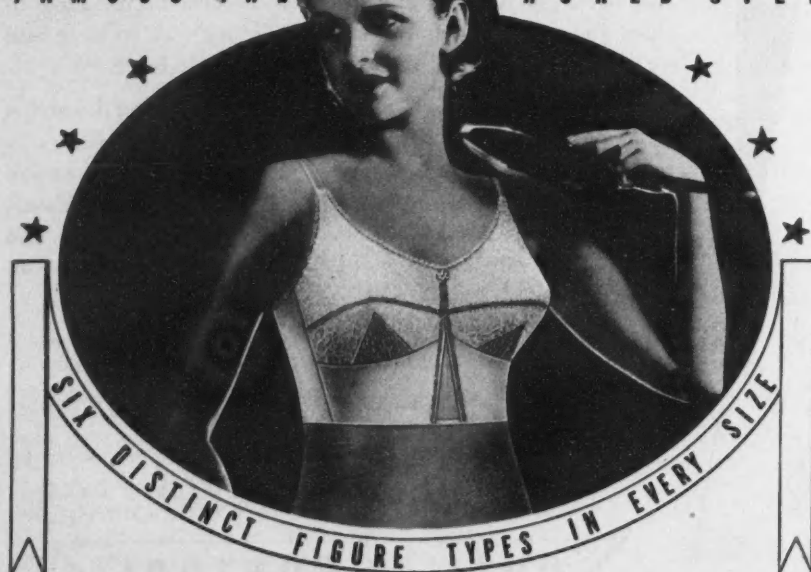
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DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED • QUEBEC, P.Q.

"Dutch Treats"

Continued from page 63

taste with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Drain the cabbage leaves thoroughly and place a layer of them in the bottom of a greased casserole. Cover with a thin layer of the meat mixture and another layer of the cabbage leaves. Repeat until the cabbage and meat are all used. Dot with butter, cover closely and place in a fairly hot oven—400 deg. Fahr. Cook for about one hour, or until a knife will cut through the mixture easily. Serve hot as a supper dish.

ZAND TAARTJES (Dutch Tea Tarts)

1 1/4 Cupfuls of sifted flour
3/4 Cupful of sifted brown
sugar
3/8 Cupful of butter

Sift the flour into a mixing bowl and combine with the sifted brown sugar. Add the butter and combine until the mixture is very smooth. Pack into buttered muffin tins having the mixture about one-half inch deep and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes.

MOKKA PUDDING

2 Teaspoonfuls of gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold
water
1/2 Cupful of hot strong
coffee
3/8 Cupful of sugar
1 Cupful of whipping
cream

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the hot coffee. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved, placing over hot water if necessary. Allow this mixture to cool and when it begins to stiffen, beat with a rotary beater until light and fold into it the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into a cold, wet mold and chill until firm.

APPLE RUSK PUDDING

6 or 7 Medium-sized apples
5 Holland rusks
Cinnamon
Sugar
Whipped cream

Wash the apples, cut in pieces and remove the cores. Cook with a little water until soft, then force through a sieve. Sweeten to taste. Roll the rusks to fine crumbs with a rolling pin and combine with cinnamon and sugar to taste. Arrange the strained apple sauce and the rusk crumbs in alternate layers in a serving dish and chill thoroughly. Top with sweetened whipped cream for serving.

SPRITZ KOEKJES (A rich cookie)

1 Cupful of butter
1 Cupful of fine granu-
lated sugar
1 Egg
2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
1/2 Teaspoonful of baking
powder

Cream the butter until light, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the two are thoroughly combined. Add the egg and beat well. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder. Add to the first mixture, blend well and drop from the tip of a teaspoon onto a baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for about 20 minutes.

DUTCH DESSERT

1 Tablespoonful of butter
3/4 Cupful of granulated
sugar
10 Blanched almonds,
chopped
1/2 Pint of whipping cream

Melt the butter, add the sugar and stir carefully over the heat until the sugar is melted and the liquid is a rich amber color. Add the chopped nuts and allow to cool and harden. Crush with a rolling pin and roll until quite fine, then fold into the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Serve chilled and piled in sherbet glasses.

EAST INDIAN CASSEROLE

1 Cupful of rice
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped
onion
1 Cupful of cubed, cooked
meat (roast beef, veal
or pork)
2 Teaspoonfuls of curry
powder
1 Cupful of meat stock,
gravy or bouillon cube
dissolved in water
Salt and pepper to taste
Buttered bread crumbs

Wash the rice thoroughly and cook in a large quantity of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse in clear water. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the chopped onion and cook until lightly browned. Add the cubed meat and the curry powder and mix well. Add the liquid and simmer for five minutes, then season to taste with salt and pepper. Combine with the cooked rice, turn into a buttered casserole and sprinkle buttered bread crumbs over the top. Place in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 20 to 25 minutes or until the crumbs are nicely browned.

IT'S A PARTY SEASON!

It's not enough these days to put on your best bib and tucker when you go to a party. Wise women are learning how to follow certain tricks in costuming which will give them an exciting distinction . . . and make the party twice as successful for them. Next month Carolyn Damon tells you the newest ideas in tricky party toggery. It will give you a new zest for enjoyment.

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Among others, the cast includes Dick Powell, Lola Lane, Frances Langford and Rosemary Lane.

As I approached, I heard screams of fury. From a stance, then, behind the camera I saw who was responsible for this uproar. It was Lola Lane.

Lola, standing before a gigantic mirror, was being fitted for an elaborate white satin evening gown, while being interviewed, stuck with pins by the fitter, annoyed by her manager to sign a contract, and answer the questions of half a dozen others. She represented a temperamental movie star, and she was living up to her role, every minute of it, with a vengeance. When the scene ended, the whole company, from grips to director, howled with laughter.

Remember Clara Bow? She was known as the "It Girl," and to this very day that term still is applied to her.

Capitalizing on this, Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, opened a smart cafe the other day, in Hollywood, calling it the It Cafe. Highly modern in all its appointments, it promises to be one of the popular rendezvous for the fashionable film crowd.

Clara has changed little since she left the screen several years ago. We chatted the opening night, and she was heartily welcomed by the luminaries in attendance. She has retained that exciting presence that marked her appearance previously, and she still owns that perfect sense of humor.

Eleanor Powell may rightfully call herself the most-kissed-in-the-shortest-time-girl in Hollywood. With my customary good luck I happened to be on the set the day Eleanor finished a big chorus number in "Rosalie," in which two hundred chorus boys accompanied her in her paces.

"What d'you think would be nice to give the boys?" she asked one of them. A moment later, all two hundred lined up, each with puckered lips.

You're right—a kiss was suggested, and Eleanor went down that line kissing every one of those two hundred happy lads. With my customary bad luck, though, I wasn't in costume; so, though I raced down to the end of the line, I'm sorry to report that nothing happened . . . to me.

See you next month! ♦



Eleanor Powell, dancing star, kissed two hundred chorus boys the other day as a reward for their work in a scene.



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Patterns

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What's Going On In Hollywood

About some New Pictures, New Stars and New Marrieds

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

EVERY ONCE in a while I hear something that—lapsing into Hollywood idiom—warms the cockles of my heart.

I was to interview the Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby. Only Bobby, with his mother, showed up.

"Billy," apologized Mrs. Mauch,

"The Prince and the Pauper." Because he felt that Bobby wasn't getting as great a break as he in the new film he wanted the studio to build up his brother's part, equal to his own. The Mauchs are like that, they're totally unselfish, and always thinking of the other.

I've been watching "Tovarich" in the making.

Ordinarily, a studio stage is fairly cool. This was an exception—perspiration continually was ruining the make-up of the players, and before I left I noticed Anita Louise applying pieces of ice to her wrists.

There in front of the cameras sat Claudette Colbert, dressed in the black of a maid-servant. "Tovarich," as you probably know, is the picturization of the famous play that has met with such remarkable success during the past season wherever it played.

Plunking a guitar—and looking utterly charming—the star was chanting an old Russian melody, while Anita Louise poured cocktails for Charles Boyer and another who engaged in a fencing bout. The setting was a sumptuous boudoir, but the action was entirely incongruous, to fit the setting. That, I may add, is one of the reasons why this picture should be so outstanding—there is nothing reasonable about either the action or the acting.

Claudette really sings beautifully. There is a quality about her voice hauntingly appealing.

QUITE OF a different metier was the action on the "Hollywood Hotel" set. This is the picture made from the radio program which emanates from Hollywood every Friday evening.



Lola Lane puts plenty into her portrayal of a temperamental movie star in "Hollywood Hotel."

"will be a little late. He had to drop by the front office for a moment."

What the mother did not explain, though, was the fact that young Billy, only twelve, had taken upon himself the task of going to the studio head and complaining that his brother didn't have enough to do in "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the picture which follows their appearance in



Clara Bow and her husband, Rex Bell, at the opening of their "IT CAFE" (remember, Clara was the IT girl) for Hollywood luminaries.

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a quarter of land. So the cattle must be killed or sold and our hopes must die too, in that direction.

There are accusations against us that we squander our relief. There may be a few cases of this. I know there are always those who "swear falsely," but the real prairie farmer is not a cheat or a swindler. He is a prince, a man of the soil, a man who has hoed his bitter, lonely row year after year—hoping, watching, waiting, going without.

Life savings have been used up, insurance drawn on, little nest eggs brought out and spent, clothes made over, dresses turned upside down, quilts sewn from old suits, rugs made from old underwear, tablecloths and underclothing fashioned out of flour sacks. Relatives from the east and west and south have sent bales of half-worn clothes that have been eagerly and thankfully received. I have stood amazed at what some of the women have done to keep off relief.

But we've reached the end of our tether now; there are no reserves, no resources left.

The land is all right—the good lovely earth clean from its baptism of fire, purged by the wind and sun. All we need is rain . . . and it doesn't come.

Tonight the wind is still for once. A group of little children are playing under the street light at the corner. Little Jimmy started to school today, with a new reader, two scribbles and a shining face. His mother watched him trudge gaily down the narrow sidewalk, the last of her seven to go. She waved to him at the corner, then turned and went quickly into the house.

And so they play under the light in the evening, happy as clams, running down the deserted street, a dozen of

them, yelling like Indians, waving sticks, disappearing into the shadows behind the old livery barn.

WE'LL PULL through—what's left of us. There has been drought before. But we'll never be the same again—the price of it has been too high. The smiling courage is gone. We're old from living. We'll never look ahead again with the same joyful faith. We won't count on the crops like we did. We'll be tight and hard to deal with. The west has had her fling. We're middle-aged. We'll move out as soon as the crops come again, and leave the land we homesteaded, for younger folk.

Hundreds of farms have been abandoned; thousands of acres will go back to pasture (it should never have been anything else). New people will come in, new homes spring up. Drifted fields will be levelled and sown again, old wells reclaimed, old buildings rebuilt. But it won't be us. We've had our day and it was beautiful while it lasted. The morning and the evening were gracious; season followed season in their splendid course, rainbows of promise shone against the radiant sky . . . the world was ours for the taking, we were her pioneers.

O drifting soil and fields left desolate,
O barren waste of my dear prairie land,
I mourn with tears the sadness of thy fate.
O dead brown earth with wind incessant fanned—
Thy poet who so loves thee here alone
Singing with tears the sorrow of her own. +

The King's Daughters

Continued from page 22

children were by no means confined to their own particular premises. Their mother's large sitting room on the ground floor, opening into the little private garden round which they could ride their bicycles, showed many signs of their constant invasion. Queen Elizabeth is no believer in a stated "Children's Hour."

In this room there were always toys to be seen, among them the two scarlet brushes and dustpans with which every morning the two little Princesses used assiduously to sweep the thick pile carpet; this rite being one of the most enjoyed in their daily routine.

Farther downstairs another domain exercised great charm—the huge kitchen, bright with burnished copper. Here they were welcomed by Mrs. MacDonald ("Golly" to them), who had presided over these regions since before Princess Elizabeth was born. Sometimes they came to learn cooking, Princess Elizabeth seriously, Princess Margaret Rose not so very seriously.

And from every floor in this large house, familiar and friendly faces smiled on the two children. An especially devoted slave is the lady's-maid, Miss McLean, who came to Queen Elizabeth when she was nine years old. "Katta," as the Princesses call her, can tell them stories of their mother's childhood, and is extremely

clever at making clothes for Princess Margaret's favorite doll, Belinda.

Though she looks wonderfully young to be presiding over a second generation, Mrs. Knight ("Alah" is her nickname), having previously been their mother's Nannie, may be said to deserve the title of a Grand-Nannie! Serene, humorous, wise and gently firm, she is the ideal High Priestess of the nursery.

Directly you entered this thoroughly lived-in-house, you felt conscious of its happy atmosphere which seemed to pervade each room, and every member of the household was devoted to the two little Princesses who have always been brought up to be particularly considerate to everyone in their parents' service.

A particular friend of Princess Elizabeth is the clock-winder who, on his weekly visits, she rightly thinks will be interested to hear her very latest news. She usually greets him with little items of information, such as: "I've got a new nursery-maid, and if you come to the window you will be able to see her in the garden."

"Such lovely ladies to dinner last night, but mummie was the beautifullest of them all! She had on a lovely flowery dress."

"The policeman outside is wearing a newstirrup," etc. + Cont'd on next page

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"The Seven Poor Travellers"
CHAS. DICKENS

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Drought

Continued from page 18

for them in town and no one can afford to hire help, so there you are!

A little neighbor girl had tried every house in town to see if she could work for her board and take grade twelve, but everyone turned her down. They can't feed their own, let alone anyone else.

She came to me tearfully at last and said "I wish someone would come to town with six hundred kids. They'd have to have help then and I'd get a job. I'm just dying to work so I can get through this year." But I guess she'll go on waiting, for no one can afford to feed one more these times.

Half of our little village of Briercrest burned up one night this summer. Some day it was accidental, some say it wasn't. Well, it's gone anyway, with only blackened cinders and ashes now where there once was a fine street. My father had the first store there. Money flowed in like water, goods went out over the counter in bales and boxes, everyone was rich . . . the world was at the morn.

I HAVE read in the papers that people in other provinces are sick of the Saskatchewan drought. We're sick of it too. Sick to death of the heat, belching in your face like an oven, sick of the drifted soil, the bare fields, the dust in your eyes.

Thousands and thousands have hay fever or dust fever. I was at a meeting recently where more than half the women had dust fever; their faces were swollen and red and broken out, but they'd blow their noses in unison, in duets and trios and choruses and laugh about it. That's their saving grace. They can still laugh about it, bless their gay, brave hearts. It takes courage to fight battles and they have it—a shining, steady courage that has not dimmed or soured or grown mean in nine hopeless years.

Perhaps they cry at home—I know they do—cry over shabby children and poor food and dead gardens. But they don't cry when they are out. They don the shining armor of crusaders when they go to town or to visit a neighbor, and comfort each other and assure themselves that next year the drought will be over.

There are hundreds of small children here who do not know what rain is. My brother's little girl, who is five, came running into the house in terror one day, threw herself at her mother and clung to her skirt. The mother said, "Why, baby, what has frightened you so?" "Oh," the child screamed, "water is coming out of the sky." And it was, sure enough—a little spattering shower that barely laid the dust. "Water coming out of the sky."

The farmers even joke about the clouds now, the scattered clouds that scud across the sky as if in haste to be gone from this stricken land. They'll point to them and say, jokingly, "Empties going back."

IT SEEMS hopeless now. We tried to raise a few more cattle even with an ever-present water shortage, but now there is no feed and the long-suffering government can only allow two cows to

CHATELAIN, NOVEMBER, 1937



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"Yes!" they cried gleefully. "Isn't it funny?"

It must be admitted that Princess Margaret is not very easy to curtsy to. It is rather like trying to get on to formal terms with a little puff of thistledown. To begin with, her entry into the room is apt to be delightfully unceremonious.

First a tiny, tilted face peers round-eyed through the door. Then, having decided to be gracious, the little Princess flings her arms right up over her head and, as though blown forward by a gust of wind, tears across the room toward the visitor, evidently expecting to be picked up as soon as she reaches her goal. And then, just at the critical moment, she is apt to upset the precarious balance of the curtsier by a disconcertingly sudden kiss, after which she throws back her head, and releases peal after peal of ringing laughter.

Her manner of speeding the parting guest is as charmingly unceremonious as her greeting. While her elder sister, after ringing for the footman to "show you out," courteously escorts you to the very foot of the stairs, Princess Margaret engagingly cooing, "Must you go? Well, come back again soon," sits smiling on the floor, her little legs dangling through the banisters.

In spite of her natural dignity and sense of decorum, it must not for one moment be supposed that Princess Elizabeth is by any means a staid child. I should indeed be sorry if I were not able to report an occasional lapse in the correctness of her behavior. Here are two instances of slight digressions from the narrow path of the strictest etiquette.

Once when a battalion of Territorials was being inspected, Princess Elizabeth and a contemporary cousin took up their position on the top of a wall, past which the soldiers slowly filed—a very lengthy process. Afterward some grown-up people, a little surprised as well as pleased by the long immobility and silence of the two children, enquired what they had found to do to keep them quiet for so long a time.

"Oh!" blithely answered Princess Elizabeth. "We were seeing what were the very ugliest faces we could make at the nice soldiers as they went past!"

Another instance of slightly unorthodox behavior was when, at the age of five, she made the delightful discovery that each time she passed the tall sentry in his little wooden box outside Buckingham Palace he unfailingly and with the most gratifying clatter, promptly presented arms. Irresistible! So backward and forward Her Royal Highness went like a little penny steamer. To and fro at shorter and shorter intervals, passing and repassing the sentry-box again and again. And the giant Guardsman, entering into the spirit of the game, smartly slapped the butt of his rifle and presented arms every few seconds until his heavy rifle was quite hot and his face nearly as red as his tunic.

If this performance was taking unfair advantage of her position as a Princess, no one enjoyed the abuse of a privilege more than its victim.

"It is only its play," is an apology often made for an over-frisky pony. Just occasionally a similar explanation is offered in defense of Princess Margaret's ♦ Continued on page 80



*The Charm of
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I THINK WE
WOMEN OUGHT
TO GIVE THE MAKERS
OF SUNLIGHT SOAP
A MEDAL.... THE
SUDS COME SO
QUICKLY AND DO SUCH
FINE WORK I JUST
DON'T MIND WASHING
AT ALL... AND MY HANDS
ACTUALLY LOOK BETTER
AFTER A SUNLIGHT
WASHDAY.... IT'S
GRAND SOAP.



EACH AUGUST of the Princesses' lives has been spent in their mother's home at Glamis. Their appreciation of this famous place is such that in almost their favorite "Let's Pretend" game the Queen's sofa in 145, Piccadilly, used to be converted into the night-express that roared and rattled them up to Angus.

Eyes and ears accustomed to the crowds and din of a London July must find the remoteness and muffled silence of Glamis a wonderful contrast. To a child's imagination, one can scarcely conceive any setting more impressive than this huge castle with all its battlements, turrets, legends and ghosts. Here the very air seems thick with tradition, the present almost overshadowed by the past.

Christmas each year was spent at Sandringham and kept up with the fullest possible rites; in the morning all the thrills of bulging stockings and crackling tissue paper; and in the evening, decorated for the Princesses by Queen Mary, a tall glittering tree to make their shining eyes widen with rapture.

Windsor Castle is the ideal palace of a child's dream. No fairy story could possibly improve on its ramparts, battlements and turrets.

Of the splendors of Windsor Forest everyone knows. Reining in their ponies on the small beech-clad hill on the fringe of the park, the two little daughters of the King can see between the soaring stems of the beeches and over the squat, hoary oaks and the glades of bracken, their father's great castle rising far beyond, poised in the distance above a sea of leaves. Seen from here with its banner flying across the last rays of the sun, it is a vision rather than a view, a fabric of enchantment, floating high in the mist, a symbol of the long, haunting story of England, bearing with it what phantoms of kings and queens, soldiers, statesmen, saints and prelates; all the strange variety of those who have ruled this island, gathering round it in the blue haze of a spring evening.

At home as they were in all these romantic settings, it was not until 1932, that Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret Rose's parents acquired an English country home of their very own when they took over Royal Lodge in Windsor Park. In this sanctuary, comparatively free from interruption, intrusion and even the camera, the children have spent their happiest, freest hours. Hatless and in their knockabout clothes—jerseys and kilts—here they can climb trees, scamper about with their dogs, get just as hot and dirty as they please, and revel in all the messy joys of gardening and the blissful ownership of innumerable pets. Dogs (Jane and Dookie, the two Welsh Corgis, and the Shetland Collies, Flash and Spark), two fawns (not more than half tame), twenty blue budgerigars, and best of all, their beloved ponies. Very often Queen Elizabeth leads her youngest daughter's pony round the grounds, and every Sunday afternoon, the whole family—father, mother and the two children—visit the stables with their hands and pockets full of apples and sugar, and the horses and ponies, prepared for the best, prick their ears and whinny at the sound of the familiar footsteps.

On Sunday mornings at Royal Lodge, the Queen reads them Bible stories aloud, and every day after tea in the winter she plays the piano, favorite Old English and Scottish songs and negro spirituals, and the children stand beside her piano-stool and sing with her in their true little piping trebles, and when at last her fingers are tired, they turn to games; a great favorite being one in which the Queen tells a story, breaking off every now and then, and each child in turn has to go on with the story wherever it is left off. And very often she reads aloud. When I asked her what kind of books she chose, she said: "Fairy stories 'Alice,' 'Black Beauty,' 'At the Back of the North Wind,' 'Peter Pan'—anything we can find about horses and dogs, and gay poetry like 'Come unto these yellow sands.'"

FROM THE very beginning of Princess Margaret's life, Princess Elizabeth was not only a fond but also a very zealous elder sister.

Very intelligent and as responsive as a harp, Princess Margaret at an early age began to be a real companion, and then Princess Elizabeth became very protective and gently authoritative.

Naturally more impetuous and irresponsible than her more meditative elder sister had ever been, Princess Margaret—

*"A little child, a limber elf
Singing, dancing to itself—"*

may at times become rather what grown-up people call "irrepressible."

For instance, once when Princess Margaret was very little, while she was supposed to be listening to a concert of carol-singers at the Albert Hall, it occurred to her darting mind that the red velvet edge of the parapet of the Royal box might make a very agreeable perch for her fidgety feet in their pretty red shoes. She found her idea had been a very good one. The parapet—very soft and conveniently sloped—did make a delightfully comfortable footrest. But her unorthodox comfort was short-lived, for her elder sister's hand promptly shot out and the vagrant feet were firmly removed from their—as Princess Elizabeth thought—unseemly prominence.

In her bringing up of her younger sister in the way she should go, one of the very first accomplishments Princess Elizabeth taught Princess Margaret Rose was how to curtsy to their grandparents, King George and Queen Mary, a ceremonial she was always most careful to observe herself.

It was only quite recently that the two little girls were told that in future people would curtsy to them. This they thought a most extraordinary notion, an immense joke. The very next day, when one of their teachers was saying good-bye to them, to her surprise, instead of releasing her hand after she had shaken it, one of the sisters kept on lifting it up and down like a pump-handle. Merrily expectant, the other Princess stood by, and with their eyes sparkling with mischief, both little girls went on repeating, "Good-by," "Good-by," "Good-by."

At last the teacher guessed the reason for this unusual behavior.

"Why, I believe you are trying to make me curtsy!" she exclaimed.



SUNLIGHT SAVES
MONEY, TOO. I DON'T
HAVE TO WEAR MY
CLOTHES OUT WITH
RUBBING AND SCRUBBING.
EVERYTHING LASTS
LONGER, AND I'VE LOTS
LESS MENDING TO DO.
SUNLIGHT MUST BE
WONDERFULLY PURE.
WOULDN'T YOU THINK
EVERY WOMAN WOULD
USE SUNLIGHT SOAP?

AND DON'T FORGET
HOW DISHES SPARKLE
AFTER A SUNLIGHT WASH



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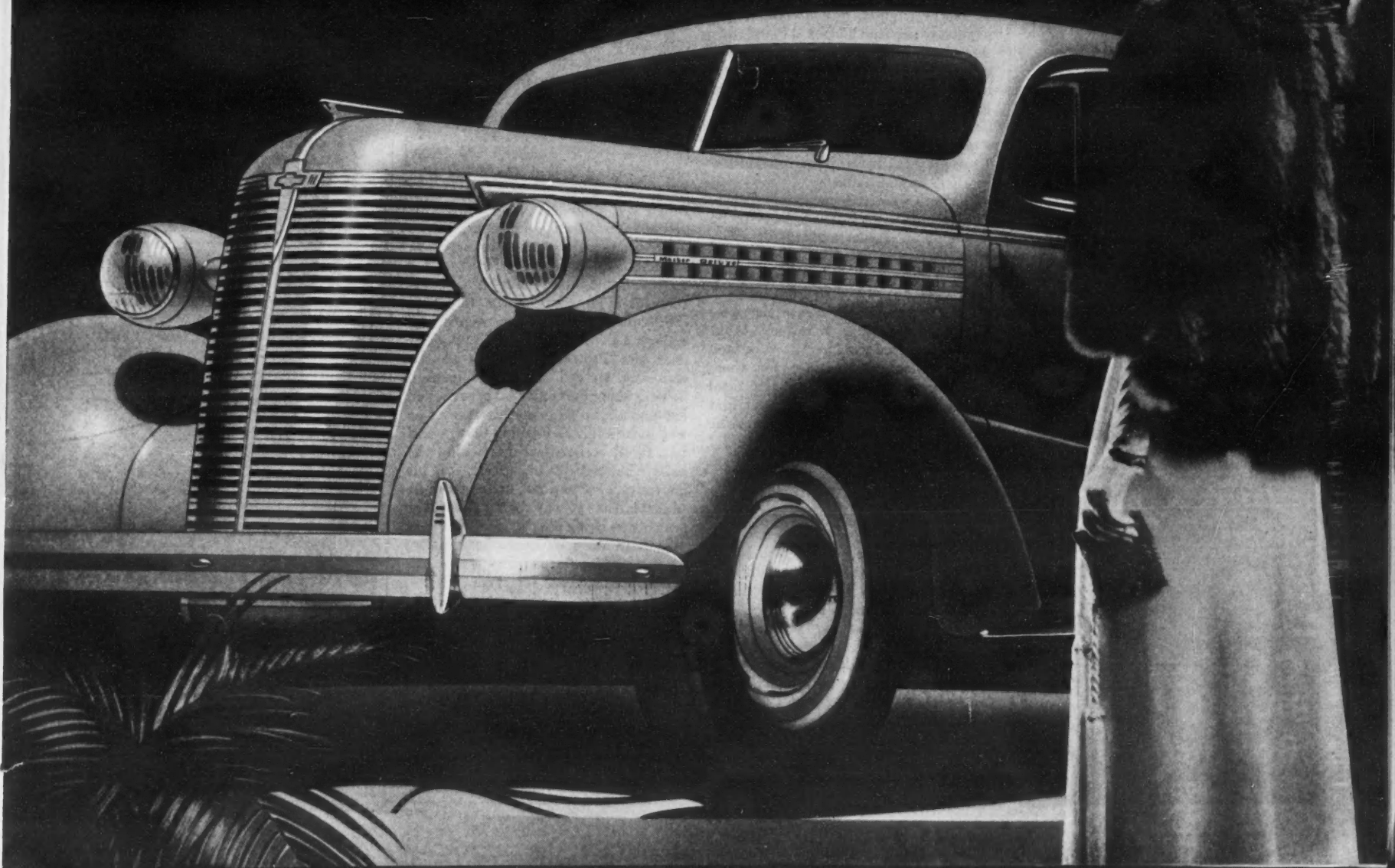
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Knee-Action on all Master De Luxe models. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the General Motors Instalment Plan.

The Girl Who Asked for Trouble

Continued from page 28

answer any more questions. Especially if they bring up what I said about finding the body. I don't want to get Mr. Petrie into trouble. I'll say nothing until I've found out about the letter from Robin. That may explain everything."

It occurred to her that a satisfactory explanation would have to include the identity of the murderer, and she gave all her attention to that.

"Because that's the only way this can be ended," she thought. "The only way to stop this questioning and all these suspicions is to find out who actually did do it. It's queer that I've thought so little about that."

She crossed her knees and leaned back in the chair.

"If I could be the one to dope it out," she meditated. "And why couldn't I be? In a way I'm in a better position than the police, because I know at least one person who didn't do it. And they don't. All right! Then who? The people here are: Mr. Jones, Mrs. Howard, Petrie and Luigi. Luigi's much the most suspicious. He had plenty of opportunity. As for motive, I don't know. Perhaps it was robbery. The very fact that he didn't tell the police about the holder is suspicious. He thinks he can blackmail me with that. Two people trying to blackmail me . . ."

A NEW IDEA made her sit up very straight.

"That's too much of a coincidence! They must be working together! They must be! It all fits in. Luigi found that letter in Marcelle's room, and he gave it to Marge to use."

The more she thought of this the more reasonable it seemed. Certainly far more reasonable than the idea of two persons acting independently to blackmail her.

"Then if Luigi got the letter from her room, he could have got other things—money—jewellery. Nobody knows what she had with her. The only thing is, that a private detective doesn't seem likely to have much money or valuable jewellery. Papers? Important papers?"

That was disquieting. If there were one letter from Robin, there might be more.

"Well, he can explain them. He couldn't possibly be mixed up in anything seriously wrong. It's not only that he's so upright and correct, but he's cautious. He wouldn't write letters that could be used against him. Was he employing her as a detective? To find out something for him?"

And signing a letter "Robin"?

"Out of absent-mindedness," she thought. "I call him Robin, and he probably knows that everyone else in the office calls him 'Robin' behind his back. That's it probably. He was employing her for some private investigation—something to do with the office—"

And, in that case, why had she been warned not to trouble Miss MacDonald?

"Unless she'd found out about that man," thought Victoria.

The man on the boat, the man whose nasty, jealous wife—

"No!" she said to herself. "I've got to remember that I made that up. I mean, about his having a jealous wife. It's ridiculous for it to seem so real. No! There's nothing frightful that can be brought up about me, or about Robin. Because we haven't done anything disgraceful. I'll warn Robin about the letter, just in case there's some little thing he prefers to keep quiet about—"

Luigi had entered the dining room, and as he approached, she watched him with a narrowed, thoughtful glance. He was extraordinarily handsome and graceful. What could be more likely than that Marge should be infatuated with him?

"Working hand in glove with him," thought Victoria. "It's being in love with him that makes her so spiteful."

"Miss MacDonald. Excuse me, please—" He bent his dark head in that gentle, deferential way. "I am trying to help you, Miss MacDonald," he said, lowering his voice. "I am very worried about you."

"Don't be," she said curtly.

"I can't help it. Captain Martineau, Inspector Grimes—both asking me so many questions about you. And about Mr. Petrie. They are asking me if I think you and Mr. Petrie have known each other before this. They are very suspicious, Miss MacDonald."

"All right! I can bear it."

"I think they are arresting Mr. Petrie."

"What!" she cried. "Why?"

"Because they don't believe this story he is telling. They don't believe he was sitting in that room with the door open. I have heard, only a little while ago, how Inspector Grimes says to Captain Martineau—'If we can prove that the girl went out of her room, we've got Petrie.' You see they've had him in prison another time before this, and now if they wish to believe that you and Mr. Petrie are well acquainted—" He shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of plaintive despair.

"If Petrie gets sent to prison again, it'll be my fault," thought Victoria. "He told that lie to help me. I can't—"

"There is nobody who knows you went into that room last night, Miss MacDonald," said Luigi, very gently. "Except me. And I have shown that holder to nobody. I have not said one word. You can trust me."

She looked at him, and in his dark eyes she saw ardent admiration.

"Could I?" she thought. "Well, I won't! I won't kid him along, no matter what happens. That's—simply—base."

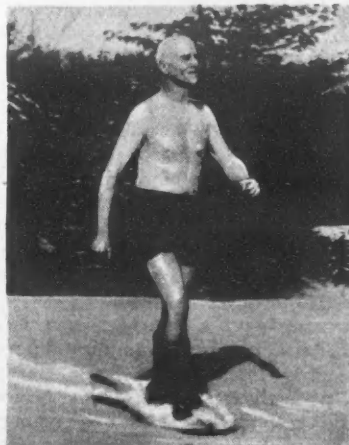
She pushed back her chair, and rose. "Miss MacDonald," said Luigi, "I am very sorry to ask you, but I am too poor. If you can let me have only fifty dollars, this evening, I can help you."

"It was ridiculous," she thought, to feel shocked. She had known this was coming. Yet it was a shock.

"Porter!" said Captain Martineau from the doorway. "I want to see you." + Continued on next page

"Are You Fleece Lined?"

I WRITE this on one of those fall days that artists love. Nature has put on her flaming dress—and the sun shines—the air is stimulating like wine. Nevertheless, we are on the threshold of winter, and that brings distress and fear to many.



"Are you fleece lined?—Better than that—I'm Health Lined."

Many are wearing topcoats even now. But I don't mind winter, nor would anyone who lived and ate according to nature's laws.

I don't change my manner of dress when winter comes—I wear no overcoat, vest nor underwear, ever, and I walk and motor all over the continent in the coldest weather. I won't be sick this winter, won't have a cold, and when spring comes I'll be fit as a fiddle. "How come?" says the "inquisitive one," "Are you fleece lined?" "Better than that—I'm health lined."

I defy colds, aches, pains, old age, disease or physical or mental letdown, at almost eighty. Any reader whose vital organs

are not extensively destroyed by foolish feeding and living habits, can learn to do so, by following my living methods as presented in my books, particulars of which I shall gladly mail upon request. I do not urge you to write. Those who have to be urged to write for such valuable information are not worth the urging.

I take the same attitude regarding my unique foods, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub. A reasonable trial will prove to anyone that these foods are unique, really have no equals, but I do not even urge anyone to make that trial. The really intelligent needs no urging to use them, or at least try them. The other kind would not keep the trial up for a sufficient time to get results. So why urge? I leave it up to the individual's intelligence. A sufficient reason for a trial ought to be my own comeback from impending death at 50 to be, at almost 80, one of the most vital men found anywhere. This recovery I owe to correct living habits, more to an extensive use of Roman Meal and Kofy-Sub than to all other agencies combined.

Thousands of others in six countries have been similarly blest. If you need or desire vigorous, radiant health, you may have it, and a free use of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub is your most important single aid in that attainment. Address: Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

9-37



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

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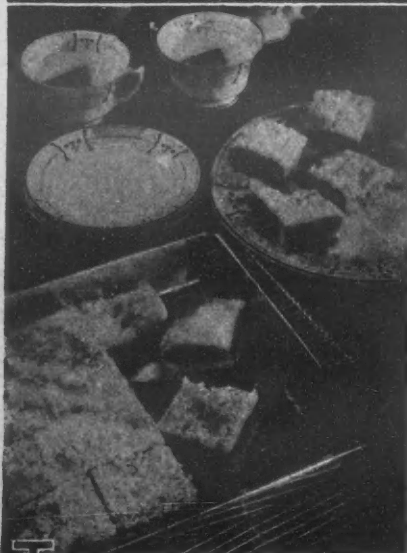
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Shubert Tea Bread

TASTY AND TEMPTING



This delectable treat gives a touch to the occasion. Easy to make, too, when you use sour milk and Cow Brand Baking Soda.

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
1/2 tsp nutmeg
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp ginger
1 egg, well beaten
1/2 cup sour milk
1/2 tsp Cow Brand Baking Soda

Sift flour once, measure, add sugar and salt and sift again. Cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Reserve 1 cup of the crumbs. To remainder, add baking soda and spices. Mix well. Combine egg and sour milk. Add and stir only until blended. Sprinkle half of reserved crumbs in bottom of shallow, greased pan. Turn batter on them and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top of batter. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) 20-25 minutes. Serve warm. (All measurements are level). Other kitchen-tested recipes in our cook book.



*Sweet milk may be substituted by adding to each scant cupful of milk 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice (or 1 1/2 tablespoons vinegar).



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The King's Daughters

Continued from page 77

gay and lighthearted behavior. Certainly there is never the slightest suspicion of malice in her merry mischief; and if she is difficult to curtsy to, there can seldom have been any child more difficult to scold.

Once, someone in authority, who was struggling hard not to laugh, and had to administer a rebuke, was entirely defeated by the little culprit opening her round mouth very wide and demurely singing,

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Intensely interested in her fellow-creatures, Princess Margaret sometimes shows a tendency to think impersonal remarks dull.

"Are you very rich?" she asked one day.

"No, why?"

"'Cos I see one-two-three gold teeth in your mouth."

Another time after a long enthralled inspection (tiny hands being used as well as eyes) of an exceptionally bulky visitor, Princess Margaret, still peering and patting, asked in an awestruck voice.

"Is that all YOU?"

But whatever the occasional vagaries of her high spirits, nothing can cloak the innate graciousness of her spirit.

In the following impression of the two Princesses the late Sir James Barrie gives a charming picture of this instinctive graciousness.

"To the delightful accident of having been born three miles from Glamis, I owe my tiny contact with the King's little daughters. It is, alas! a mistake, as has been given out in some newspapers, to say that I often sported with them in the north, though we did have two or three games together. Of these, my happiest memory is that of the Princess Elizabeth's pride in her little sister when the Princess Margaret won a game, which frequently happened, if I was present. It was like the pride of a mother, though it began, to my eyes, when both were little more than babes. She seemed even in those days to be 'bringing up' Princess Margaret in the way she should go—with a very strict sense of duty combined with a personal joy.

"She passed on to this little sister the quite exciting knowledge that children existed who were so poor that the question of questions for them was their chance of having a meal today, or a bed tomorrow. At first this struck them as a very romantic existence and indeed enviable, and I would tell them a little about the lives of such children, who could be uproariously happy as well as miserable. The elder sister soon understood something of the truth about the very needy, but for a year or two longer they were the wonders of the world to the younger. Then the Princess Elizabeth became absorbed in the magical heartbreaking places called hospitals for poor children, and I would tell her of one of them in which I was interested myself, where many of the nurses sleep 'anyhow' so that there may be a few more cots for little patients. This went to her head and heart, and she made for me a pencil sketch of an ideal hospital in which

those kind nurses were to have palatial rooms.

"It was really only a very few times that I saw her, but they left on me the happy belief that she would become a very gracious lady. In those days she was already beginning to be what I think she will become; while the Princess Margaret was playing at being everything on earth. But when she chooses (or, rather, before she has had time to choose) she can be as gracious as her sister and as dignified as a queen. My most delicious memory of her is of the day when she was three years old and I had the glory of sitting beside her at her birthday tea party. Some of her presents were on the table, and they seemed to me to be such simple things as might have come from the sixpenny shops, but she was in a frenzy of glee about them, especially about one to which she had given the place of honor by her plate. I said to her as one astounded:

"Is that really your very own?"

"And she saw how I envied her and immediately placed it between us with the words:

"It is yours and mine."

It was at this same tea party at Glamis, that one of the other visitors made himself so sadly conspicuous by his refusal of a slice of birthday cake. Princess Margaret was then so tiny that she did not hand round the plate of cake herself, but, waiving her privilege, allowed her elder sister to undertake this heavy responsibility.

The visitor, who, busily conversing, did not realize the almost sacred importance of this especial delicacy, coming, as it did, at the end of so sumptuous a feast, turned away from the proffered dainty with a civil but decided refusal.

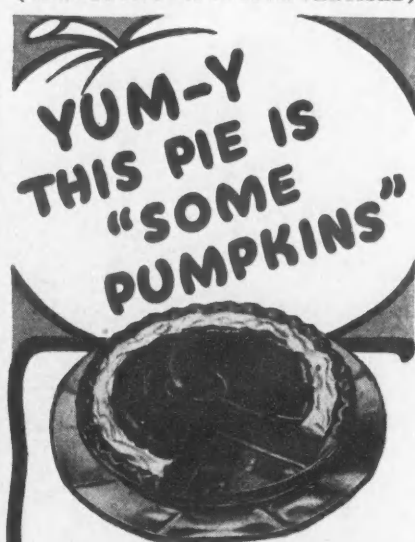
"That man refused the birthday cake!"

The writer's mother, who was present, advised that the delinquent should be given a second chance, which was done, and this time with success. Fortunately, however, for the discredited guest, the unfortunate incident had a sequel. Told of his terrible crime, and feeling in his penitence as if he must be the target of every outraged eye, he was lucky enough a little later on to find himself near the Princess Elizabeth as the company walked about the garden. Seizing his opportunity he approached her and began to make his excuses as well as he might, by saying that he had not at all realized when refusing the cake the nature or extent of his enormity. He had not understood, he pleaded, that it was the birthday cake which was being offered him. Princess Elizabeth at once rose to the occasion, and, with royal consideration, graciously intimated her forgiveness.

"It was my fault," she said, "I ought to have told you."

This fascinating study of the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose will be continued in *Chateleine* next month, with more exclusive photographs taken by His Majesty the King and graciously lent by him to *Chateleine* from his private collection.

(ALWAYS TRUTHFULLY ADVERTISED)



PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9 inch pie—uses only 1/4 package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup canned pumpkin
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoonful nutmeg
1/2 teaspoonful ginger

To slightly beaten egg yolks add one-half cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices. Cook until thick in double boiler. Soak gelatine in cold water about 5 minutes. Add to hot pumpkin mixture, mix thoroughly and cool. When it begins to thicken, add remaining sugar and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into previously baked pie shell. Chill in refrigerator or cold place. Pie may be garnished with whipped cream just before serving. Delicious served in gingersnap or graham cracker crust.

* You will be proud of the pie—and the family will be proud of you. It is a grand idea for any holiday meal—and makes an everyday dinner end like a holiday meal—try it any time—easy, inexpensive to make—everybody will love it—let the children eat plenty—it's so digestible! Knox Sparkling Gelatine, being plain, combines with all of nature's fruits and vegetables—makes hundreds of different delicious desserts, salads, and main dishes. Send for Mrs. Knox's recipe book—FREE. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. C., 140 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.



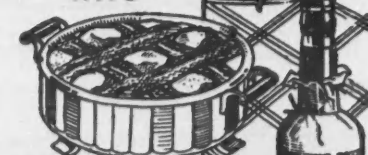
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"No. It's something else—" she began, when the waiter entered with two long drinks, tinkling with ice, decorated with green sprigs.

"Robin pretended he was writing a book on herpetology," she thought. "It's too much of a coincidence..." She said nothing until the waiter had set the drinks on a small table and withdrawn. "Do you know Mr. Robinson, the publisher?" she asked. "David Robinson?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of him," said Petrie. "And everything I've heard is very unfavorable."

"I work for him."

"For Pete's sake!" said Petrie. "I'm sorry. I didn't know..."

"What have you heard?"

"Nothing. Nothing of any importance. Just gossip—rumor. Try the drink, will you? It looks all right."

Victoria took a sip.

"We've got to talk seriously now," she said. "And we may not have much time. Luigi told me they were going to arrest you."

"It's possible. But—"

"They won't, if I deny that I ever went out of my room, will they? If I make them believe me?"

"You've told them the truth," said Petrie. "You said you were going to go on telling the truth."

"I've changed my mind."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to go to jail," said Victoria.

"That's darn sweet of you," he said.

"You're a nice girl."

"You've been pretty nice, yourself," said Victoria.

"We like each other, don't we?" said Petrie.

"Yes," said she. Their eyes met, and they smiled; and in spite of the swarms of worries in the background of her mind, she felt better, more confident, almost lighthearted. "I'm going to deny what I told them about finding the body. I was thinking that I might even say I'd opened my door once and seen a light in the room opposite."

"Don't," said Petrie. "They wouldn't believe that."

"I've got them quite mixed up now, anyhow, what with one thing and another. We've got to keep you from being arrested."

"I don't particularly mind being arrested."

"You do! And it can't be good for you, professionally, to go to prison so often."

"Valuable experience."

"As a rule," said Victoria, "I don't much like men being chivalrous to me. There's generally a strong element of condescension in it. But you're not condescending."

"No," Petrie agreed. "Condescending isn't by any means the right word." There was a moment's silence.

"Well, anyhow," said she, "I think I may be able to clear up some of this. If we can keep Luigi quiet for a while."

"How d'you mean, keep Luigi quiet?"

"I mean about the holder."

"What holder?"

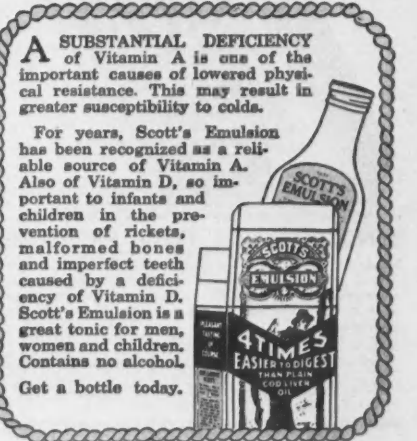
"I forgot you didn't know. He found a cigarette holder of mine in that room with—with the body."

"Good heavens!" said Petrie, staring at her.

"I promised to give him fifty dollars



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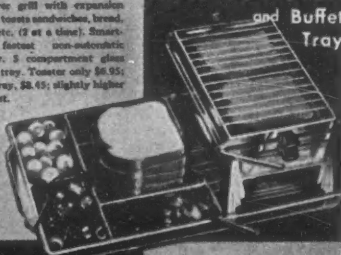
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"Yes, sir," said Luigi, very alertly. "I'll give you the fifty this evening," said Victoria, very low. "I promise." "I can easily crack down on him later," she thought. "But I must have a little time."

SHE CAME into the lounge, and was glad to find it deserted, except for Mr. Jones, who was busy with some ledgers behind the desk. She sat down on a chair near the open door where she could feel the pleasant breeze.

"But even before I see Petrie," she thought, "I've got to see Robin. The letter is much more important than the holder. Robin's got to know at once that Marge has his letter. Perhaps he'll decide then, to tell the police all he knows. Perhaps he's decided to do that already."

She gave a sort of flounce in her chair. It was the complication of the affair that worried her. She felt perfectly capable of holding her own, of keeping steadfastly to any story, in spite of Martineau, Grimes, or anyone else, if she only knew what story to maintain, and what stories Petrie and Robin had offered.

"Robin caught on at once," she reflected. "At least I had a chance to warn him not to say who he was. But he doesn't know that I'm involved. He doesn't know what I've said and I don't know what he's saying."

She leaned forward to get a better view of the drive outside the Inn. She saw Captain Martineau and Inspector Grimes strolling up to the door, talking, keeping step with each other. "Have they finished with Robin?" she thought.

This might be her opportunity, and without delay she went over to the desk. Mr. Jones was so absorbed in what he was doing that he did not notice her until she spoke.

"Oh!" he said. "Excuse me!" And he turned on a mirthless, mechanical smile.

"I'd like to see —" she began, then stopped. Who? What name was Robin using? Was she supposed to know it? "The man who came to see me about his books," she said.

"Mr. Lucas?"

"Well . . . Yes . . ." she said. "Do you happen to know where he is?"

Mr. Jones shook his head and looked uneasy.

"He's — in his room, Miss MacDonald," he said.

"I'll —" she began, and stopped. She had been about to say she would go up and see him, but she realized that that wouldn't do. "I'll call his room," she said.

"I'm sorry to say he's not very well."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He was taken ill quite suddenly, while he was talking to Inspector Grimes. Heart attack, I believe. He says it's not serious, but he rang up his doctor in Montreal, and he's resting until the doctor calls him back."

"That was exactly the right thing for him to do," thought Victoria, proud of him. And aloud she said: "That's too bad. Perhaps he won't want to talk business, but I'll just ask him."

"I'll call Mrs. Howard."

"Why Mrs. Howard?"

"She's looking after him," said Jones. "I'll ask her, Miss MacDonald."

"Mrs. Howard says he can't see

anyone just now, Miss MacDonald."

"Ask him to come to the telephone, please."

"I'm afraid that's out of the question," said Mr. Jones, obviously shocked.

"I'll call the room myself—"

"I'm sorry, but Mrs. Howard says she's leaving the receiver off the hook, so that the patient won't be disturbed again."

Victoria was silent, astounded, completely baffled.

"Let's have something to drink," said Petrie's voice behind her.

WITHOUT A word, Victoria followed him into the little music room.

"If we ring the bell here, someone might come." He pressed a button in the wall. "A shame, isn't it?"

"What?"

"This," he said. "Jones put everything he had into it. Money, brains, everything. His ideas were good. And look at it now. Ruined!"

"Well, why?"

"Woman," said Petrie. "But never mind that now. Look here, Victoria—" "You seem to know my first name," said she. "Even if you can't remember the rest of it."

"It's MacDonald," he said, with an air of pride. "As for me, I'm Petrie, George Petrie. At your service."

"You seem very cheerful," said Victoria, suspiciously. "I certainly can't see why."

"There are plenty of reasons," said Petrie. "For one thing, it's spring. And for another, I think I'm going to get a job."

"I thought you had a factory."

"My uncle has a factory," Petrie explained. "Would you like to hear more about me?"

"Well," said Victoria, "of course I should. But just at the moment I've got rather a lot on my mind. There's been —"

A waiter appeared, with a hurried anxious air.

"Two mint juleps," said Petrie.

"I don't like mint juleps," said Victoria.

"You won't get one," Petrie assured her. "There's no bartender left. The waiters just pour something out of a bottle. Anything. I'll get you ginger ale. But, to go on about myself. I'm an orphan, brought up by this uncle. He's never actually objected to my profession, but he felt I wasn't making enough money. He thinks a lot of money. Anyhow, to please him, I went into his factory last year. I applied my trained, scientific mind to the thing, and now he doesn't want me to leave. He's offered me a bigger salary, but that's not the point. Money isn't everything, Victoria."

"I know that one," said Victoria. "And riches cannot buy happiness. But what is your profession?"

"Can you guess?" he asked. She studied him. "He's really attractive," she thought slightly surprised. "He sort of grows on you." She recalled her wandering thoughts. "No, I can't," she said. "A herpetologist," he said quietly. "A what?"

"From the Greek *herpeton*, a reptile; *logos*, discourse," he explained. "That's—too much!" she said.

"Mean, it seems repulsive?" he asked, anxiously.



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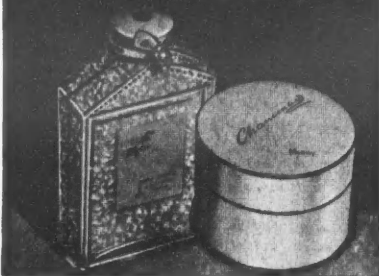
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to see if Captain Martineau were anywhere about. The grounds were deserted, tranquil, and charming in the afternoon sun. She found a couch swing on the verandah and settled herself there to think the thing out from beginning to end . . .

WHEN SHE opened her eyes, it was dark, the trees rustled, the breeze was cool. The lighted windows made bright bars across the verandah, but her corner was in shadow.

"Why—?" she said aloud.

Why had no one disturbed her for all this long while? No message from Robin, no word of Petrie, no questions from Captain Martineau or Inspector Grimes. It was disturbing. It was more than disturbing, it was alarming.

"I know things have happened," she said to herself.

But when she entered the lounge, there was Luigi at the desk, and the bellboy sitting on his bench. Everything was calm as the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The light dazzled her; she stood still for a moment, confused and irresolute.

"I'm not going to ask Luigi anything," she thought. "But I've got to know . . ."

She went toward the lift. The bellboy sprang to life and took charge of the car. There had been more boys yesterday; was everybody going away, one by one?

The corridor upstairs was more dimly lit, she thought.

"I ought to have locked my door," she said to herself.

She wished that she had. She wished that she could hear something, a cough, a footstep, anything at all.

"Robin's on the floor above," she thought. "I wonder if there's anyone else on this floor . . ."

Then she wondered if Marcelle was still in the hotel . . . And where?

She opened the door of her room hastily, and something rushed at her. Little feet scabbled across her instep, and she screamed.

It was a rat. She saw it running down the corridor. She saw it run full tilt into the wall and turn back toward her. And fall over. Lie on its back.

"What's the matter?" cried Petrie.

He had come from somewhere and he had his arms around her.

"It's—look!" she said. "It's a rat . . ."

His arm tightened around her for a moment, then he let her go and went to look at the rat, bent over it.

"George . . .?" she said.

He straightened up, and there was a look on his face that made her catch her breath with an odd little sound.

"Did you happen to notice where it came from?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"Yes. From my room. Is it dead?"

"Yes," he said.

"Is it—poisoned?"

He came back to her and put his arm around her shoulders again.

"Don't worry," he said. "It can't worry you now."

"Is it poisoned?" she repeated. And after a pause.

"Yes," he said.

"COME AND sit in my room for a bit, will you?" he asked. "I want—"

"Lottie died from rat poison, didn't she?" + Continued on next page

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this evening, and I'm sure that'll keep him quiet."

"You're paying blackmail?"

"Only this once," said Victoria, disconcerted by his tone. "Just until I clear things up a little."

"No!" said Petrie. "You're not to do it, even once. You'll have to tell Martineau the whole thing now. Everything, holder and all."

"I want to try one thing first."

"No! What?"

She decided that this was not the moment to mention the Marge letter.

"He's prejudiced against Robin already," she thought. "I won't tell him that until later. Not until Robin's explained about the letter to me. It wouldn't be fair to Robin."

"What is it you want to try?" Petrie demanded, in a tone that did not express much confidence in her.

"A man came here this afternoon," she said. "Mr. Lucas. I've got to see him."

"Why?"

"I'd rather not explain just yet, George," she said, in a quiet reasonable way. "It's important though. And I can't get at him. Mr. Jones said he was taken ill while the inspector was asking him questions, and now he's in his room. Mrs. Howard is looking after him. She says, he can't come to the telephone. If you'll get her out of the way, somehow—"

"No."

"Why have you suddenly stopped being nice?"

"Do you expect me to go ahead blindly?" asked Petrie.

"It's important—very important for me to see Mr. Lucas. Very important!"

"Is it?"

"I wish I'd had some experience in executive work," thought Victoria. "So that I'd know more about handling people—making them do things. He's just pig-headed now. It's no use trying to argue with him."

In theory she disapproved of insistence, but this was an emergency.

"Then will you take a note to him, George?" she asked. She asked with an air of utter faith in him, with a gentle, candid glance. "I don't want anyone else to know—but of course, I want to tell you. Everyone else thinks he's a stranger to me. But he's not. I know him quite well—in business. And I believe he can clear up a very important point. I think he has some information, and that if he realized that it was important . . . You see, don't you?"

"Oh, absolutely!" said Petrie.

"If I just scratch off a note now, will you see that he gets it at once? You see, I think it's better, don't you, for me not to appear in the matter at all?"

"You were distinctly visible there at the desk, talking to Jones. Saying that you had to speak to this Lucas."

"Please don't make things—more difficult," she said.

"Very well. Write your note," said Petrie. "And I'll make a bargain with you. I'll give the note to your Mr. Lucas, if you promise to tell Martineau the truth about everything. And that means everything."

"George, I've got to wait until I get this information. It may change everything."

Petrie finished his drink and lit a cigarette.

"I always knew women were like that," he said.

"Like what?"

"Like you!" he said. "I'll take that note for you. But I give you fair warning that from now on I play a lone hand. I'll doublecross you. I'll undermine your plans. I'll work directly against you."

"You must do whatever you think best," said Victoria gravely. "Is there any notepaper?"

He took some out of a drawer of the desk, and handed it to her with his fountain pen. She wrote:

Dear Robin:

This is the copy of a letter which was shown to me by the person who holds the original. I was told I could buy the original for fifteen hundred dollars. I am already involved in this thing, and the police are going to keep on questioning me about you. You must get in touch with me somehow, and explain this letter.

Destroy this note at once. And find some way of talking to me alone. There is no time to lose.

V.

SHE TOOK the copy Marge had given her out of her skirt pocket, folded it into the note, and put them both into an envelope addressed to Mr. Lucas.

"Thank you, George," she said, holding out the envelope to him.

He was staring at the doorway with a strange expression; she turned her head and saw Mrs. Howard standing there.

"Come and join us!" said Petrie, and Mrs. Howard smiled, a smile that brought dimples into her rosy cheeks. She was really a pretty woman, in her own way, Victoria thought, only it was a way she didn't like.

"You don't want me!" said Mrs. Howard, fluttering her lashes.

Petrie rose, and taking her arm led her into the room.

"You must be tired," he said. "Looking after another invalid. How's he doing?"

"He's dozed off for the moment," said Mrs. Howard. "It seemed quite safe to leave him—and Charles is making trouble. He says he wants to leave, and of course Captain Martineau won't allow anyone to leave."

Her conversation was addressed exclusively to Petrie; she didn't so much as glance at Victoria. And Petrie, sitting on the edge of a table, was being earnestly attentive to Mrs. Howard.

"Don't do too much," he said. "I can't help it," she said, with a rueful smile. "If there's anything to be done, why I just do it."

"I know you do," said Petrie. "But try to take it a bit easy. We can't manage without you."

"What's the matter with him?" thought Victoria, surprised and very far from pleased. "Is this his usual way with women? If it is, I—despise it!"

"Why, Mr. Petrie!" cried Mrs. Howard. "You haven't even come to have a chat with me for—I don't know how long."

"Not because I haven't wanted to," he said. "But—"

Victoria strolled out of the room. Petrie didn't call her back, and didn't come after her. Very well, he needn't.

She waited. After three quarters of an hour, she went out on the verandah



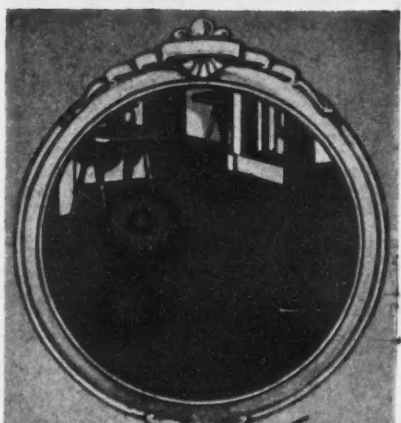
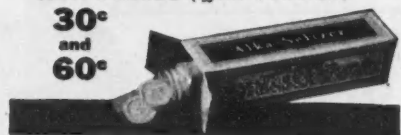
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Corn, the Year Round

Continued from page 68

on two of them, if you've a mind to try the following. The first choice is good, as long as there's an R in the month, but you can switch to chowder for any reason and still have a grand meal. The other dishes are all-season foods and complement the soup course admirably. And doesn't the next on the list sound scrumptious for a cold winter's evening?

Oyster Stew or Clam Chowder
Crisp Wafers
Hot Buttered Corn-on-the-Cob
Shredded Lettuce, Carrot, Radish and
Onion with French Dressing
Baked Apple with Raisins
Beverage

Liver and Bacon Hash on Toast
Onion Sauce
Buttered Corn-on-the-Cob
Chopped Celery and Green Peas
in Tomato Jelly
Scones Honey or Maple Syrup
Beverage

Here's a chance to have an indoor corn roast, like the one you've been talking about ever since last fall. Or better still, a chance to sink your teeth into fresh hot corn, while still enjoying the comforts of home and a place to put your elbows. Eat your fill and don't spare the butter! If there's room for anything afterward, try a nip of cheese and a nibble from a bowl of grapes, with, of course, oodles of coffee.

Large Platter of Hot Corn-on-the-Cob
Salted Butter
Rye Bread Crisp Crackers
Whole Wheat Wafers
Pickles Olives
Two or Three Varieties of Cheese
Bowl of Grapes
Coffee

SPICED PRUNES

- 1 Pound of large prunes
- 3-inch stick of cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of whole cloves
- 2 Thin slices of lemon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cider vinegar

Wash the prunes thoroughly, cover with warm water and allow to soak overnight. Tie the cinnamon and cloves in a small cloth and add, with the lemon slices, to the prunes. Simmer in the water in which they were soaked until tender. Add the brown sugar and vinegar and continue cooking slowly, until the syrup is thick. Serve cold. Or pack in sterilized jars and store in a cool place.

APPLE CRISP

- Cooking apples
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of flour

Pare and core the apples and cut in slices. Lightly grease a baking dish and almost fill with the sliced apples. Sprinkle with a little lemon juice or spice. Cream the butter, add the brown sugar and continue creaming until the two are well mixed. Add the flour and combine with the creamed butter and sugar to form a crumbly mixture. Spread this over the top of the apples in the baking dish and bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—until the apples are tender and the top lightly browned.

BAKED PEPPERS STUFFED WITH SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE

Parboil for five minutes as many medium-sized green peppers as there are people to be served. Drain and

plunge into cold water. Remove the tops and the seeds and stuff with canned spaghetti in tomato sauce. Place in a baking dish and pour about one cupful of hot tomato juice or boiling water around the peppers. Bake in a moderately hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—until the peppers are tender—about 45 minutes—basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan.

COCKTAIL SAUCE FOR OYSTERS

- 1 Cupful of tomato catsup
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bouillon cube
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of boiling water
- Salt and cayenne to taste
- Juice of one lemon

Combine the catsup, vinegar and sauce and add the bouillon cube which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Add seasonings to taste and stir in the lemon juice. Chill thoroughly and serve with oysters or other sea food.

DUCHESS POTATO RINGS

- 3 Cupfuls of hot, riced potatoes
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Egg yolks
- Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Combine the butter and slightly beaten egg yolks with the hot riced potatoes and season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Mix thoroughly, and shape with a pastry bag into rings. Brush with a little egg (reserved from the three egg yolks and diluted with a little cold water) and brown in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.

Further Recipes will be sent on request.

Your Car, Madam

Continued from page 17

of four inches, but an upward move of two inches.

The emergency brake handle is right on the instrument board, and the gear-shift lever has been placed beneath the wheel, a smart notion which provides ample front seat space without the driver having to mess around among an assortment of passengers' knees every time he goes into high.

On the Chrysler and De Soto models Chrysler offers the dual control horn, with the customary centre push button plus a ring inside the steering wheel which sounds a warning signal at the touch of a finger. Shatterproof glass is provided all around on all models, and the business of changing from one gear to another has been greatly simplified. The cogs, Chrysler people say, practically mesh of their own accord.

The Chrysler interiors are upholstered in broadcloth with a greater attention to decorative detail than was found in last year's models. A rose

petal medallion is reproduced all through the line, which this year includes in Chryslers a Custom Imperial, Imperial and Royal, a De Luxe Six De Soto, a Six, De Luxe Six and Custom Six in the Dodge, and, in the low-priced Plymouth, a Six, De Luxe Six and Custom Six.

Some striking new color ideas are displayed in all the Chrysler cars. Besides the standard navy blues and blacks, always big sellers, they have a chinchilla grey with a metallic finish, a new darker maroon, a Chillon green, and a gunmetal, both with the metallic finish, and a light blue of a rich deep shade which they call Riviera blue, presumably after the Cote d'Azur.

Among accessories Chrysler engineers have developed a new car heater of which they are no end proud, while at the same time being a bit chagrined about it. "It is so simple," one of the Canadian Chrysler department heads told us, "that we should have thought

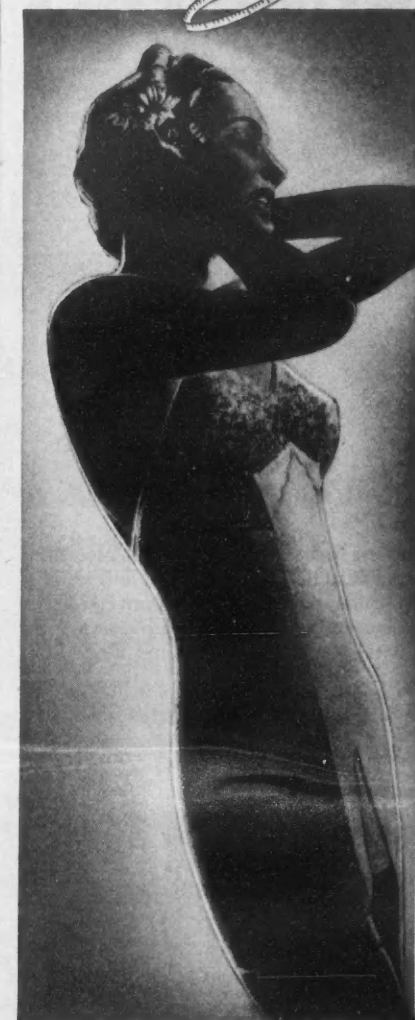
of it long ago and had it in operation."

They are calling it "Airstream" and making it in several different models. The revolutionary feature about the thing is that it draws the air in from the inside of the car, not from without as in the previous heater types. The air is warmed through a radiator, then distributed by the same fan that pulls it in, through four outlets, on the top, bottom, and both sides. There is no need for shutters and the four-way distribution, they claim, eliminates rear compartment cold entirely, by warming and spreading all the air in the car, instead of merely coddling the ankles of the front seat passenger.

In addition the 1938 heater has, behind the ordinary fan, a centrifugal fan which distributes heat through a hose attachment to any particular part of the car where it may be needed. With these attachments the heater can be made to serve as an efficient defroster of larger + Continued on page 90



take
YEARS from your
WAISTLINE
INCHES from your AGE

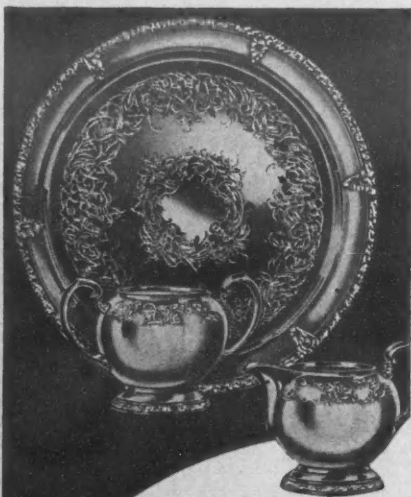


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"Don't think about that," he said angrily. "Don't be silly and morbid." "I feel—morbid," said Victoria. "I just don't—like this place..."

"Of course you don't," he said soothingly. "Come along!"

He opened the door of his room and turned the switch. And if the other rooms in the Inn were attractive, his was luxurious; a flat-topped rosewood desk, two armchairs upholstered in red leather, a cut-glass decanter inlaid with silver, on a small table, two fine Persian rugs on the polished floor, a wide couch with bright-colored cushions, a smoking-stand, a glass-fronted bookcase.

"You do yourself pretty well," said Victoria.

"Oh, Mrs. Howard did this," he said. "When I was in jail, she had the room done over. I thought it looked nice."

"It looks—impossible, for a hotel room," said Victoria. "You and Mrs. Howard seem to like each other—a lot."

He pushed her gently into one of the armchairs, and closed the door.

"I try to like her," he said. "I ought to. I mean, she's been darned nice to me. I feel like a swine for not liking her more."

"Are you feeling better?" he asked. "Much. It's just that I hate and loathe rats."

"I see," said Petrie, and they both fell silent.

"Robin!" thought Victoria, suddenly.

She was extremely reluctant to mention his name; she felt uneasy, guilty, somehow alarmed, even to think of him. It was very necessary, though.

"Did you give the note to—Mr. Lucas?" she asked.

"Yes," Petrie answered.

There was another silence.

"Well?" said Victoria. "Didn't he send me some sort of answer?"

"He's gone," said Petrie.

"Gone? What do you mean?"

"He's left here. Gone back to Montreal."

"Without a word to me? No note or anything?"

"Look here!" said Petrie. "Don't get upset, my dear girl. You'll see him again, you know. Take it easy—"

"It's not possible!" cried Victoria. "He couldn't do such a thing!"

"Best thing he could do," said Petrie. "He explained things to me, a little. Later on we'll talk."

"I want to know now."

"Later," he said. "Don't upset yourself about him now."

She turned sideways in the chair so that she faced him.

"This isn't the way to treat me," she said.

He looked back at her in a strange lost way, as if he were hypnotized. A faint color rose in her pale cheeks.

"Snap out of it, George," she said kindly. "Tell me all about R—about Mr. Lucas."

"All right," said Petrie, and looked at his watch. "I went up to his room—with the note. Mrs. Howard was there, very vigilant. She wouldn't let me in. But he heard when I spoke loudly. I said I had an important business message from Miss MacDonald, and that got him all right. Well, I gave him the note, and he

turned on the lamp and read it. Then he asked me my name, and we had a chat about publishing—"

"Didn't he say anything about the note?"

"Well, not at the moment. The thing is, he knew me. By name, that is. This agent fellow I went to had sent the manuscript of my book to him. 'Regarding Reptiles.' He wanted to publish it."

"That's fine!" said Victoria. "But—"

"He'd found out through my agent that I was here. In fact, it was my agent who told him about this Inn, and then he told you. Well, he thought that as long as he was coming here, he might as well bring along a contract, so—"

"Why did he come?"

"He said he saw a little paragraph in the newspaper, 'Woman Dead In Bath.' And he said he was worried about you."

"That was nice of him, but I don't see why..."

"To tell the truth," said Petrie, "he thought you'd done it."

"What! What! Robin thought—"

"Oh, not deliberately. Just by accident. Thought you'd had a quarrel with her—"

"Why should he think such a preposterous thing?"

"Look here! I wish you wouldn't go into this now."

"It's got to be gone into, at once. I can't believe that Robin actually thought I'd done such a thing."

"He doesn't understand you," said Petrie. "He has a completely wrong idea of you. He was—." He paused. "He was very irritating about you. But let that pass—"

"No! Certainly not! I've got to know."

"He thought," said Petrie, "that you'd made up your mind to marry him."

"Oh," said Victoria, blankly.

"That annoyed me. He's a nice fellow and all that, but the idea of your marrying him is ludicrous."

"I don't see—"

"Look at his age, for one thing. Old enough to be your father. And then there's his disposition. He's a nice fellow—as I said—but he's shy, timid, retiring. He realized all that. He knew how unsuitable he was. He told me so. Told me how frightened he was—"

"Of me?" said Victoria, cruelly wounded.

"Terrified. He knew he couldn't help himself."

"That's a little too much. That's the most insulting, hateful thing. As if I were going to marry him by force, against his will!"

"That's the way it is," said Petrie firmly. "A man's helpless where you're concerned."

"You think I'm a horrible, dominating—"

"I think," said Petrie, "that you're the sweetest, and most adorable child in the world."

There was another silence.

"Well—" said Victoria.

"Yes—" said Petrie. "But to continue. Robinson was afraid of you, and he said that he was also afraid of his wife."

"Wife!"

"Yes, Marcelle, the murdered woman." Petrie then proceeded to explain slowly. ♦ To be Continued

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Gifts and Cards to Convey Christmas Greetings

By MARIE LE CERF



C542—Above, guest towels—stamped on white, green or yellow linen—work to be done in cross stitch in color to match bathroom or in black. Size 13 x 18 inches, tiny hems are required down each side and single hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching before fringing end. Price per pair, 50 cents. Cotton for working 5 cents.

C546—Above, hot water bottle cover—stamped on art felt in green or gold—full size. A most welcome gift. Complete materials including button, price 75 cents.

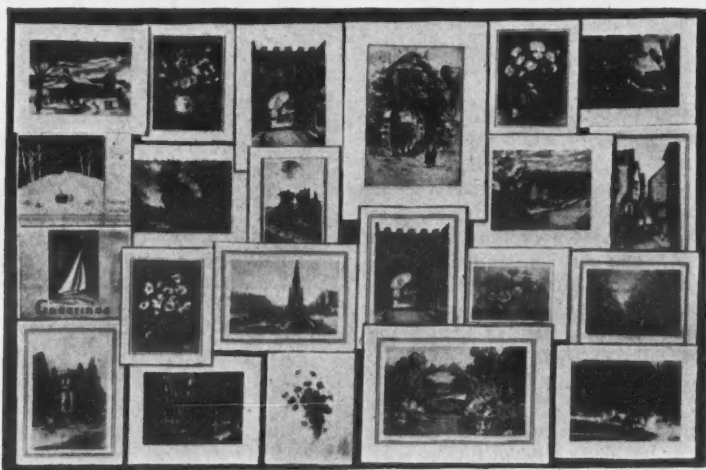
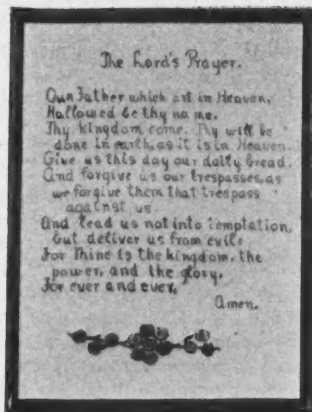


C547—Dress protector—stamped on silk taffeta in pink or blue, with cottons for working, price 50 cents; stamped on finest white cotton, with cottons for working, 25 cents.

C549—Right, The Lord's Prayer. The most beautiful sampler of all, for either child or grown-up. Stamped on deep cream sampler linen, size 12 x 15 inches, price 45 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.

C550—String holder—love birds in a very realistic cage. Stamped on green art felt to be worked in gold, with hook for hanging and cotton for working, price 25 cents.



C575—Christmas cards. Another marvellous assortment—even better than last year's. There are two of the highest value cards in addition to beautiful copies of painting by Canadian artists, flower pictures and a few "moderns." A great many are suitable for framing. Twenty-two cards with matching envelopes of best quality in a lovely box of silver moiré, with no printing. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

C537—A novel set, 36-inch cloth on white, cream, green or yellow linen, is \$1.00; 45-inch in white and cream, \$1.50; serviettes are two for 25 cents. Black cotton for working (in cross stitch), 15 cents.

C537a—A full size tea cosy to match, on white, green or yellow art felt—\$1.00; black cotton for working, 5 cents. No form is necessary.

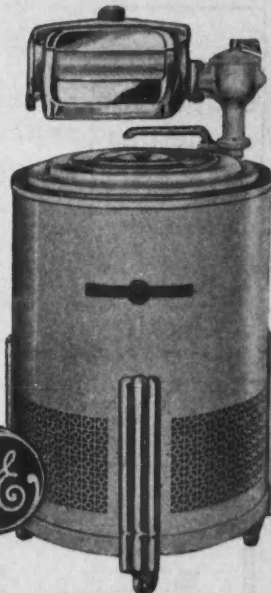


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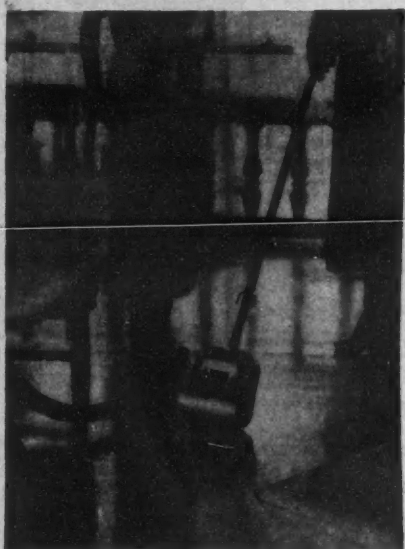
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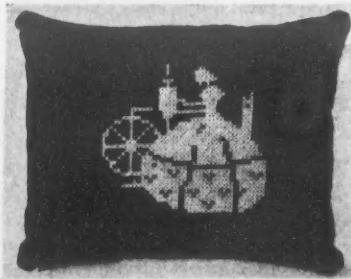
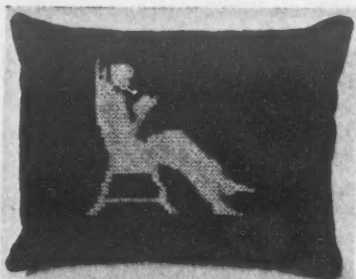


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By MARIE LE CERF



C538 (girl) and 538a (man)—Fireside cushions. A beautiful pair for your chesterfield. Size 15 x 18 inches; design in large cross stitch—stamped on black silk taffeta, price \$1.25 each or \$2.35 the pair; stamped on burnt orange art felt or heavy cream linen, price 75 cents each or \$1.40 the pair. Cotton for working, 5 cents each. Black cotton is sent for burnt orange cushions, but please state color desired when ordering silk or linen. Forms can be supplied at 50 cents each.



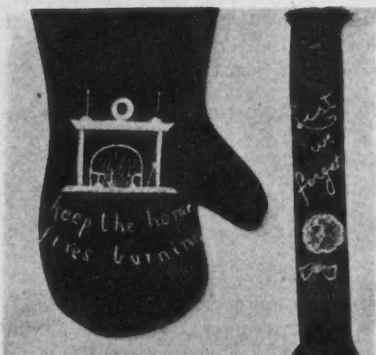
C548—"Love's old sweet song." A charming new silhouette sampler, stamped on fine white linen to be worked in black cross stitch, size 12 x 15 inches, price 35 cents; cotton for working, 5 cents.

C539—Below, birdcage cover. An amusing design stamped on fine black English poplin, 31 inches square. Complete materials, including canary yellow binding and cottons for working, price 75 cents.



C541—Below, fireside mitt—the handiest thing for the kitchen stove or fireplace. Stamped on heavy black felt, complete materials including binding for top and ring for hanging, price 35 cents.

C544—Below, bookmark—a small and inexpensive gift that is always welcome and useful. Stamped on black, deep blue or green taffeta, size finished about 1 1/2 inches x 10, complete with cottons for working, 20 cents.



C540—Below, "colo'ed gal" laundry bag—stamped on heavy factory cotton, size finished about 18 x 30 inches. Face and arms in black appliqué; binding in red. Complete materials (hanger is not sent) are priced at 75 cents.

C545—Below, golden butterfly teapot holder—stamped on golden yellow art felt, backed with a deeper shade—edges to be clipped, showing both colors. Complete materials are priced at 35 cents.

C543—Below, kitchen pad—design stamped on Irish linen, so that it can be easily laundered. Backing is sent, and pad, just add the cardboard foundation. Price, with cotton for working, 25 cents.



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CHATELAINE, NOVEMBER, 1937

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Engine*

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One is the new Dynaflash Engine . . . an outstanding performance improvement in McLaughlin-Buick's famous Valve-in-Head Straight Eight design.

The other is "Torque-Free" Springing . . . a basic ride improvement that puts soft, comfortable coil springs on *all four wheels*—to give you the world's smoothest floating ride.

Combined with Improved Knee-Action, Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes, Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher, Torque-Tube Drive and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation—these two exclusive engineering "scoops" make the new McLaughlin-Buick the most advanced car available. Only one thing is old . . . and that is *quality*, in the McLaughlin tradition.

"Better Buy McLaughlin-Buick" is sound advice to the discriminating. See and drive the car for yourself, as soon as your newspaper tells you it is on display at your McLaughlin-Buick dealer's showroom.

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**BOVRIL is the power
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36-15

Your Car, Madam

Continued from page 87

capacity than anything so far developed, or to convey heat directly to the driver's feet or to the back of the car. A simple test—blowing cigarette smoke into fan—demonstrates the efficiency of the Airstream heater in grand fashion; and the fact that it can be quite easily installed under the instrument panel of any make of car is going to boost sales for Chrysler a lot.

BECAUSE nationally distributed magazines must go to press many weeks previous to their publication date, we were not able to do much about getting information on the new Fords and Lincolns, and we had to be satisfied with the details of only Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet of the General Motors line, having no news whatever about Cadillac and LaSalle. This appears to be nobody's fault, particularly; just one of those things. The engineers would seem to have been so busy getting the new cars ready for November shows that they haven't had time to do much talking about them.

The General Motors folks at Oshawa are, however, very pleased with their 1938 springing systems, especially in Buick. They have, they believe, achieved a universally balanced ride, even on washboard roads, and have entirely eliminated chattering. Silent zone body mountings do away with chassis vibrations. The gasoline tank filler on the Buick has been moved to the left side of the car, and is concealed beneath a small spring-controlled door. The idea here is that if the tank is overfilled, the excess gas runs out on the ground, instead of over the car and leaving that untidy-looking streak of dust. The duplex horn which was on last year's cars has been improved by recessing the ring into the spokes of the steering wheel, so that a merely accidental touch will not produce a startling "beep," and battery is set under the hood alongside engine, for easier servicing. Parking lights are differently designed, and they have done things with the accelerator pedal especially figured to please women drivers. On the new Buicks the pedal has a ledge three eighths of an inch high along the bottom edge which raises the shoe so that it is impossible for the heel to be scratched or scuffed on the floor. Also, the ledge stops the shoe sliding off the pedal.

Oldsmobile and Pontiac models have certain points of similarity in 1938. The new design tones down somewhat the heavy grill radiator that was so marked a feature of the 1937 car, liked by some, not so well thought of by others. The coil springs emphasized in the Buick are on some of the Pontiac models, and both Olds and Pontiac have the new type of gearshift set below the steering wheel, that allows so much more floor space for front seat passengers.

In the low-priced range, General Motors has done a lot of fussing with Chevrolet. A new clutch, which, the announcements assure us, gives more positive action with greater operating ease, is featured, and body designs, inside and out, have been greatly re-

fined. The new Chevs have definitely advanced styling at the front end. The hood sweeps from the cowl in a graceful curve to meet an almost vertical flat-topped radiator and a chromium-plated grill, with every fifth bar of double width and pin striped down the centre with a vivid vermillion. Colorful seems to be the right word.

HUDSON AND its running mate, Terraplane, this year go in for width and length of interiors. The Hudson is two inches longer, and offers two inches more space in the rear seat. Decoratively the Hudson is very definitely styled in modernistic fashion, with two-tone upholstery and a plentiful use of chromium inside and out.

The Hudson folks are especially proud of their automatic gearshift, which has now been in use for three seasons and for which they claim perfect performance over a billion miles of actual driving experience. The Hudson shift makes it unnecessary to touch the clutch pedal, and the start is fully automatic from low gear to high, and in reverse. Braking is another strong talking point for these cars. In addition to full hydraulic brakes, the system is backed up by a complete installation of mechanical brakes, giving double control and additional safety in the event of an accident to the liquid supply on the hydraulic system. Transmission is larger, and so is the clutch, while a fifty-nine-inch rear wheel tread makes for more comfortable back seat riding.

Hudson also has the battery under the hood and has reduced the necessity for frequent water adding. A new type of muffler cuts down floor temperatures and heat diffusion from the engine on warm summer days. The ignition system is completely shielded against moisture. The two cars are offered in as many as ♦ Continued on page 94



ILLUSTRATES NEW CARS

Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky stands alone today on this continent as an engineering stylist. His illustrations for Chatelaine's presentation of the 1938 automobiles, "Your Car, Madam," by Frederick Edwards, are as vividly modern and streamlined as the spirit of today's motoring. His work appears in leading magazines throughout the world.

This is CHATELAINE PATTERN No. 1602



Price 15 cents. Sizes 30 to 40. Available only by mail order to Pattern Dept., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Before 25 Dress to Your Eyes

Continued from page 36

of those narrow pointed noses, usually a wider brow will help the proportions of your face. When you're doing your brows, take a little brush and brush the powder off—backward, against the natural line of the hairs. Then brush straight up and finally draw the brush once gently across the hairs the right way (from centre of eye to temple) and you'll see just what hairs lie out of place. Then do a bit of discreet plucking. For making up your brows, if you use a pencil, instead of drawing a firm line from the nose out—make tiny dots from the outside of the brow in, then brush the right way again and see if you don't get a better effect. With the new up-curves in hats, the brows should curve down, to get the right symmetry of line.

And one last word about plucking. If you do your own, please don't lift your eyebrow to its top height, and then pluck. That is, not unless you want to have a wide-eyed, constantly amazed sort of look.

As to the lashes—there's that beady look so many girls get. You can avoid it by putting the mascara carefully on one lash, and letting it dry thoroughly.

Don't use a black mascara or pencil unless you're very brunette. Brown for the fair or redheads is best. And use your mascara sparingly on the upper lash in the daytime. None on the lower.

Never powder your eyelids, and don't powder that little circle under your eyes. You probably haven't any yet but bring your rouge up quite far under your eyes, very lightly, and blend it in with cream. ♦

Sparkling, lustrous eyes, delicately shadowed, romantically fringed with dark brows—they're the desire of every woman. In this interesting and helpful article Annabelle Lee, Chatelaine beauty editor, gives you important advice on how to get the best effect with your eyes. And after you reach 25, to make your hair give your eyes added charm.

Chatelaine's

November

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ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

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*The perfect and
inexpensive gift*

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Please send your Magazine to each of the following for one year, and my Personal Greetings and Good Wishes on a Gift Card supplied by you, to reach them as nearly as possible to Christmas Morning.

I enclose \$.....in payment of this order.

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Note: We will be glad to sign your card in any informal manner that you may indicate below:

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CH-N

GIVE Chatelaine this Christmas—a Gift that will renew your message of goodwill every month for a whole year! A year's subscription to Chatelaine is the perfect Christmas remembrance—certain to be enjoyed and appreciated, and yet exceptionally economical at the Special Gift Rates which are quoted below. Your own subscription or renewal may be included in making up a group order—and each of your friends will receive the unusually attractive Gift Announcement Card, which reproduces a lovely portrait study of the Royal Princesses.

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Lovely Card to Announce Gifts

THIS exceptionally attractive Gift Announcement card reproduces, by special arrangement with Marcus Adams, internationally known London photographer, a delightful portrait of the two charming daughters of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth — Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. The card is of heavy art paper, size 7¼" x 9½", with wide margins suitable for framing.

These rates are for Gift Subscriptions, purchased by one person, for Chatelaine, for One Year for Canada and Newfoundland. Your own subscription or renewal may be included at these rates.



These Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

Fashion Parade of the Month.....NOVEMBER

Miss Peggy Pell selects these brand-new SMOKY NAIL SHADES

Tulip.... Clover... Thistle



Tulip
Seen at Meadowbrook: against the soft Norwegian blue of Miss Pell's suit, the fresh, bright carmine of the new Cutex Tulip makes a tonic contrast

Clover
For an evening of dancing at Pierre's, Miss Pell chose this ruby faille taffeta gown, and the deep purple wine of the new Cutex Clover

Thistle
Miss Pell wears Mulatto crepe at a formal luncheon at the Colony Club, and with it the rosy rust of the new Cutex Thistle

MISS PEGGY PELL is a New Yorker from away back. Her family have been presenting lovely debutante daughters to New York society for a couple of hundred years. Brown-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious, she adores skiing at Great Barrington, riding at Aiken.

But most of all she adores dancing and swing music. Pierre's, Twenty-One, The Ritz-Carlton see her slim chic figure regularly and often.

She likes change. The soft, rich, new Cutex nail shades succeed each other on her tapering finger tips with chameleon rapidity. Rosy faun Cutex Thistle with her brown tweeds for lunch... Cutex

Tulip, fluttering against her chrome-yellow evening dress at night—vivid as a shower of sparks...

That's half the fun of Cutex... that you have so many exotic shades with which to stir up color excitement in your *toute ensemble*! And yet when you do want your polish to stick by you for days on end, Cutex Polish is Old Faithful itself.

It goes on more smoothly, more evenly than you'd dream possible. And it wears... day after day... without chipping, peeling or fading. Economically priced. Just try it!

NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, London, Paris

Also in these smart new shades...



RUST: Wear it with gray, yellow-greens, the new reddish browns.

OLD ROSE: A soft shade that's lovely with pastels and lavender blues.

ROBIN RED: Good with almost everything... colorful, yet without glare. Grand for evening.

ROSE: For pastel effects and all

blues. Preferred by the smart conservatives.

NATURAL: Gives the nails lustre without color. Protects a deeper shade.

BURGUNDY: A deep wine—grand accent with black, gray, greens, blue. Smart with harmonizing tones.

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your favorite shade, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, 12¢.

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I enclose 12¢ to help cover postage and packing for Cutex Set, including one shade of Cutex Liquid Polish. (Check one shade desired.)

Thistle ☐ Clover ☐ Tulip ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐ Rust ☐

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MADE IN CANADA

IT'S NEWS!

By LOTTA DEMPSEY

Boom For Weddings

It's a boom year for weddings. There'll be more Canadians walking up the aisle this year than ever before, if society editors and statisticians are any judges. And it's just as well—because a whole Canadian city just neatly up and disappeared during the depression. The drop in the marriage rate and resultant loss of 75,000 prospective citizens (the average Canadian couple have four children) amounts to that. Last year there were 80,000 marriages in Canada. In 1931 there were 66,520. The average is 72,000.

Child marriages aren't much of a problem in Canada. The average man is twenty-nine and he takes a bride of twenty-four. There are still a lot more men than women in Canada—but Ottawa is a woman's town—the man percentage there is lowest in Canada.

Speaking of weddings, a distinguished Canadian hostess told me the other day that at the first luncheon party she gave as a bride—with all the new women in-laws invited—the gas went off and she did the cooking on a toaster, a little electric plate and an electric iron, turned upside down.

"It worked, too," she said, smiling.

What Bad Music Does to Children



Sir E. MacMillan

Exposure of children to bad music must stop if they are to get a musical education, says Sir Ernest MacMillan, principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. But bad music does more than cheapen taste. It works a definite emotional ill that gravely affects the life of the individual. So says Muriel Boyle, who conducts the Conservatory's classes in musical appreciation for children. And parents are directly responsible. They can counteract the bad music children hear everywhere outside the home, by good music within it. They can start when the child is a few months old, and at two begin to see the results. Let the child hear good music within his capacity to understand. And expose him to some beyond him, too. Some day the strains he remembers will become suddenly illuminated with rich meaning.

Neither Sir Ernest nor Miss Boyle counts all jazz bad or all bad music jazz. Modern musical training along with the classics is essential to give the child an appreciation of contemporary composers. Otherwise he will be a century old-fashioned in his tastes. Most great

composers have been up against that, waiting years to be understood. A certain amount of better jazz, and such things as negro spirituals offer stimulating syncopation. Children love folk songs.

Educationalists agree that the child is most receptive at twelve. United States educationalists aim propaganda they wish to get over to the country at him. Certainly the music he hears at that age has an important bearing on his life, says Miss Boyle.

She teaches children how to make simple instruments like rattles, drums, harps, lutes and even violins. They love it, and become absorbed in the history of sounds and their national uses. They are encouraged to attempt simple compositions, too.

To Make Nurses More Human

Are nurses too "mathematically rigid?" Do they "become nurses without becoming women?" Is their profession getting "too bookish and professionalized while the personal element is neglected?"

French and English delegates to the International Council of Nurses meeting in London this year said so. That's why the personal element in nursing will be one of the big subjects studied by the two Canadian women who were elected head of 200,000 nurses in thirty-two countries in the Council. They are Dean Effie J. Taylor, president, Hamilton-born head of Yale University's Nursing School, and Miss Jean I. Gunn, vice-president, superintendent of the General Hospital Nursing School in Toronto.

Dean Taylor thinks the public is too apt to class nurses together. She pointed out to me that each, by the very nature of her work, is an individual and must stand or fall on her own personality. She's probably this continent's A1 member of the profession herself—went from Hamilton Collegiate and Wesleyan Ladies' College to Columbia and Johns Hopkins. She's delighted to have Jean Gunn, of Toronto, as her aide. Says of her . . . "She's known and admired throughout the world by nurses . . . has clear judgment, broad vision and deep understanding."



Dean Taylor

Miss Gunn

Your Car, Madam

Continued from page 90

eight different colors, including an opalescent finish that is expected to catch the fancy of car buyers who go in for striking color effects.

Hupmobile engineers have also devoted a lot of time to planning extra roominess on their 1938 models, with a 122-inch wheelbase for the sixes and a 125-inch wheelbase for the eights. Streamlining is emphasized and the chromium decorations are carried across the sides of the headlights built into the hood between the fenders and the body. The extra wide rear doors which feature the Hup are going to attract the favorable attention especially of folks with pleasingly plump figures who grumble at having to squeeze their way into a car every time they go for a ride.

Charles W. Nash is out with a preliminary announcement of a fully air-conditioned Nash model for '38, for which great claims are made of uniform inside temperature in all driving conditions, with draughts eliminated and no windshield fog.

THE PACKARD COMPANY has almost completely redesigned its two lower-priced cars and has added a number of improved details to the Super-Eight and the Twelve. The title, "One-Twenty," has been replaced by the simpler Packard Eight name. They have added seven inches to the wheelbase of both Six and Eight, and have introduced a new rear spring suspension system for the Junior cars.

The new Packards are completely sound insulated with no less than eleven different kinds of noise deadening material. Streamlining is rather more emphasized than in last year's models, and hoods are longer while the slope of the radiator has been somewhat lessened. Trunks and package compartments have both been in-

creased in size. Windshields on the Six and Eight are a full two inches higher for better vision. A specially designed lock makes it impossible for the driver with other things on his mind to lock the doors while the key is inside the car.

Studebakers this year are offered in three lines; the President, the Commander, and the Six. New frames provide bodies that are six inches wider than previous models, and a vacuum-actuated gear shifting mechanism is located on the instrument panel. All models have been made lighter while the torsional rigidity—the engineers' way of saying strength—has actually been increased.

Transmission gears in the Studebaker models have been set on their sides, eliminating the awkward bump in the front floor boards, and a new type of clutch lessens pedal pressure. Helen Dryden has designed a series of interiors for which the claim is made that they are severely simple and simply beautiful, a leading feature of which is the elimination of protruding knobs and buttons on the instrument panel. With doors that close with a gentle push, and do not have to be slammed to lock, and trunks which the manufacturers declare to be the largest in automobile history, the new Studebakers are going to be looked at with plenty of interest by women who drive their own cars.

Simplified gear shifting, roomier interiors, decided improvements in air circulation and heating then, would seem to be leading features of the 1938 cars. All the models we have seen are distinctly more lovely to look at than any the industry has so far developed. This year's Motor Show will be worth visiting even if you are still planning to get by for another season with the old crate. ♦

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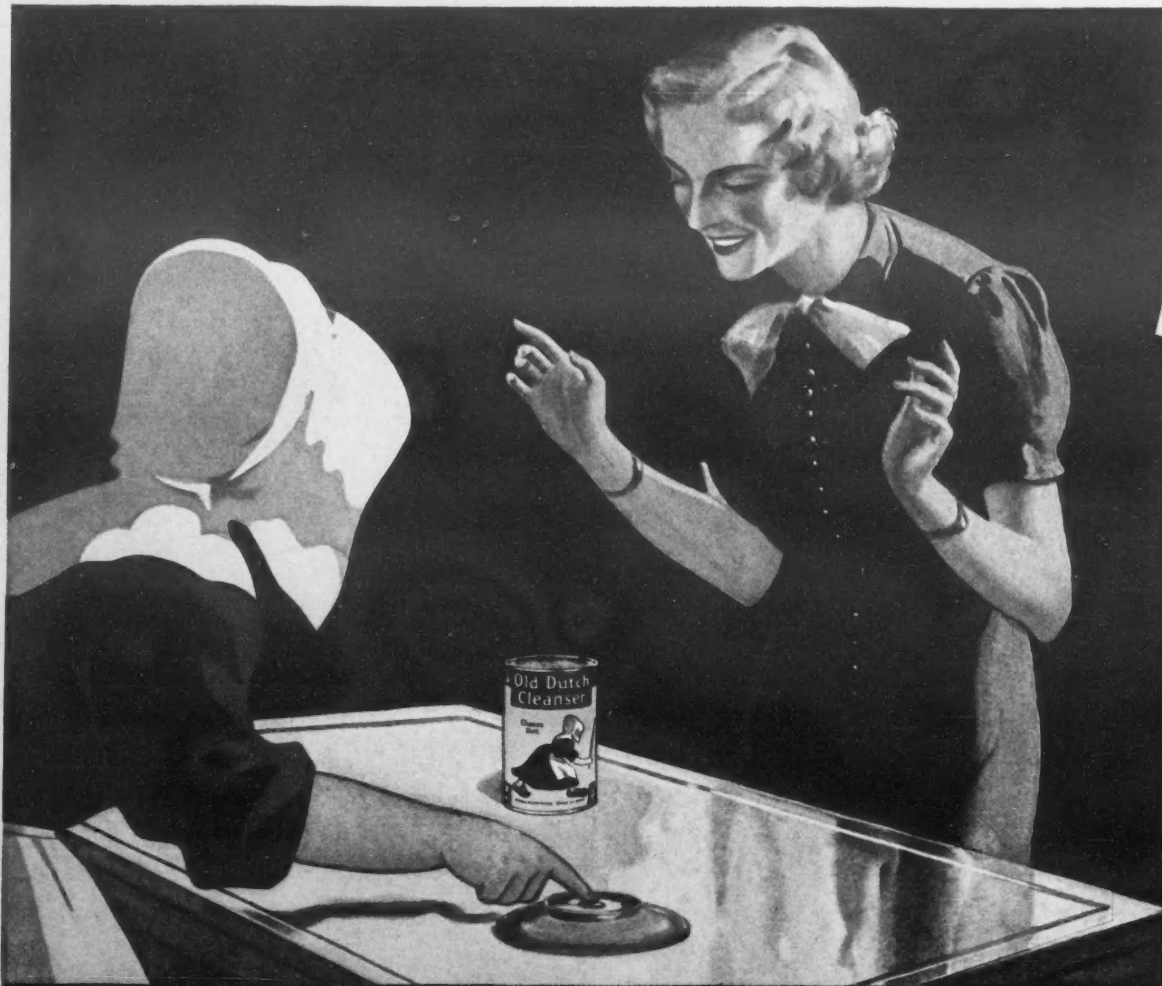
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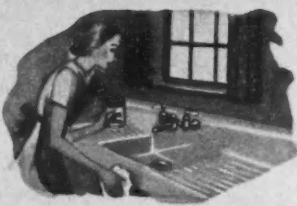
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Here's the Test that won millions to safe and saving Old Dutch



To keep that "like new" look on porcelain and enamel, clean it with safe Old Dutch.



A sprinkle of Old Dutch on a damp cloth and an easy rub gives quick cleaning to painted walls and woodwork.



Scratched porcelain is hard to keep clean. To avoid scratches, use Old Dutch.

"The easiest, most interesting test I ever made" . . . "Confirmed my opinion that Old Dutch is safe and efficient" . . . "Proved beyond a doubt the safeness of Old Dutch" . . . these are what women say who make the test pictured above. Make this test today in your own kitchen. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate, rub with a coin and listen. You'll hear no harsh grating. For Old Dutch is made with safe Seismotite. *It doesn't scratch.* **MADE IN CANADA**

Just what you need for holiday dinners! Ideal for medium-sized roasts, chicken, turkey, steaks, etc.

ORDER AS MANY OF THESE HANDSOME SETS OF CARVING KNIVES AND FORKS AS YOU WISH for gifts, for your own table. Each set requires \$1.50 and 6 windmill panels from Old Dutch Cleanser labels. This offer is good only in Canada and expires December 31, 1937.

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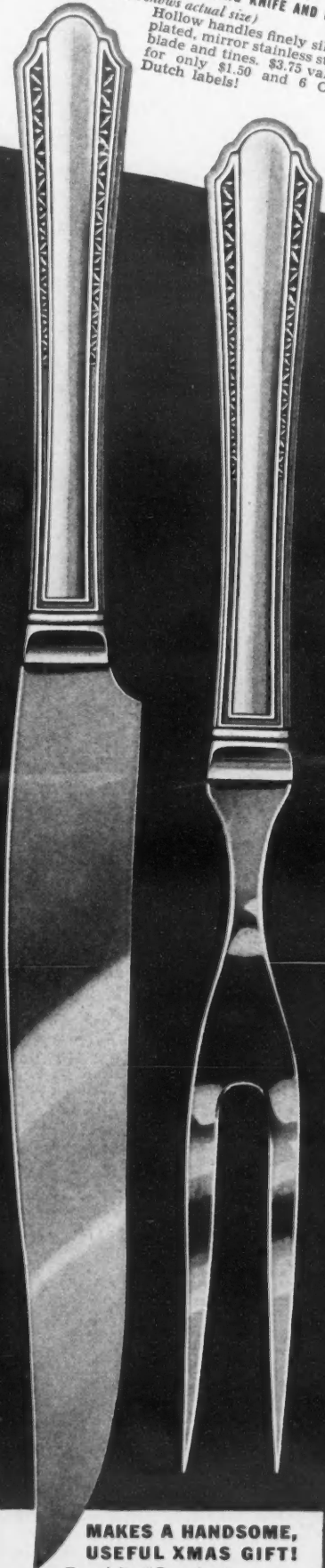
I am enclosing _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) and \$ _____, for which please send me _____ sets of Carving Knife and Fork.

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Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Special Holiday Offer

THIS HANDSOME WM. A. ROGERS CARVING KNIFE AND FORK
(Illustration shows actual size)

Hollow handles finely silver plated, mirror stainless steel blade and tines. \$3.75 value for only \$1.50 and 6 Old Dutch labels!



MAKES A HANDSOME, USEFUL XMAS GIFT!

Exquisite "Croydon" pattern. Quality pieces bearing the Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus Quality trade-mark. Made by Oneida, Ltd. Hollow, easy-to-grasp handles, finely plated with silver. Fork has long strong tines. Knife has sharp keen edge.